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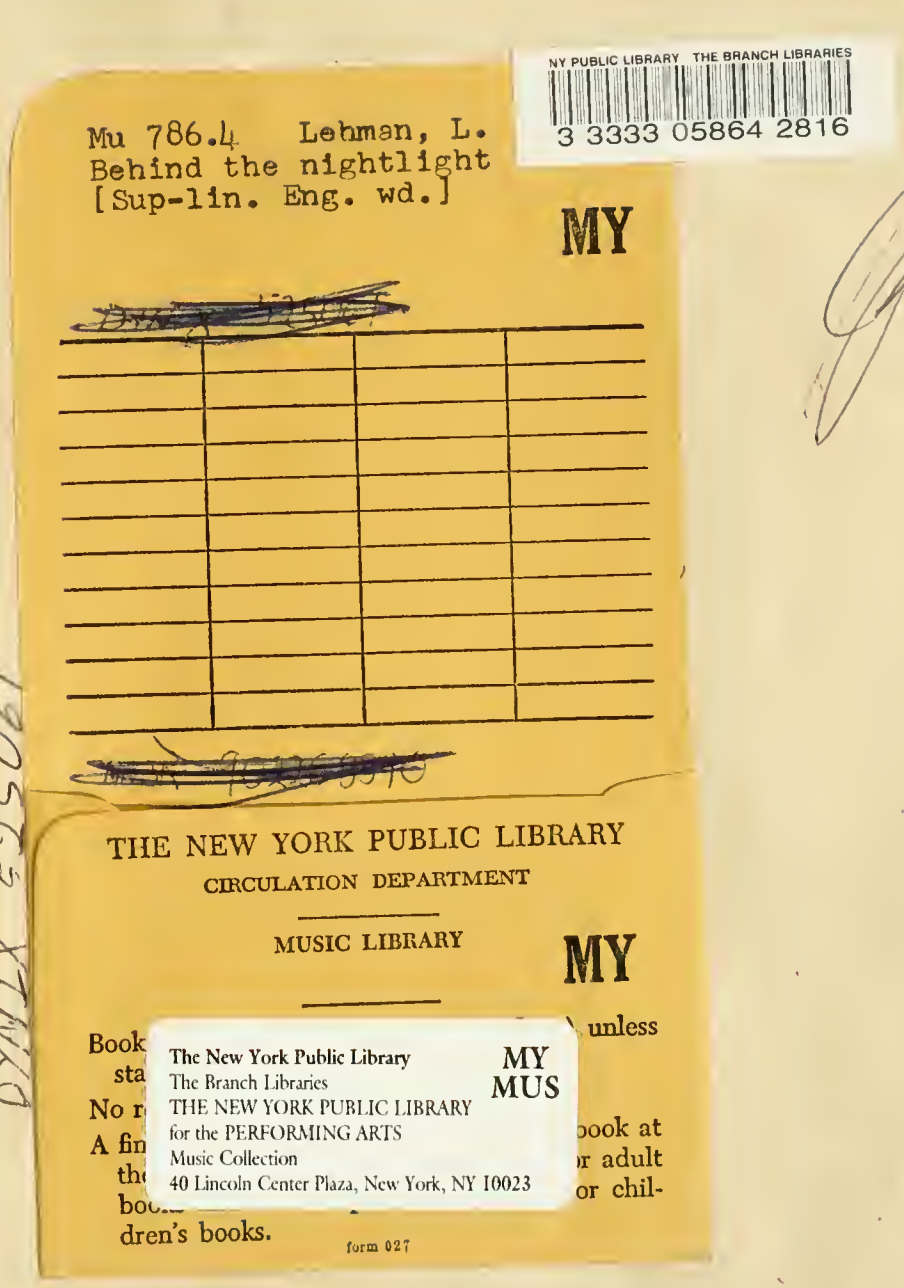
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BEHIND THE NIGHTLIGHT

"HIBBERTOO," AND OTHER ANIMALS.

INVENTED BY

JOAN MAUDE,

(AGED THREE)

FAITHFULLY RECORDED BY HER MOTHER.

NANCY PRICE,

WITH INCIDENTAL MUSIC BY HER GODMOTHER.

LIZA LEHMANN.

PRICE $1.50 (NET)

BOOSEY & Co

NEW YORK — TORONTO — LONDON (ENG.)

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"HIBBERTOO" & OTHER ANIMALS.

These quaint beasts who roam that delightful country "Behind the Nightlight," are the exclusive invention of a child. Their names, their habits, etc., are entirely hers. My task has merely been to record them in language as near the original as possible.*

She began to people her nursery with them at the age of three years, and still does so at the age of five.

I will attempt no psychological explanation as to how or whence the names, etc., came; I can only repeat that they issued from her brain alone, without suggestion of any kind other than her own imagination.

NANCY PRICE.

* The narrative is printed by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.

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Photo. Speaight

JOAN MAUDE
(AT THE AGE OF 5).

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Behind the Nightlight.

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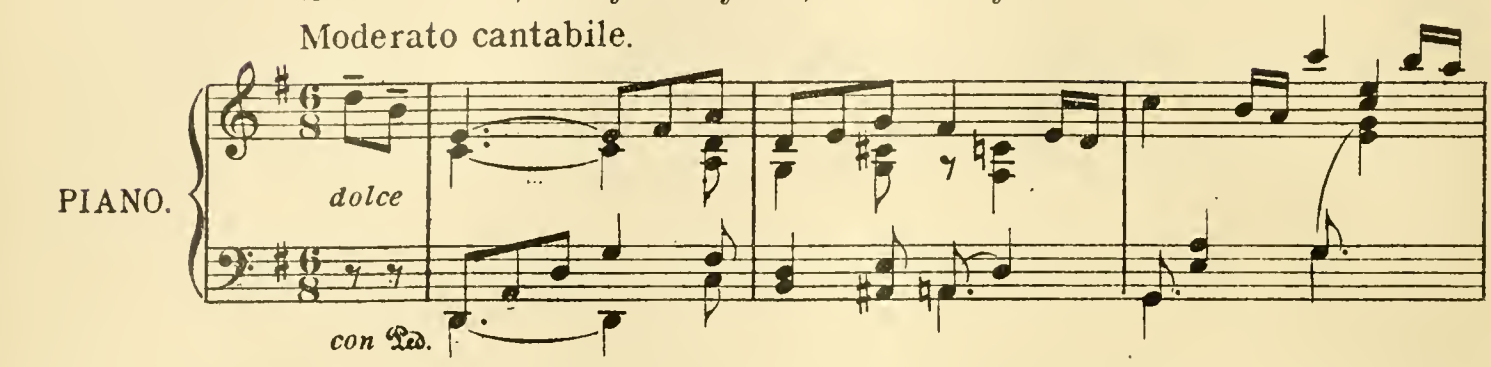
PROPERTY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

Hibbertoo.

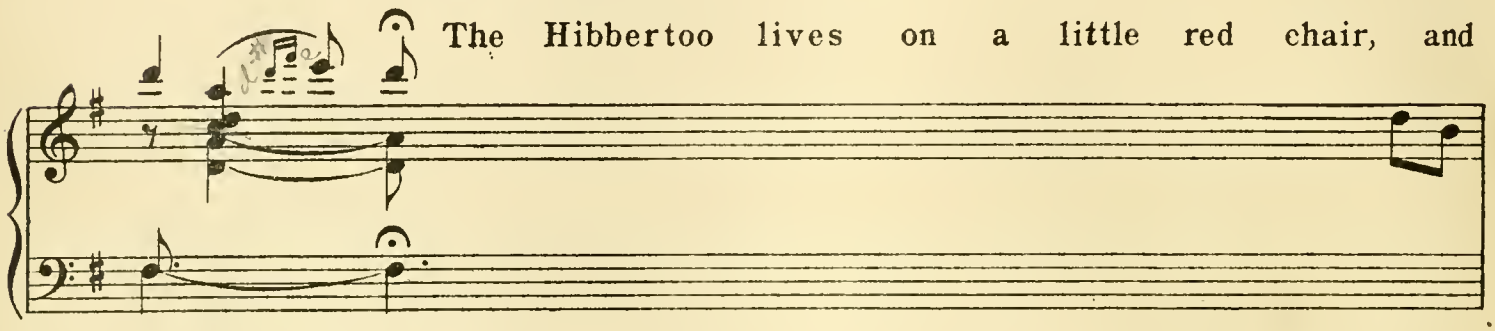
Music by
LIZA LEHMANN

Hibbertoo theme.—(Always Smiley-face, even on wet days.)

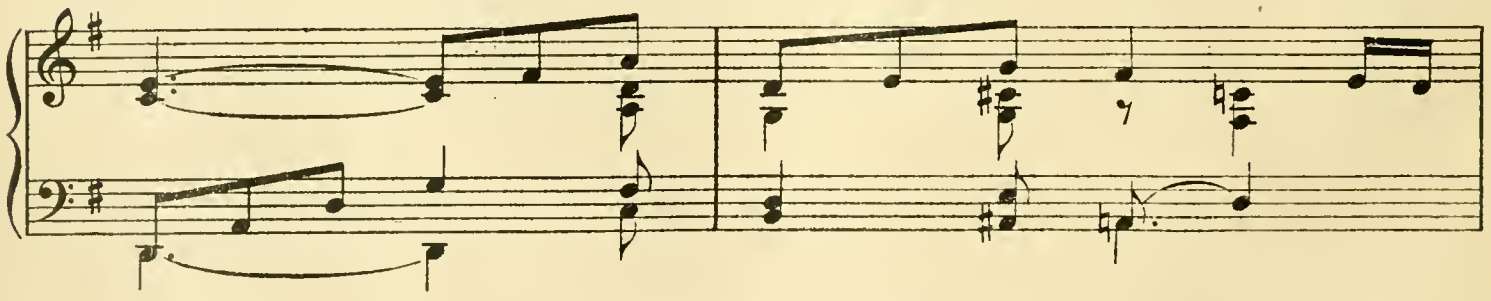
Moderato cantabile.



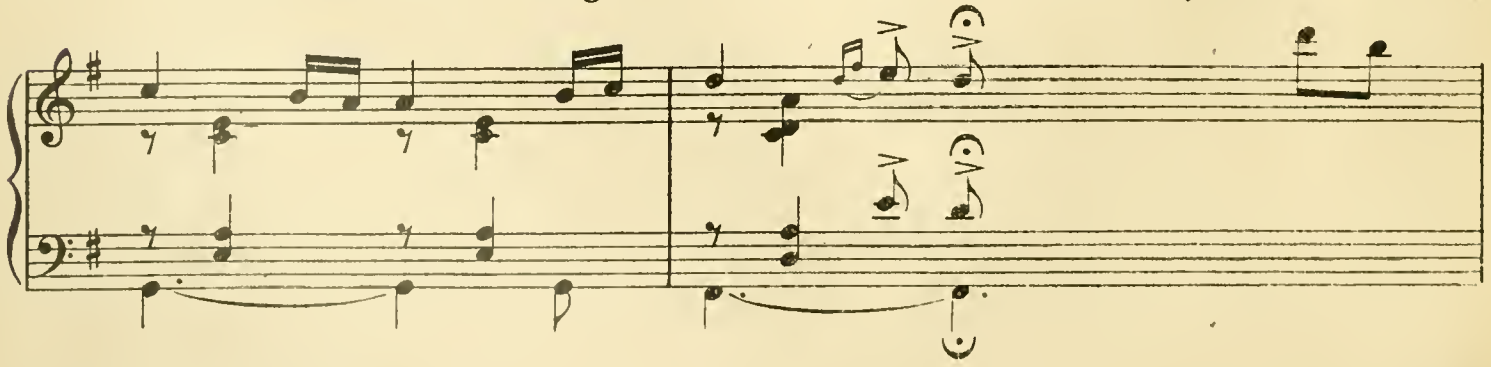
The Hibbertoo lives on a little red chair, and



everybody tries to sit next him at tea. He is quite



black and has no legs at all, *that's why* he's very fat. He is



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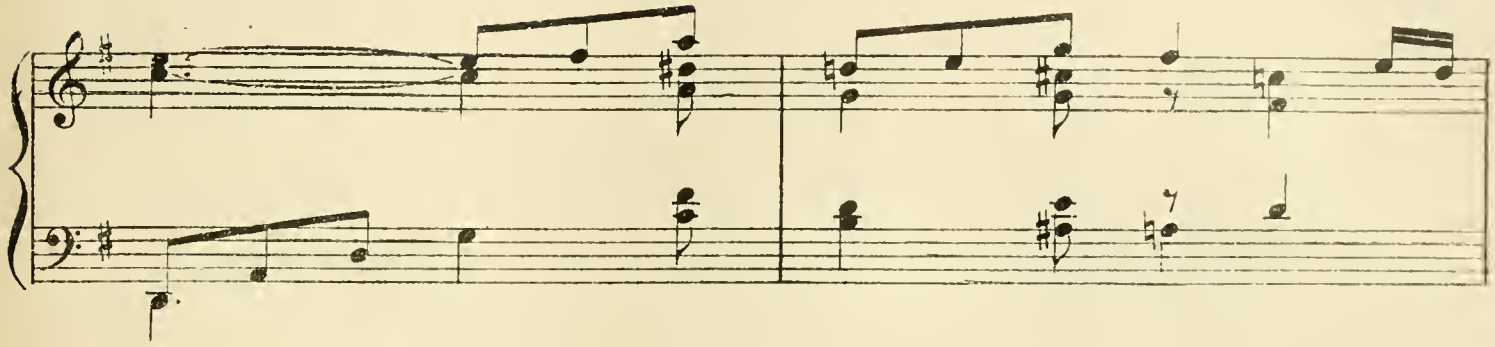
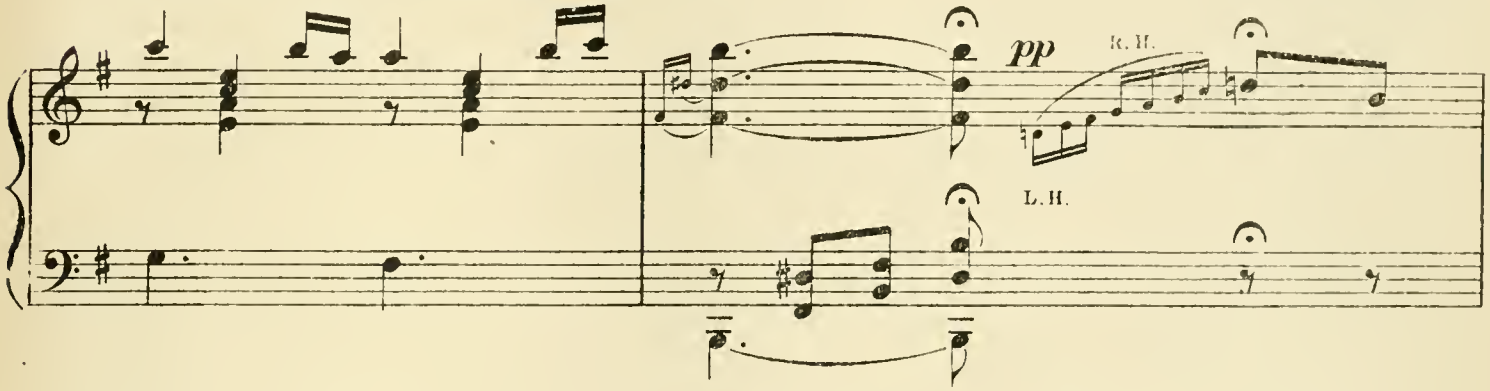
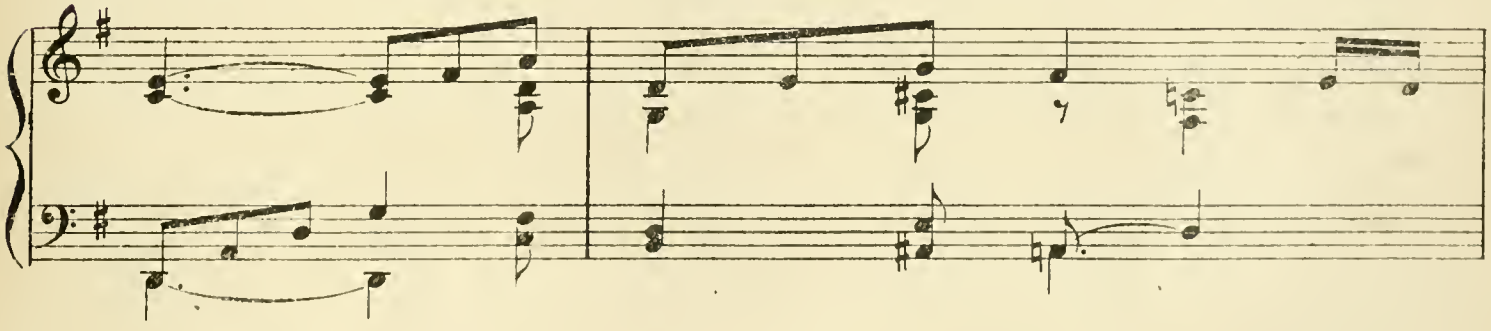
always Smiley-face even on *wet* days. And



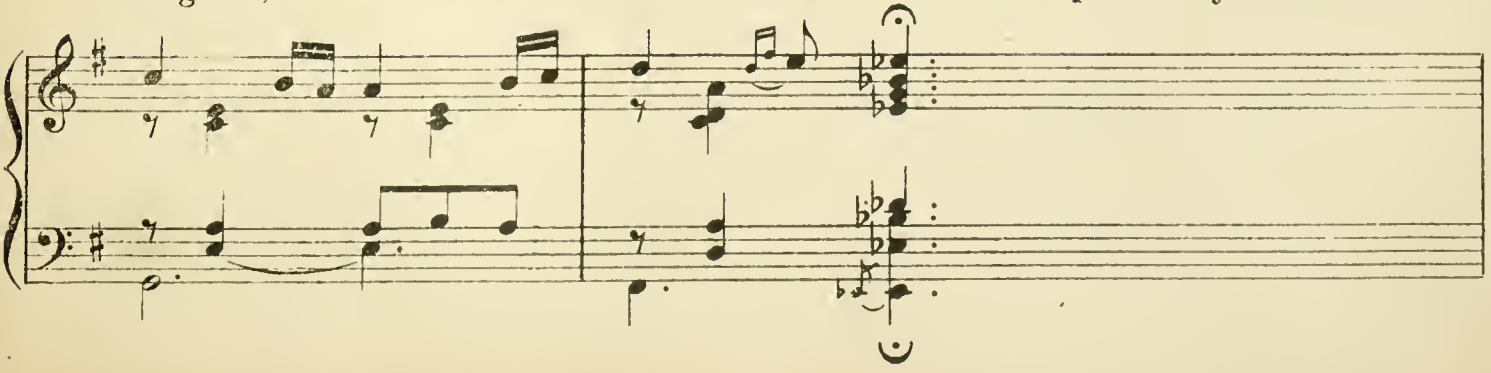
everybody wonders about him. He was sitting on a little red stool between



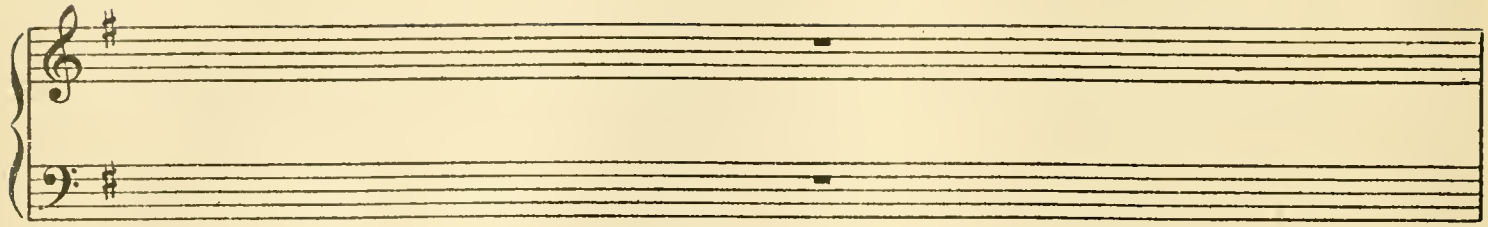
me and the nightlight, and when I saw him and he saw me we both



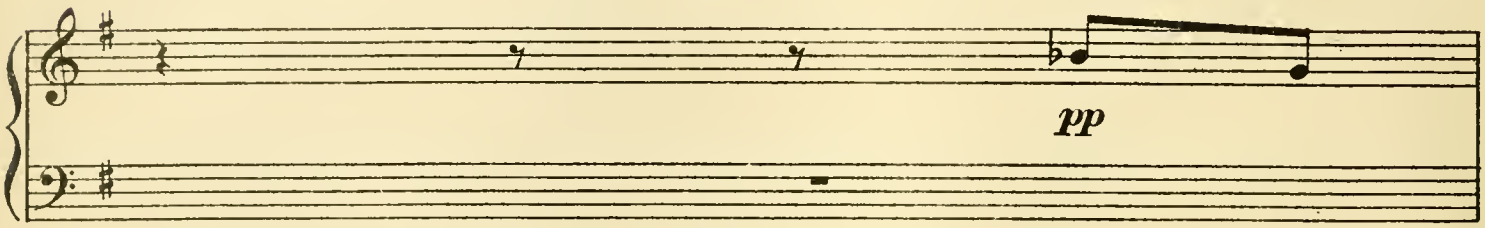
laughed, and he said Hallo! and I said; I *am* pleased you have come!



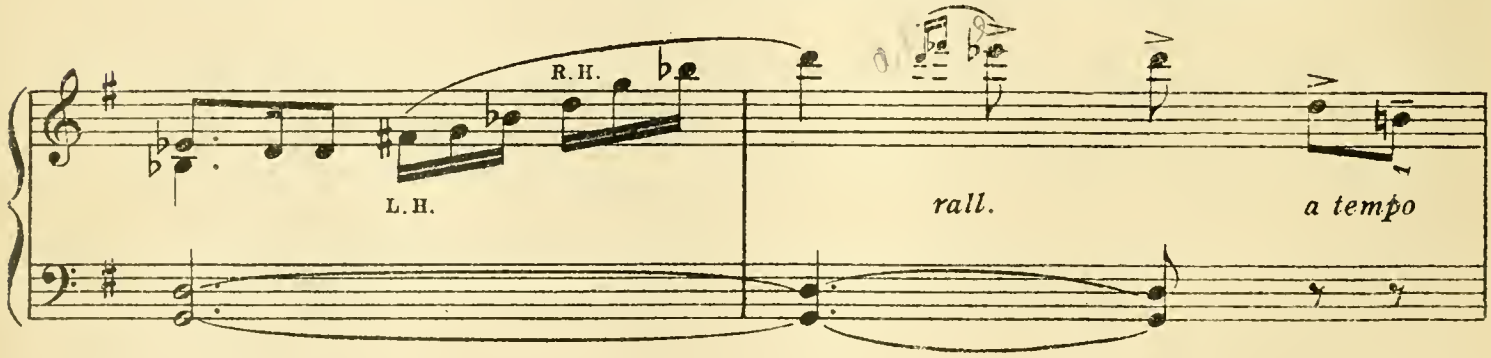
There had been no party that day, only medicine,

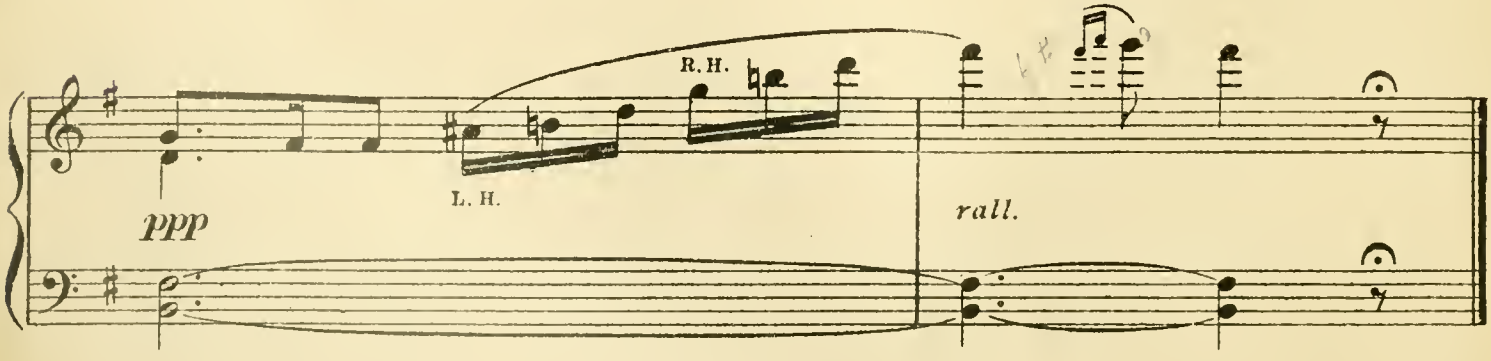


and there was nobody in the room except the black

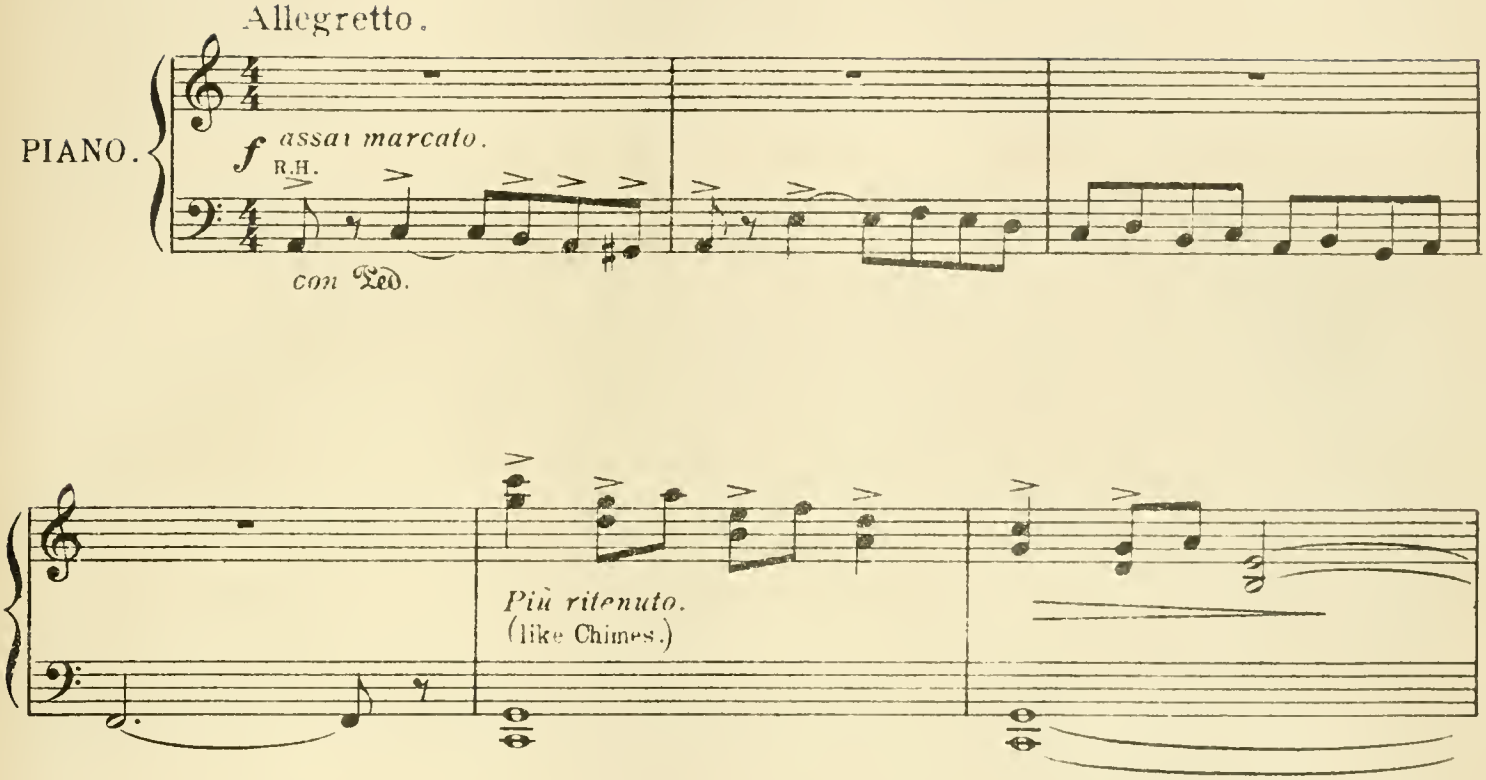


fairy who lives the other side of the nightlight.

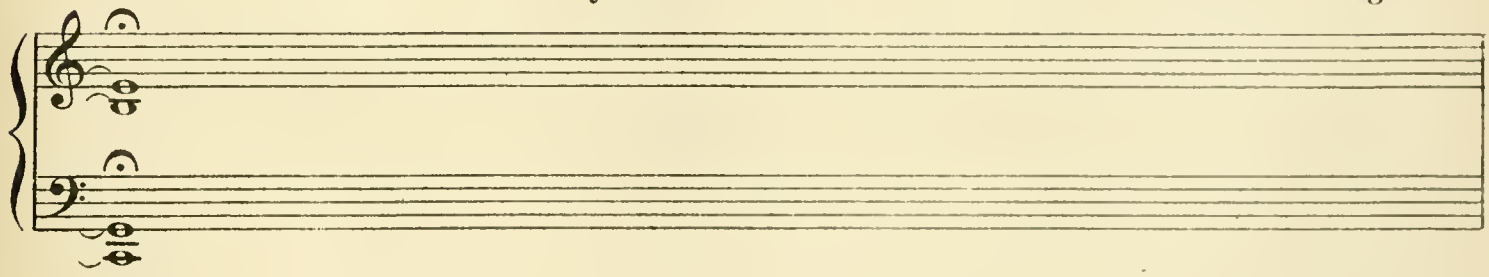




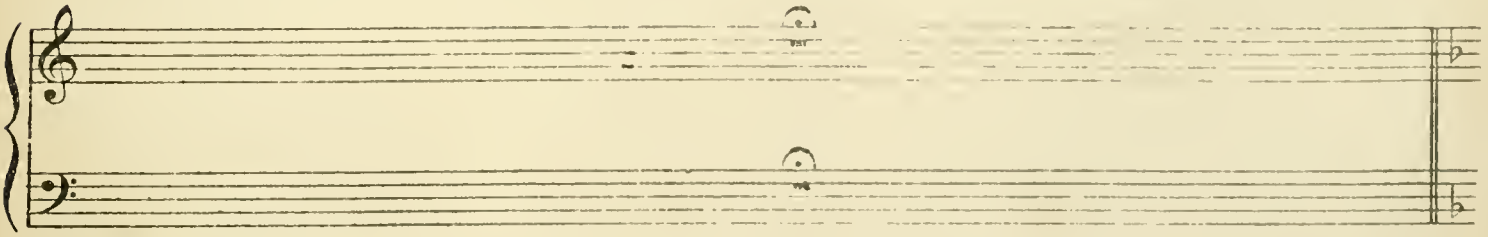
Kiddikee.

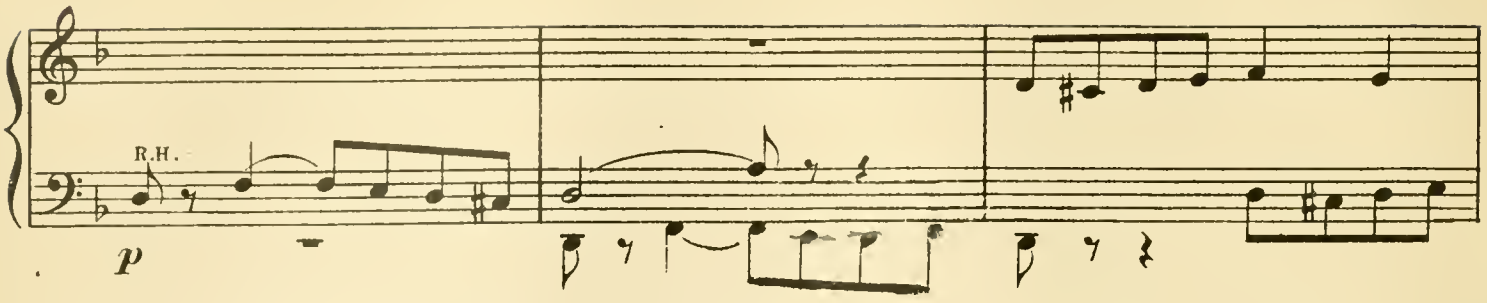


The Kiddikee has yellow silk fur and *nineteen* legs.

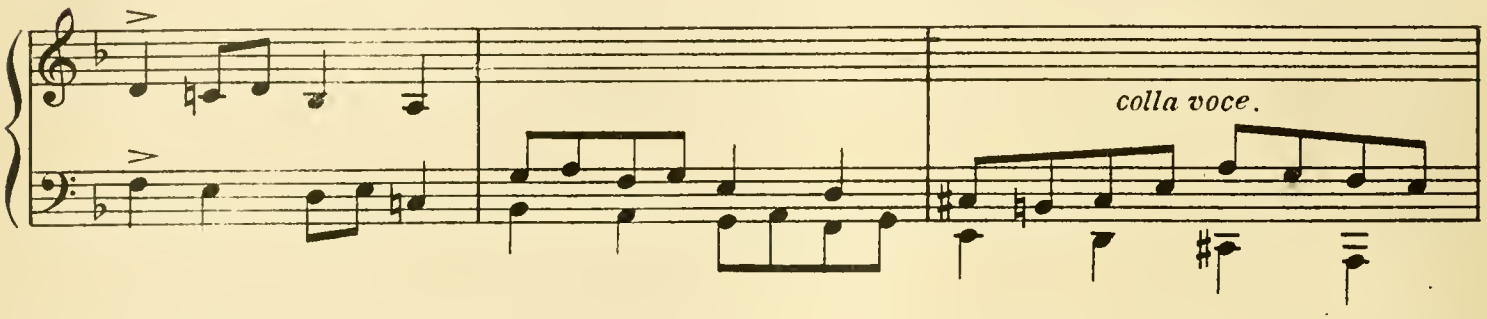


He has one ear on one of his legs and one ear on his tail. His tail is very long and the ear is on the very end so as he can hear things a long way behind.

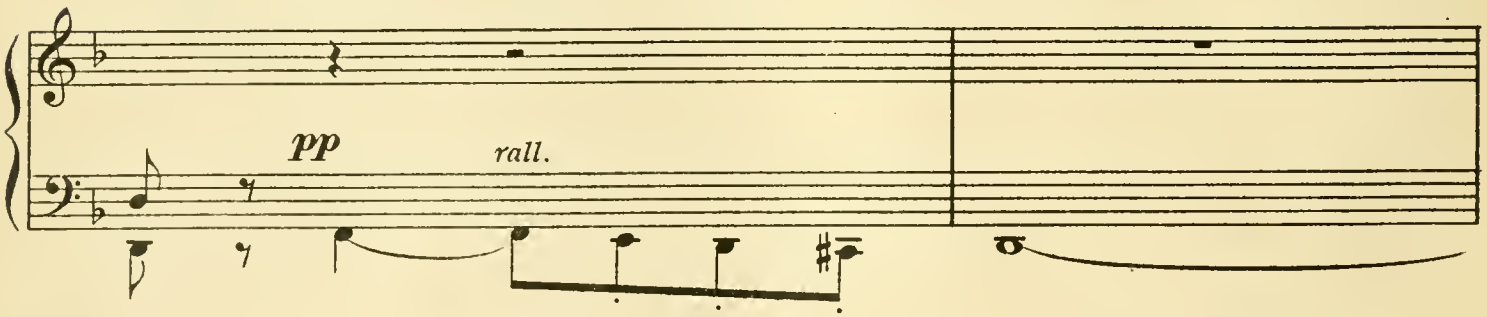




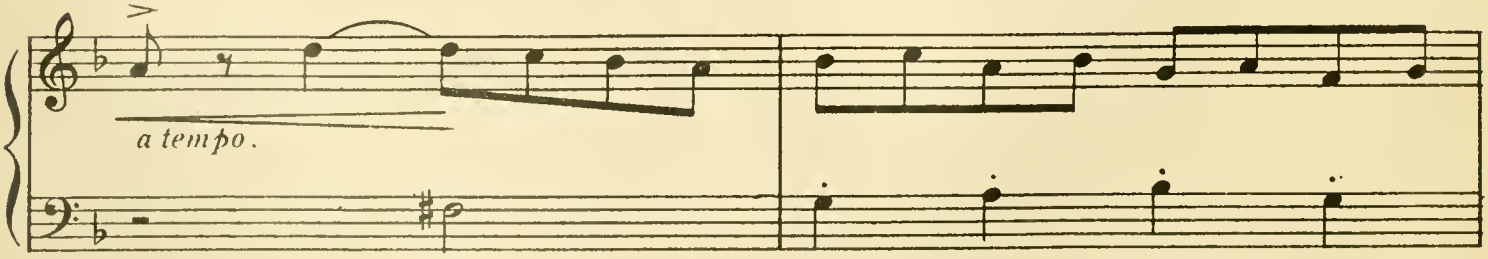
The other ear is on his leg so as he can hear the



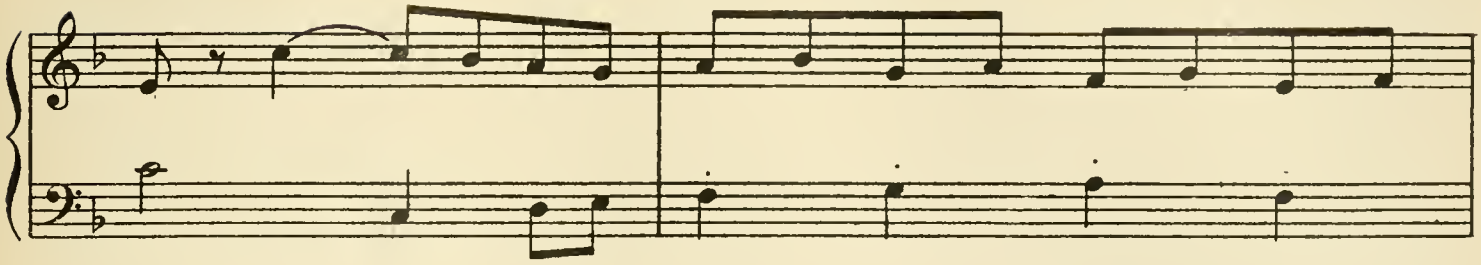
creepy things coming along the ground. It is very



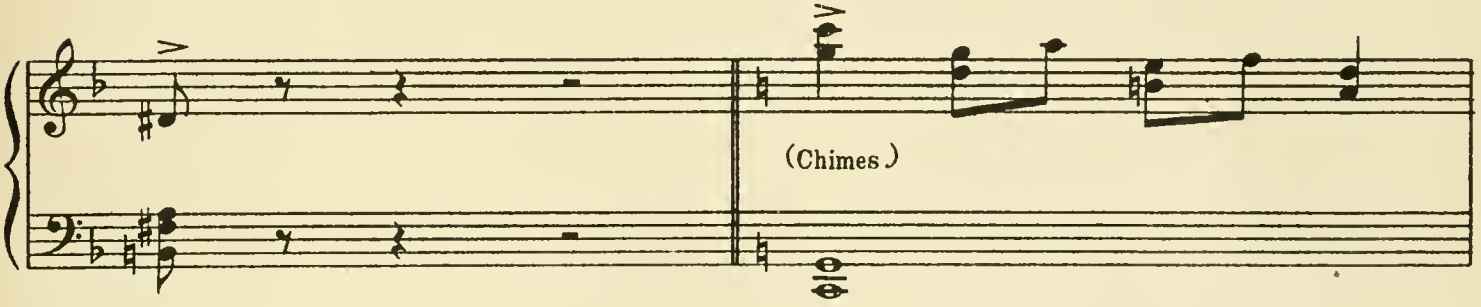
difficult for him to be good with all his legs at the same



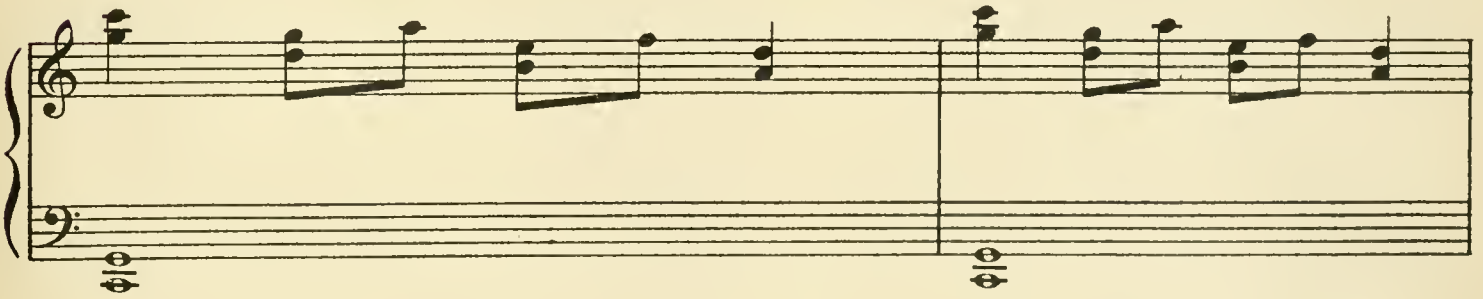
time, as one of them is sure to feel



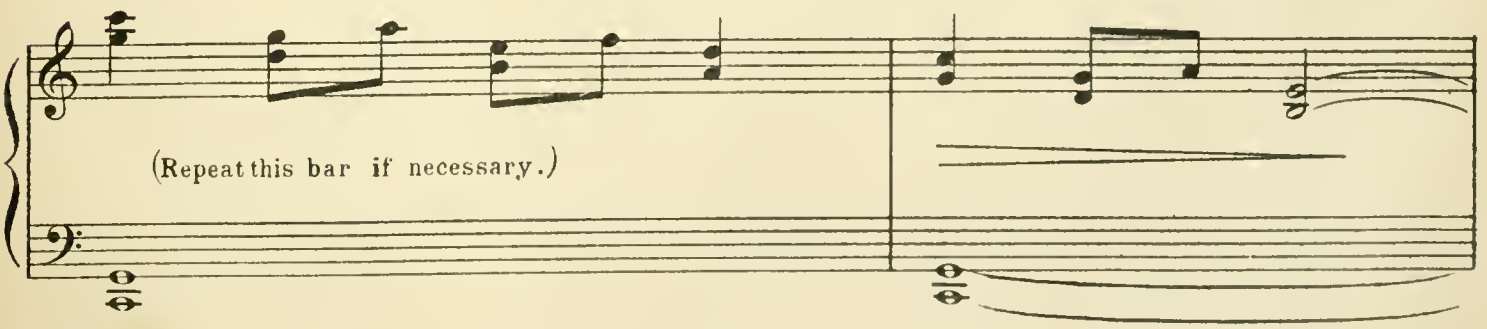
naughty. On



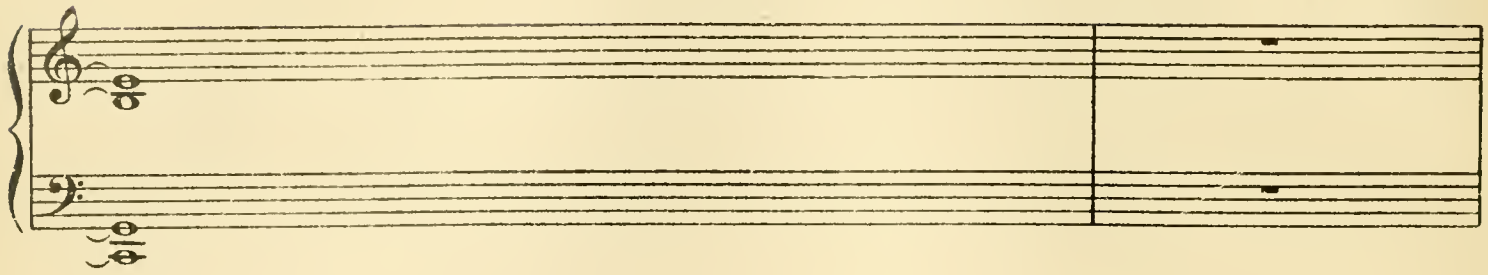
Sunday he wears a black velvet jacket, and coat, and trousers,



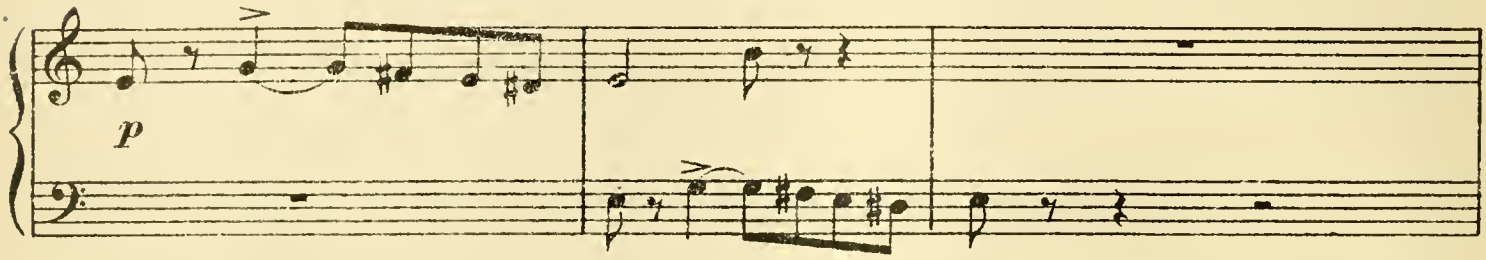
so as he shall be good. He doesn't like that at all.



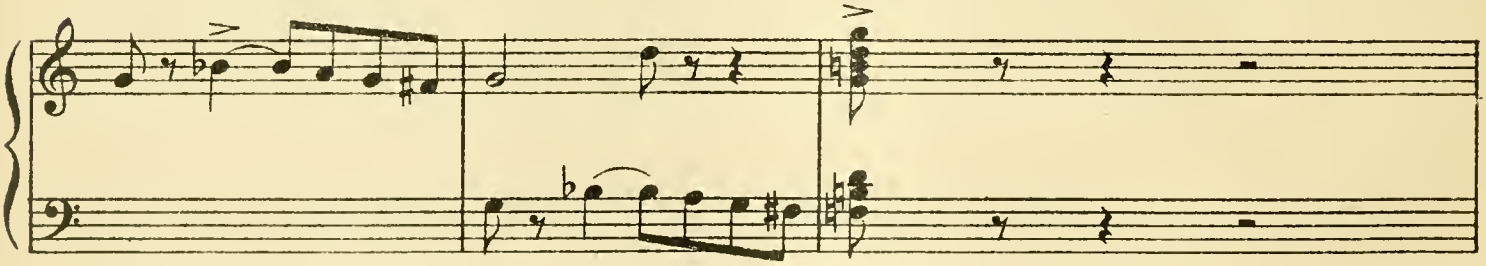
You can always make him good by whispering
"Sunday" into his leg ear. Sometimes he brings the



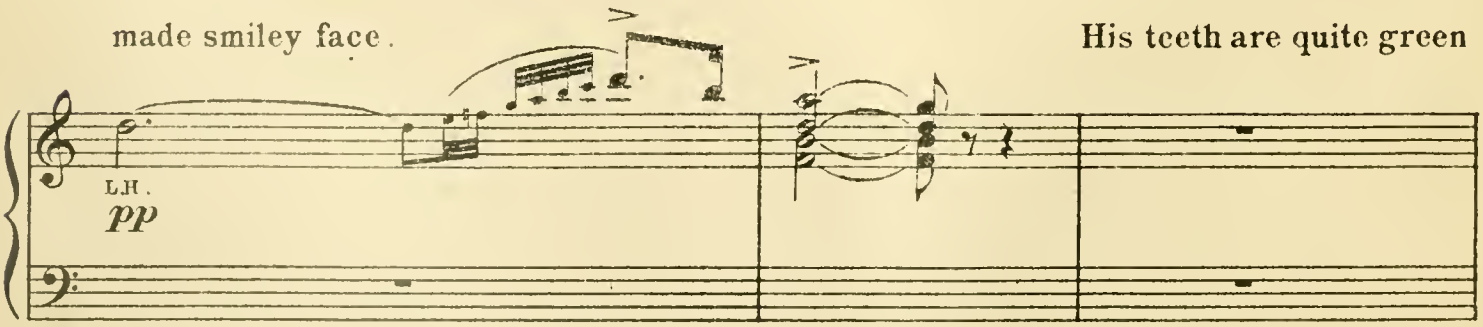
water-can into the nursery, or steps a few of his feet



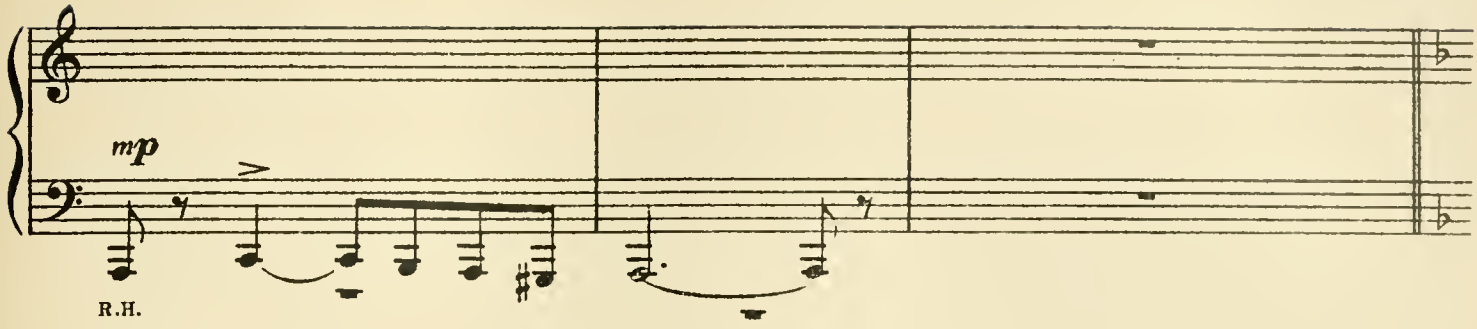
into the jam. Then nobody laughs 'cept Hibbertoo
who can't help it 'cos he was



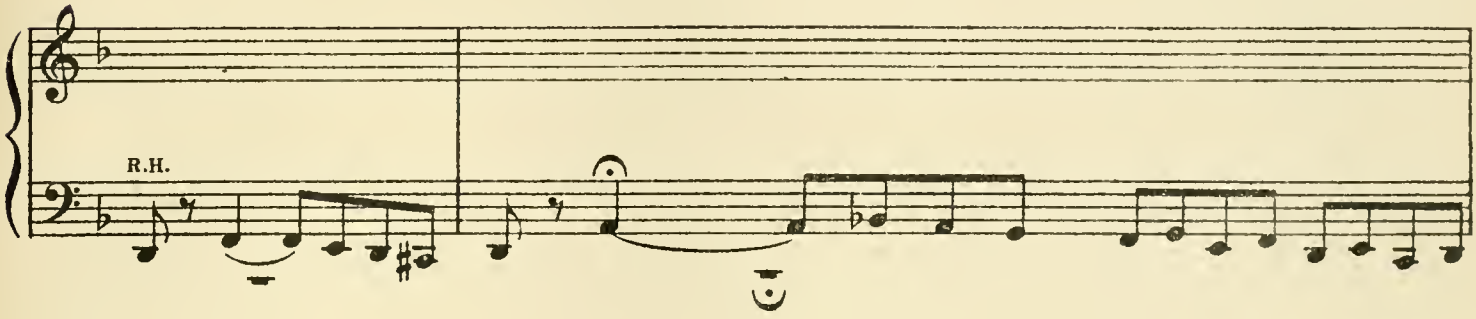
made smiley face. His teeth are quite green



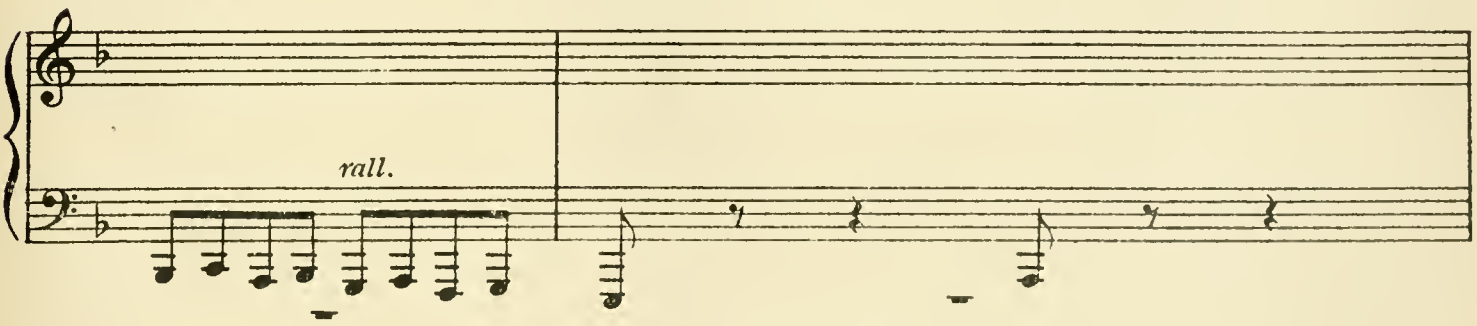
and both his eyes are red.



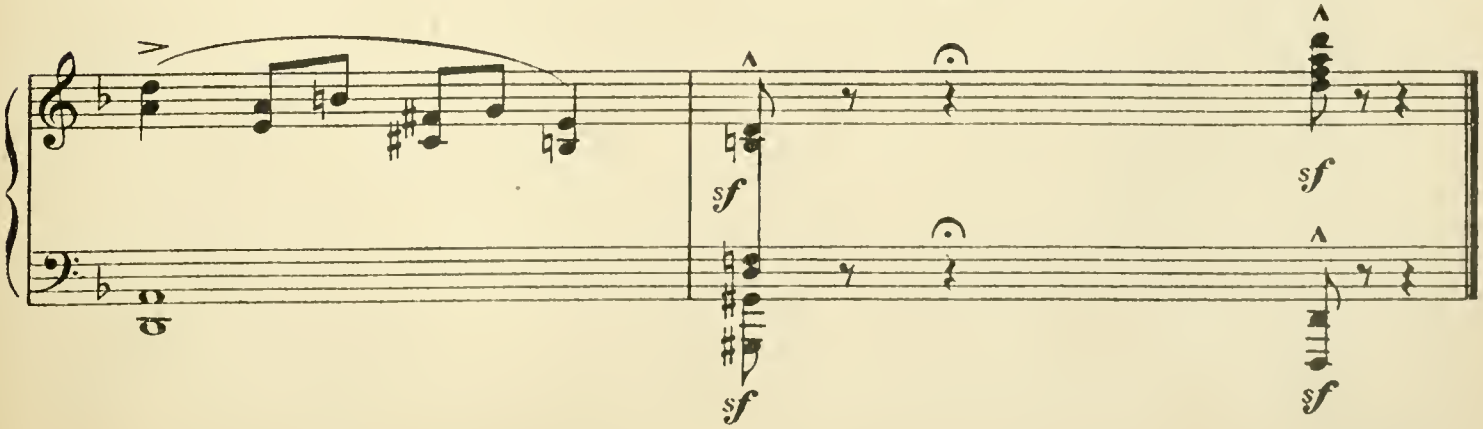
He lives underneath the
flower pot, with one caterpillar and two



snails, and he always has breakfast in bed on Mondays.

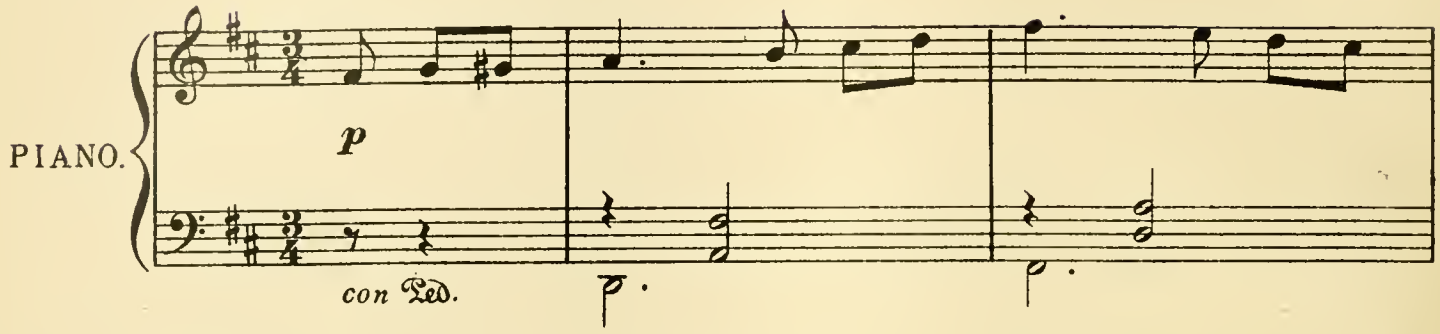


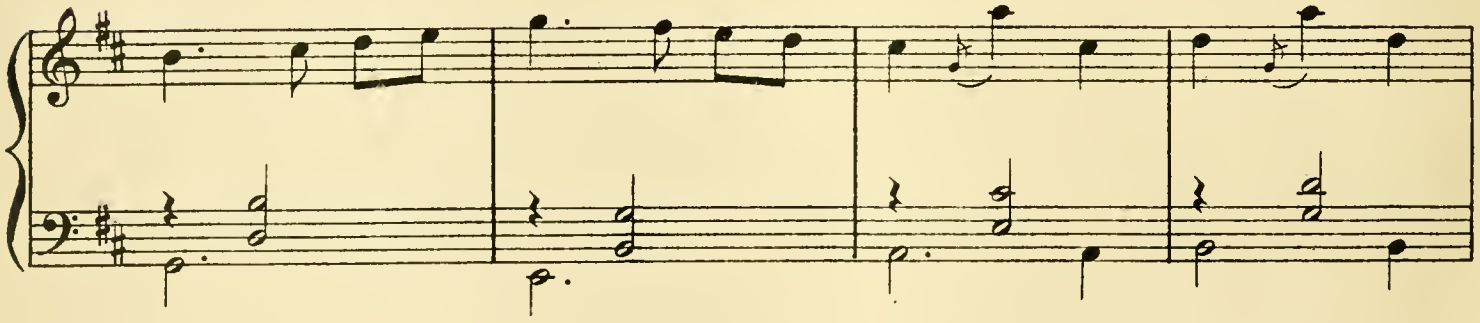
No, he will *never* have twenty legs.



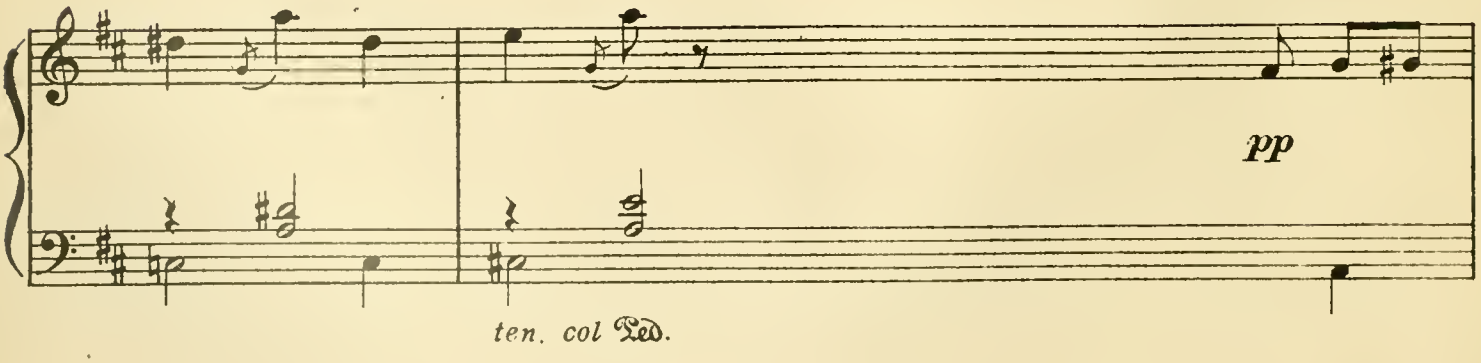
The Blue Gueeze.

Allegretto grazioso.

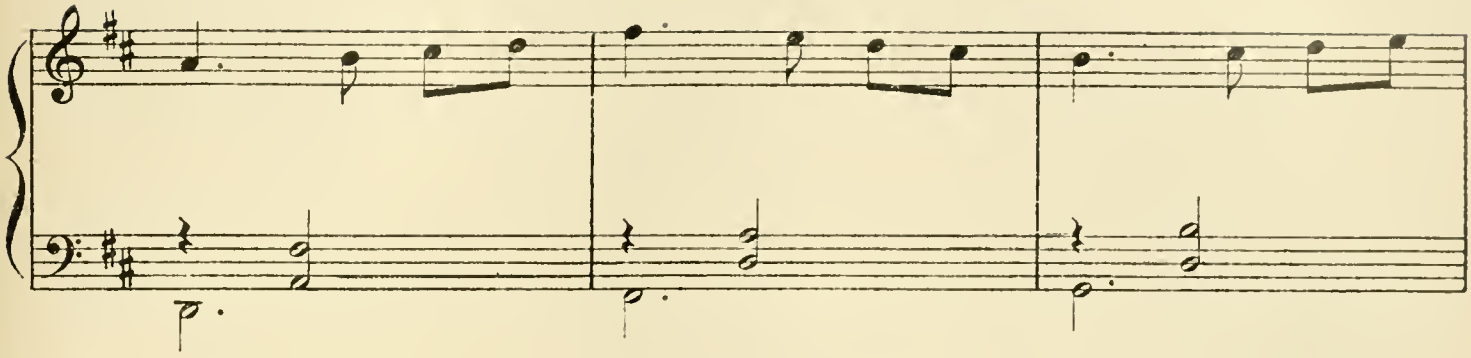




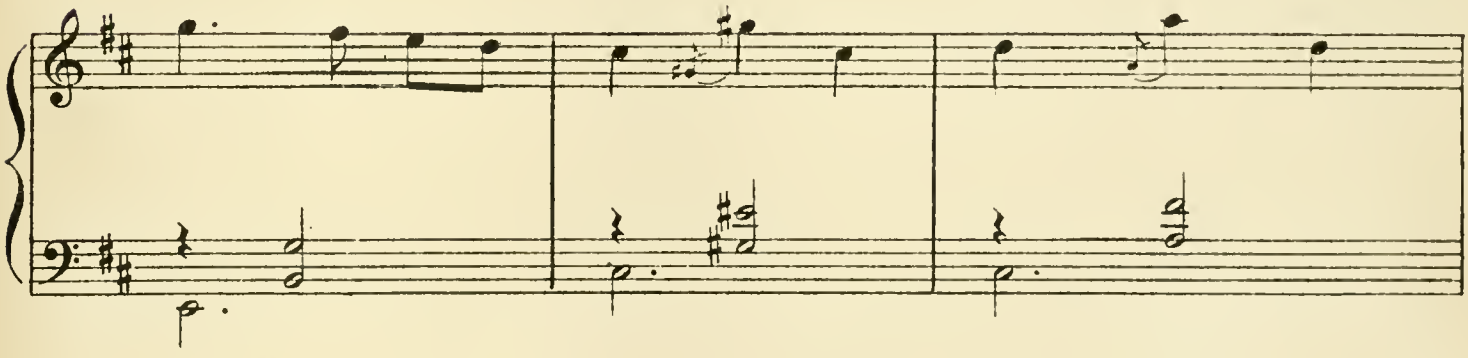
The Blue Gueeze has no wings but he can



walk in the air without fairies.



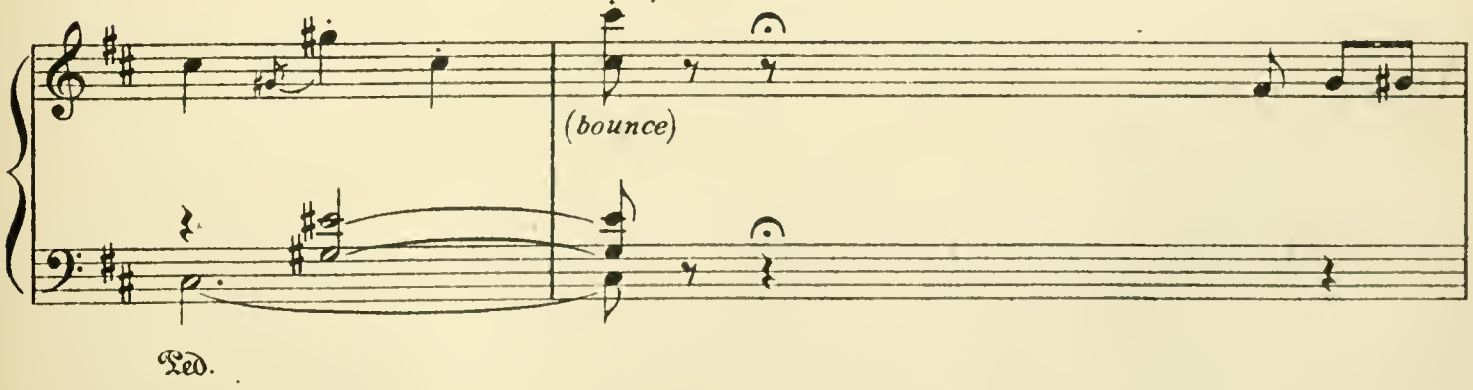
He is very thin, you can see the sky through him and he is



dreadfully bouncey. He can't keep on the ground He wears a

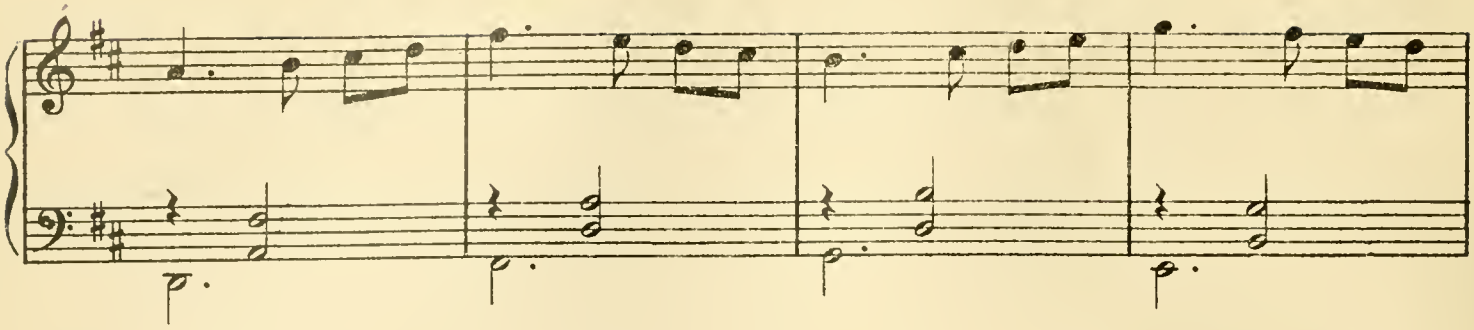
8 at *all* without he's held.

(*bounce*)

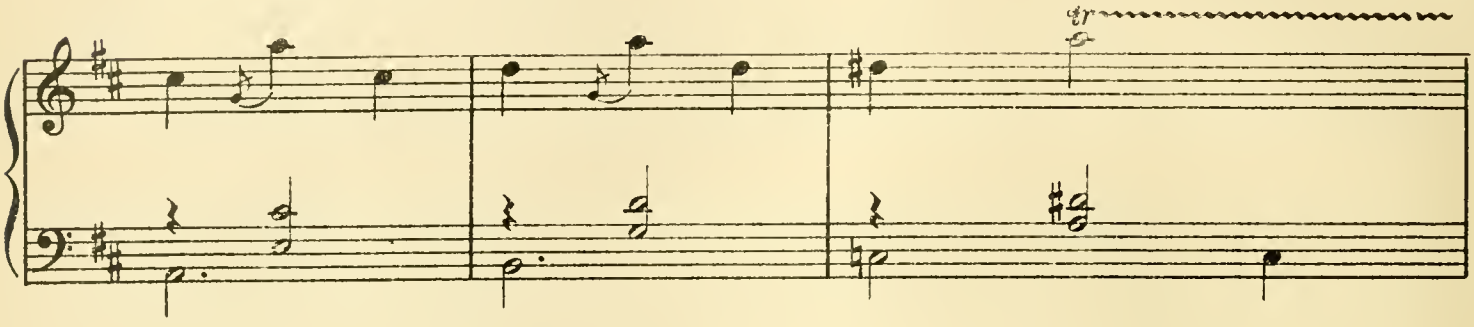


Ped.

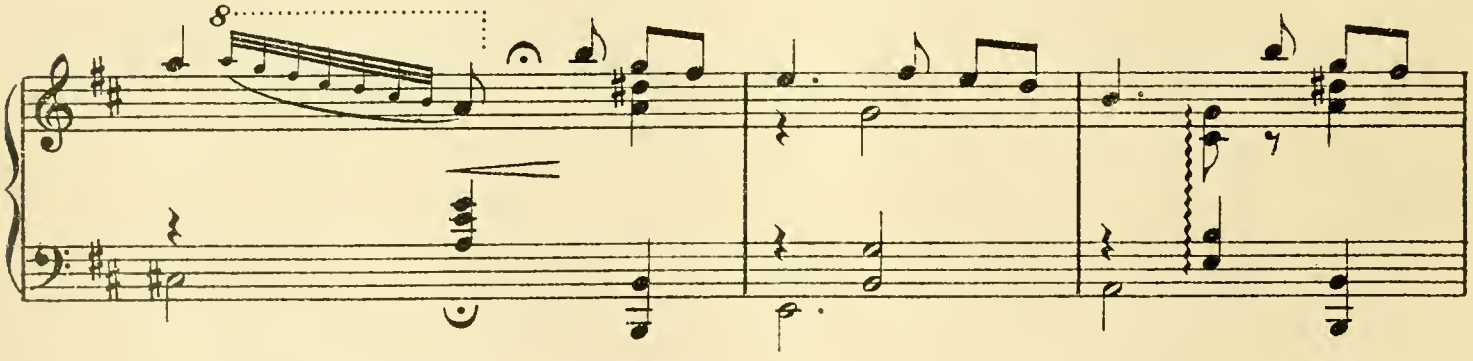
blue gauze dress, and carries an umber - *el*la He



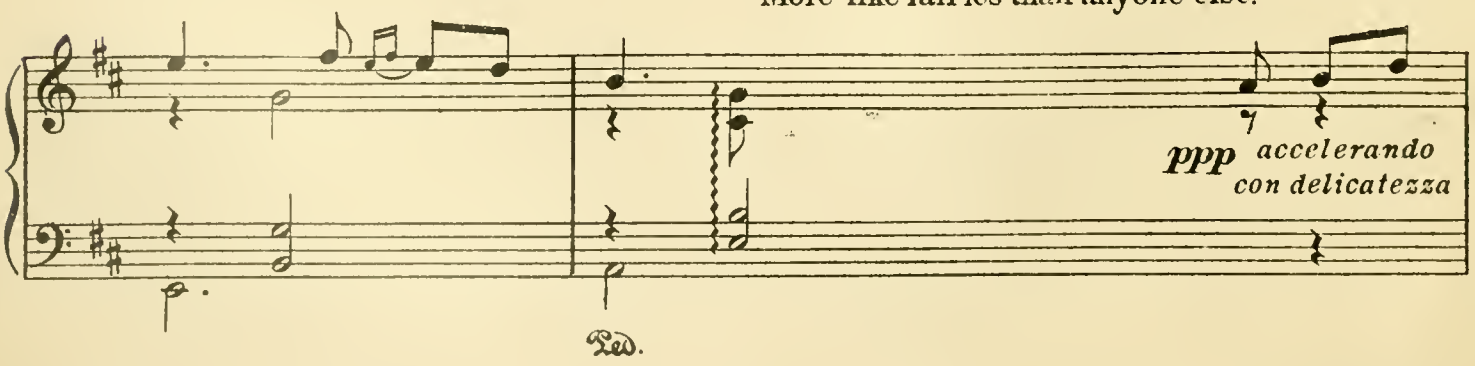
al - ways carries it open in case it comes on wet

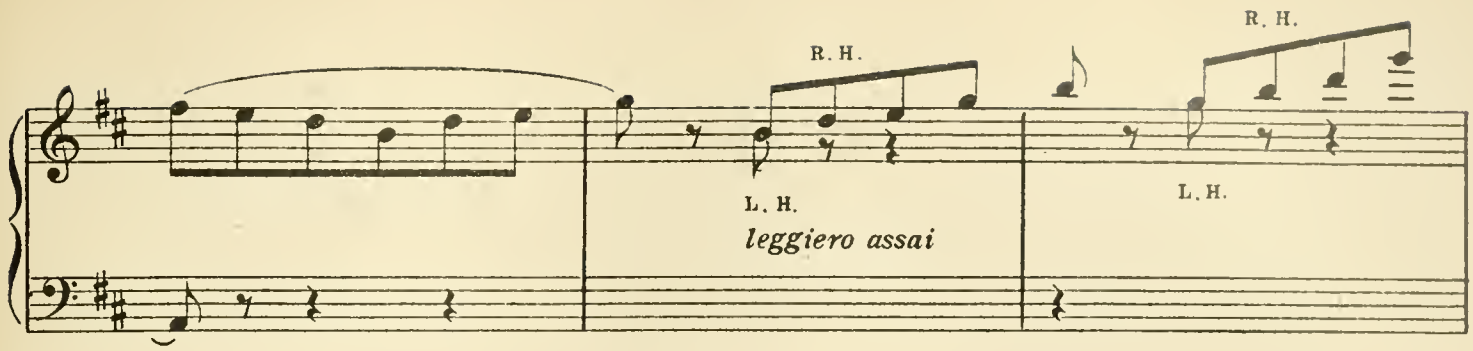


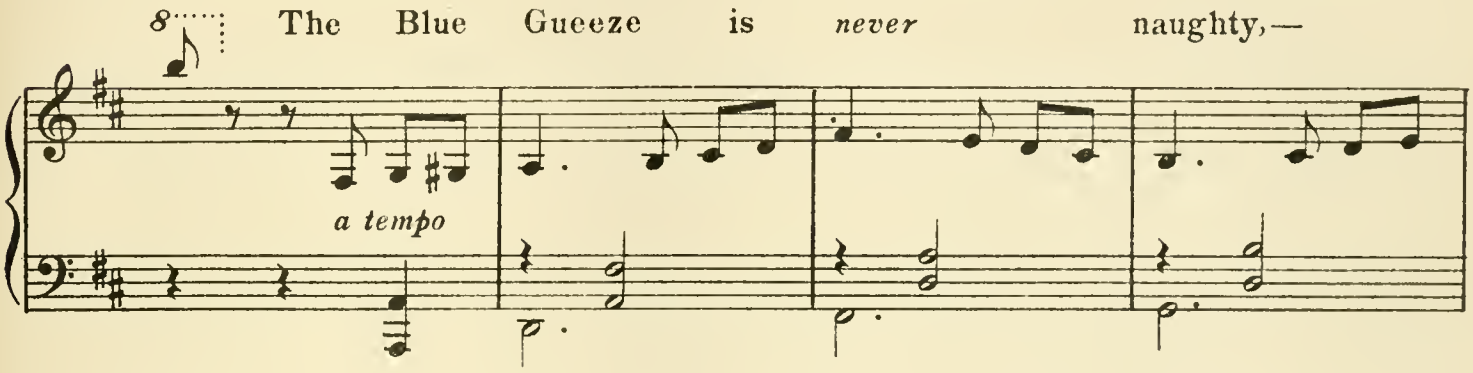
sudden. All Gueezes are very beautiful.

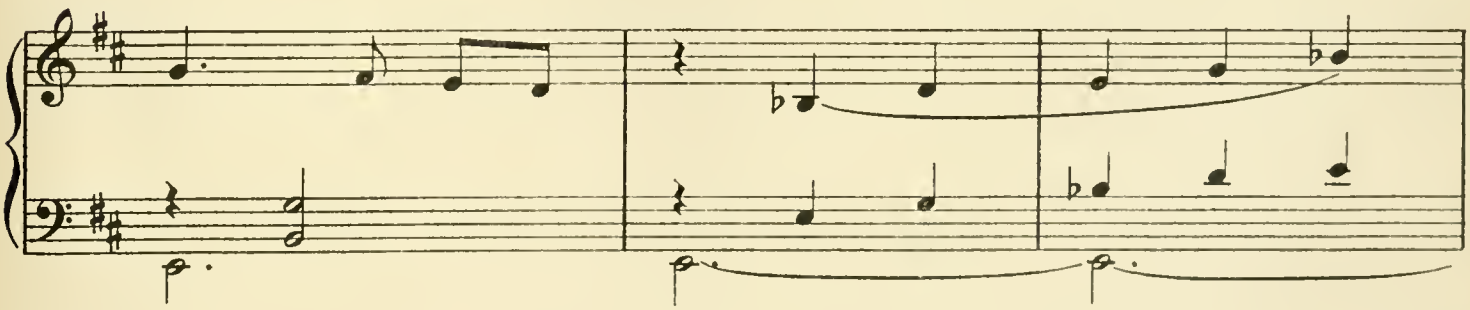


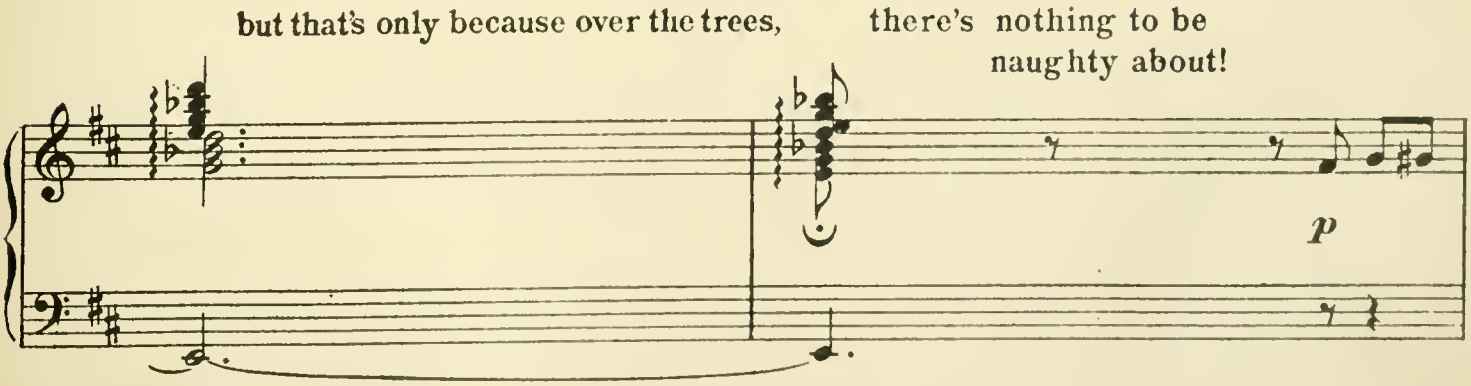
More like fairies than anyone else.

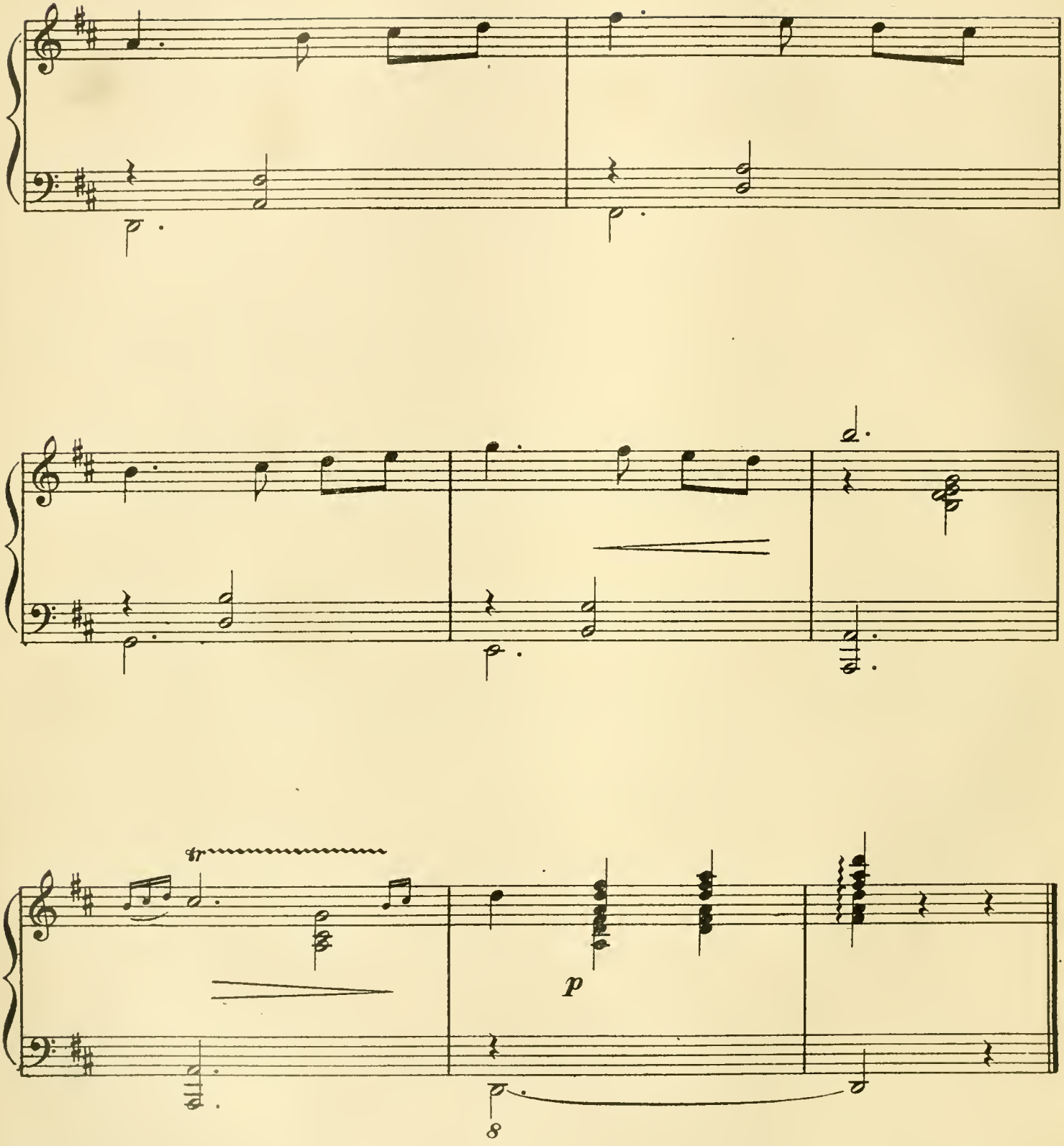



R. H.
L. H.
leggiero assai
R. H.
L. H.

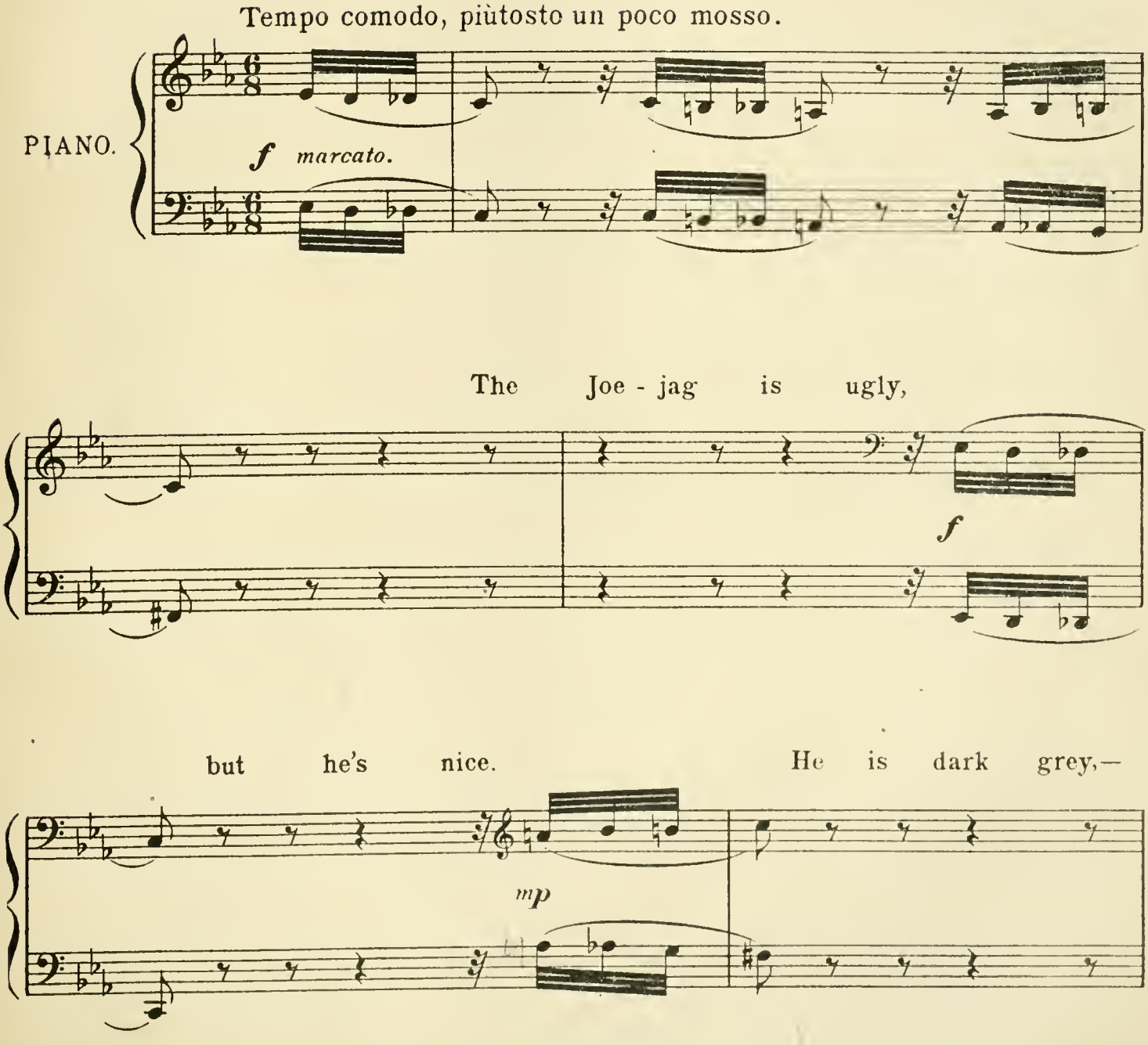

8
The Blue Gueeze is never naughty,—
a tempo



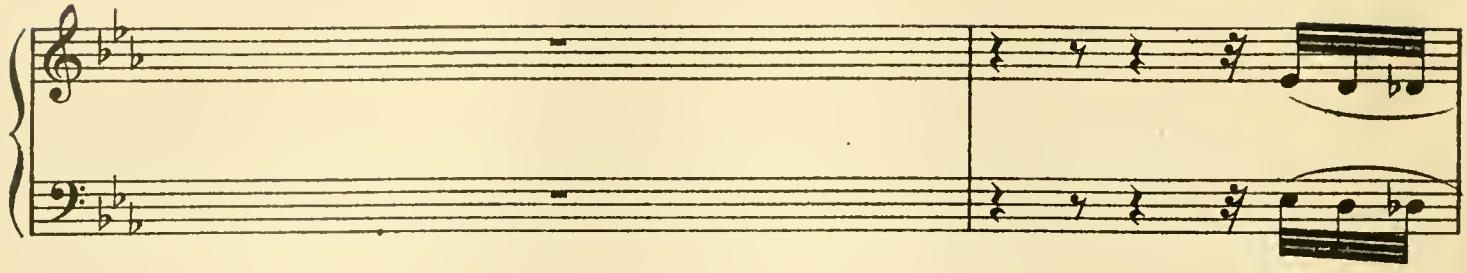

but that's only because over the trees, there's nothing to be naughty about!
p


tr
p
8

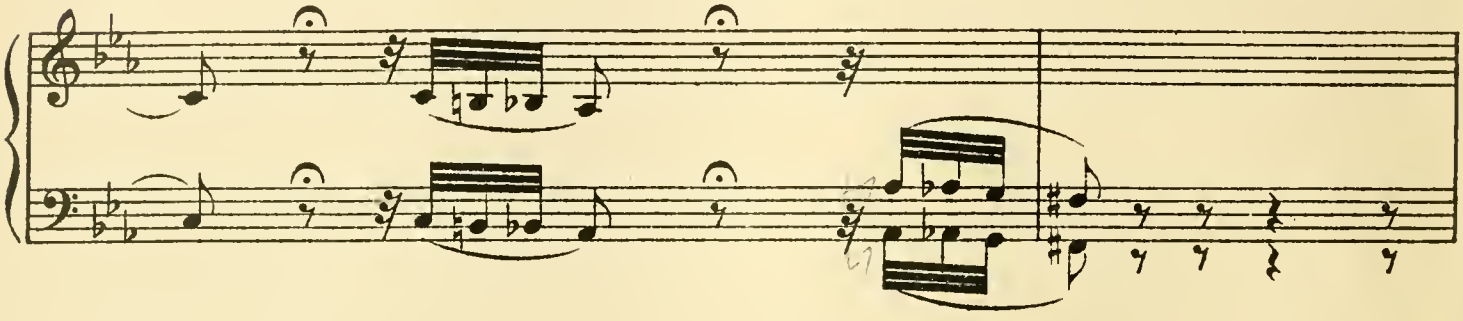
The Joe-Jag.


Tempo comodo, piùtosto un poco mosso.
PIANO.
f marcato.
The Joe - jag is ugly,
f
but he's nice. He is dark grey,—
mp

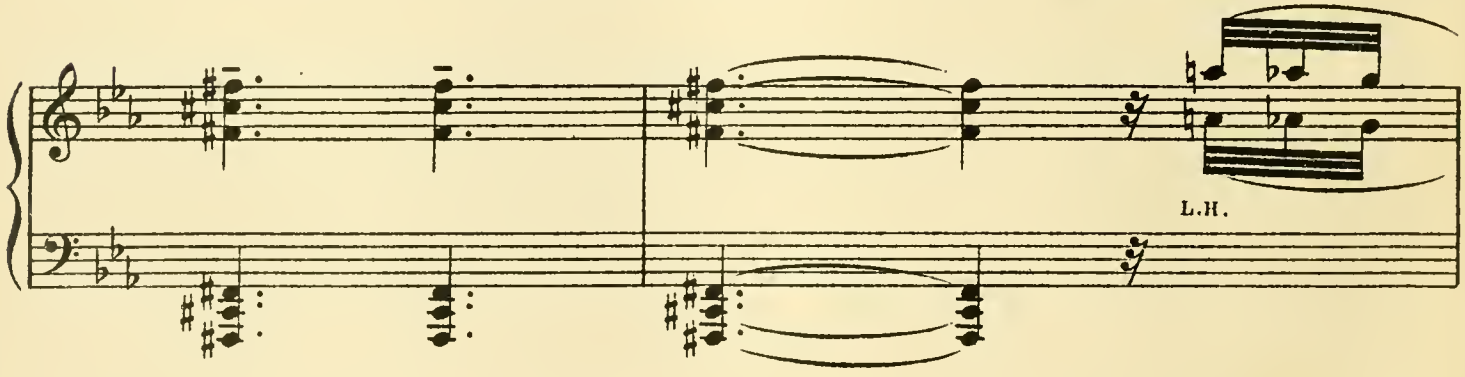
nearly black and has no hair.



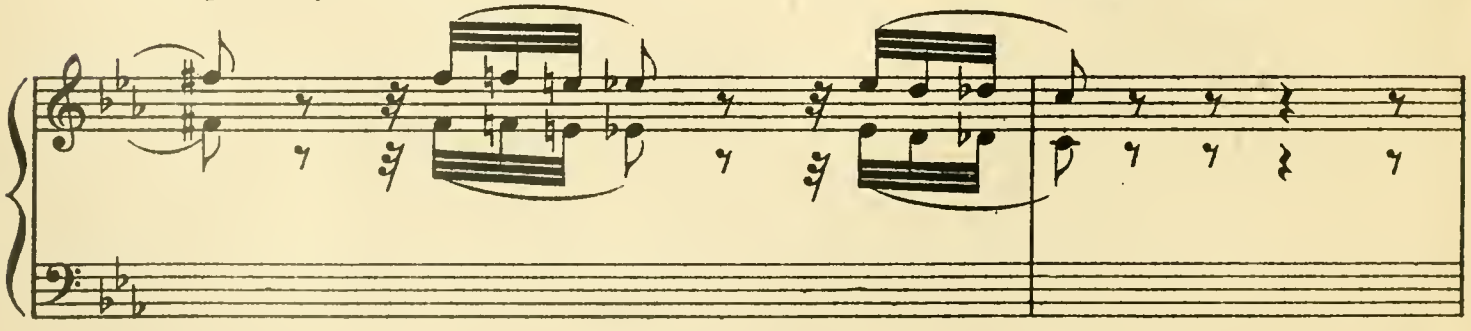
He is made all in one and has a ring in his head instead of a tail.

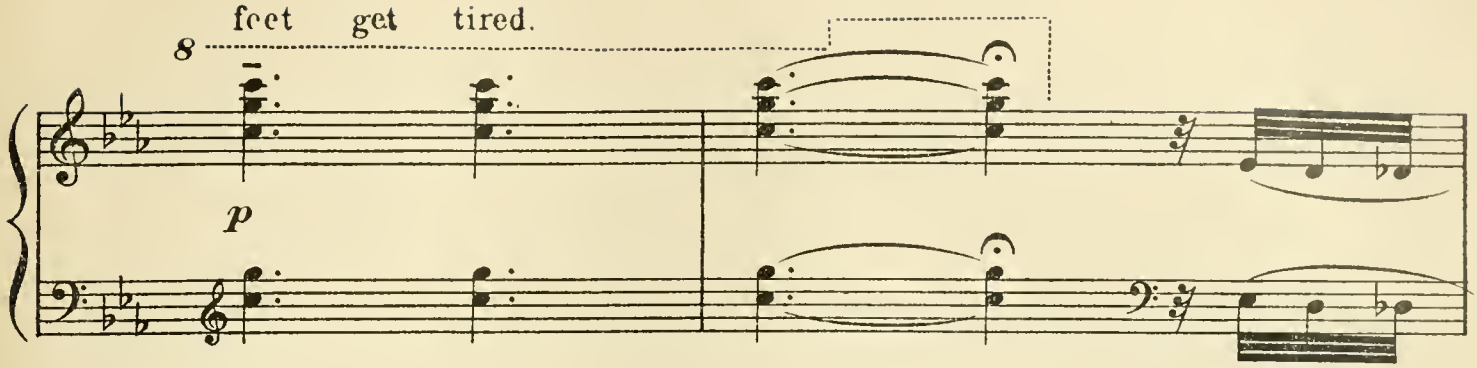


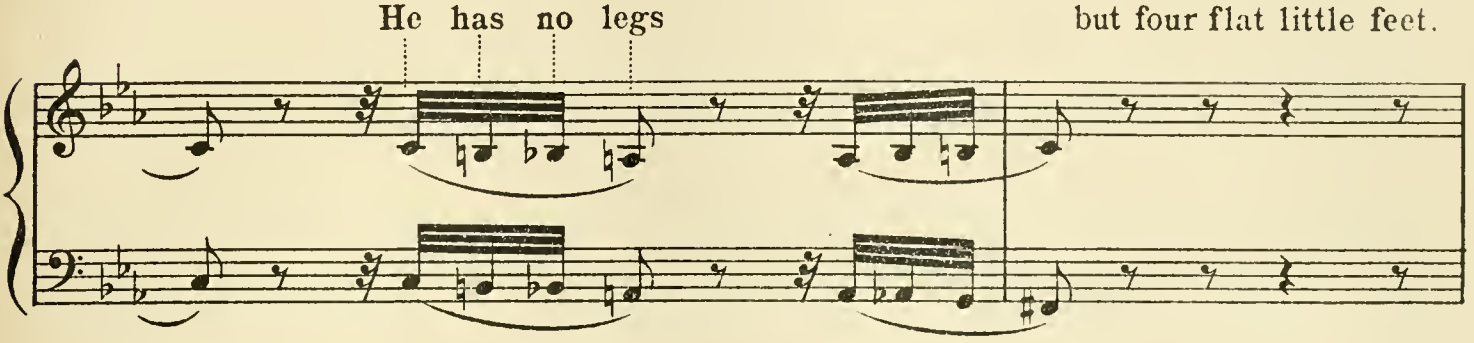
It is very useful. He can hang himself

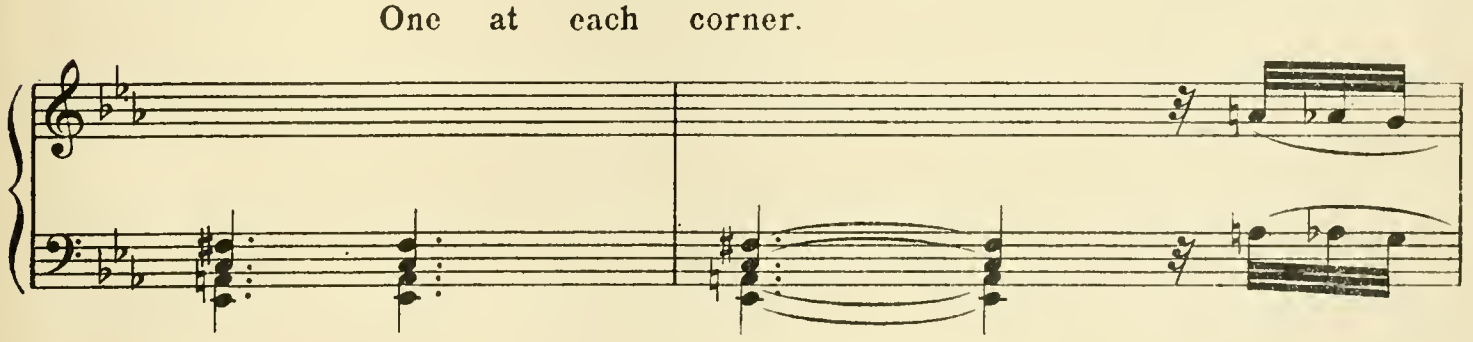


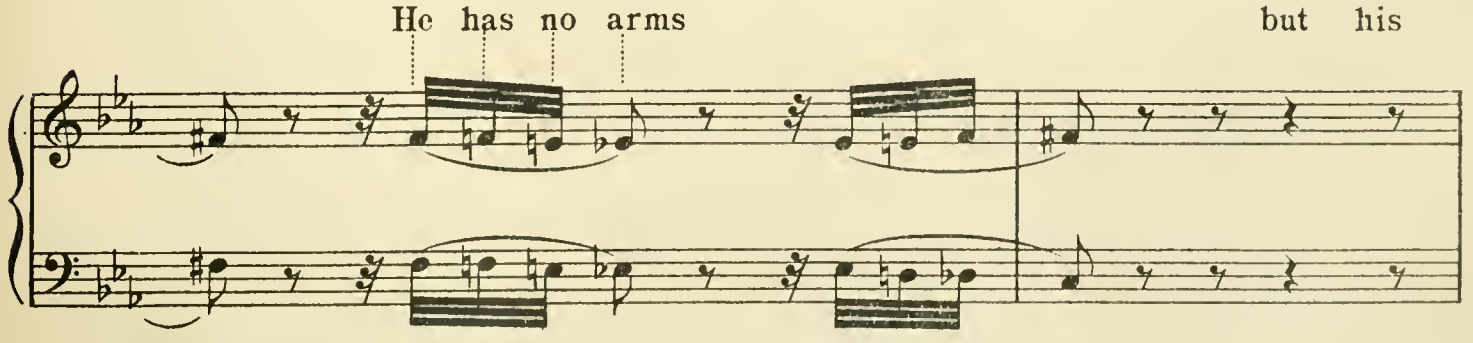
up by it if he likes when his



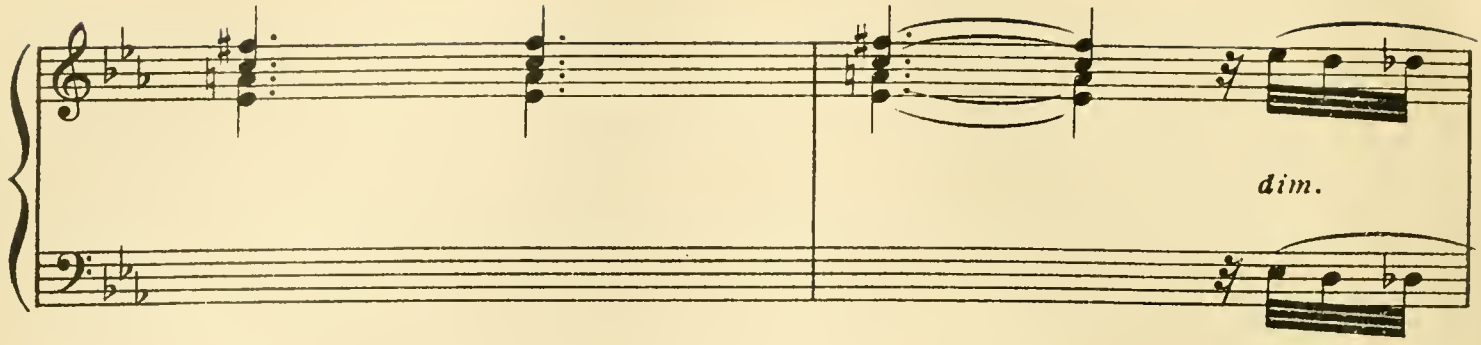

feet get tired.
8
p


He has no legs
but four flat little feet.

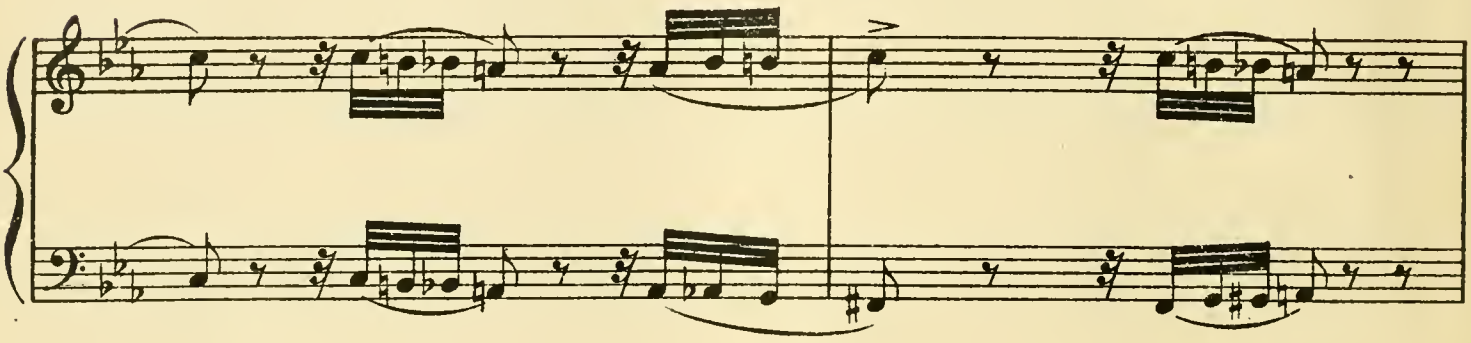

One at each corner.


He has no arms
but his

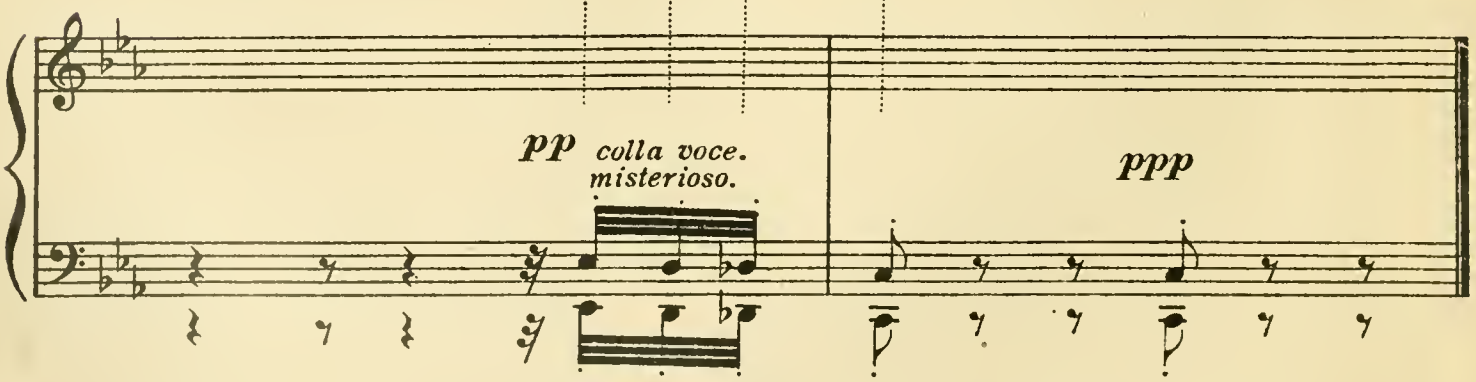
hands fit close into him.



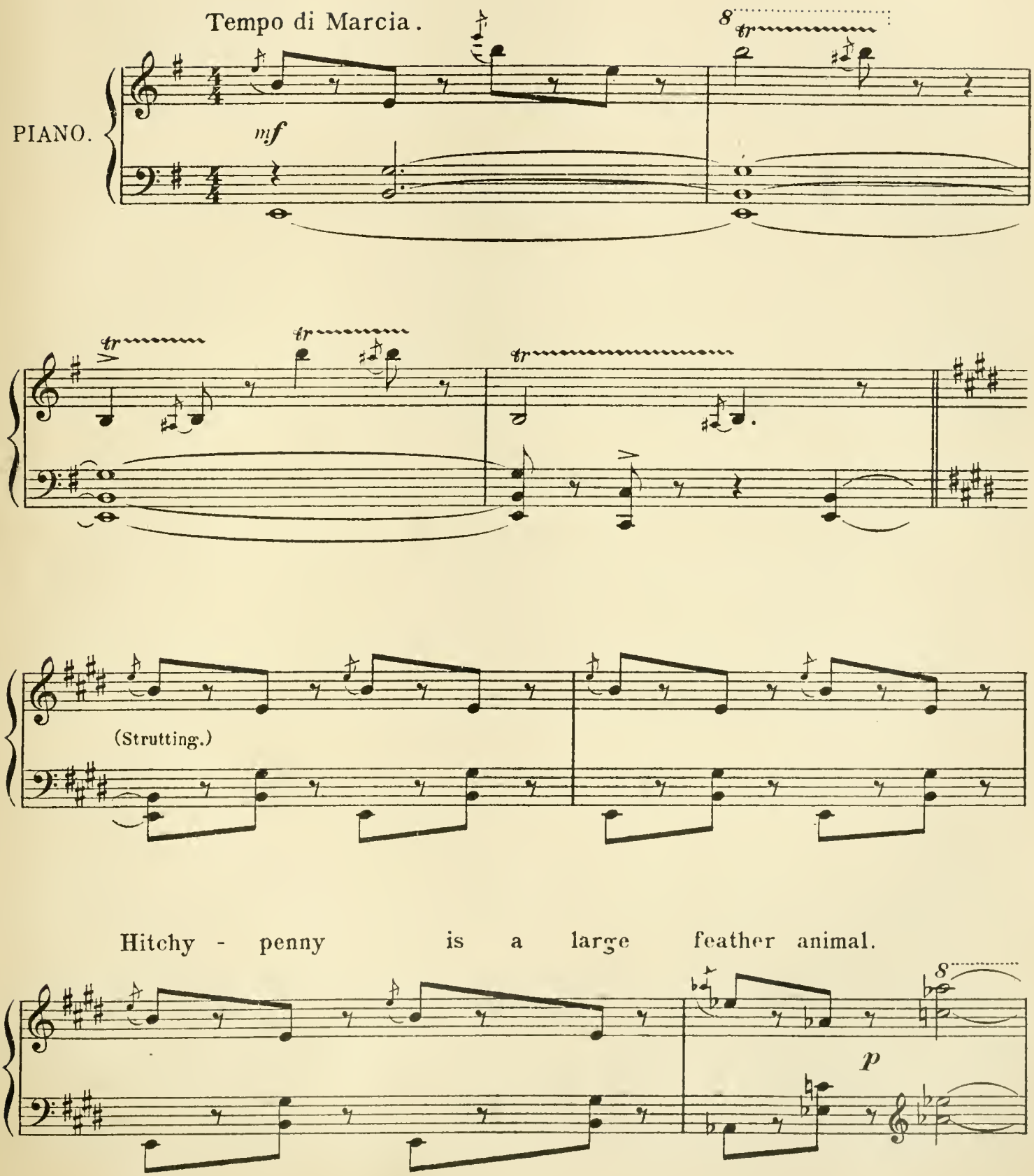
His face is in the middle of him; it is



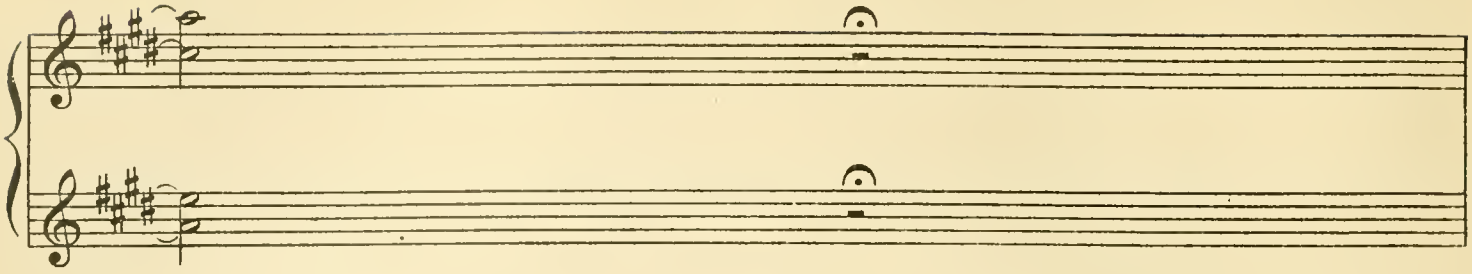
round and doesn't show much.



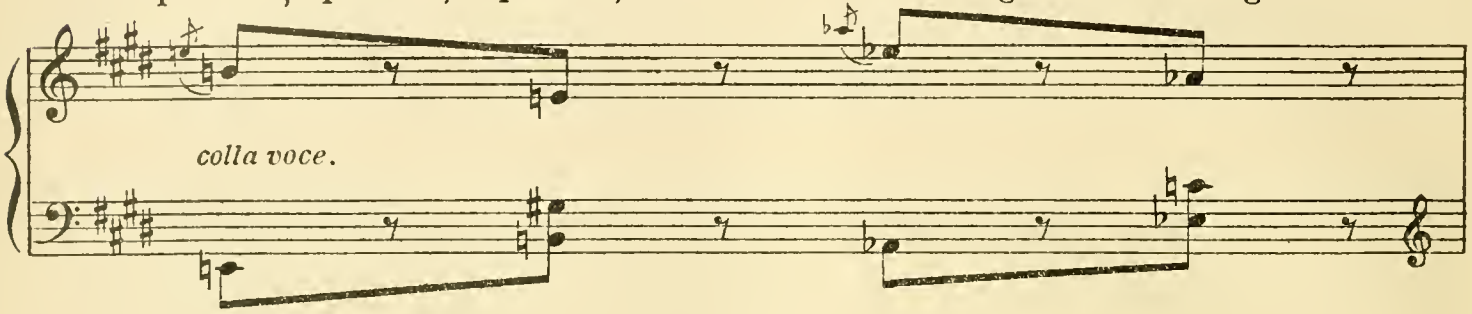
Hitchy-penny.



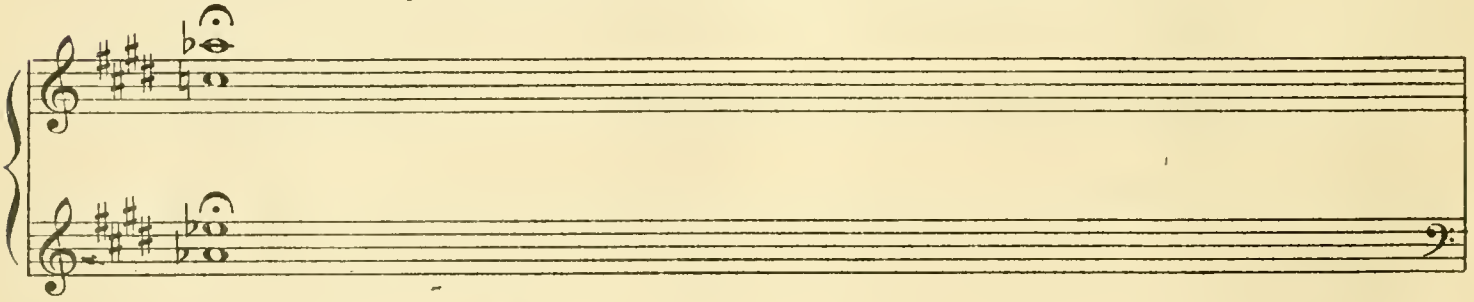
Bomblemas brushes him every morning and the brush goes



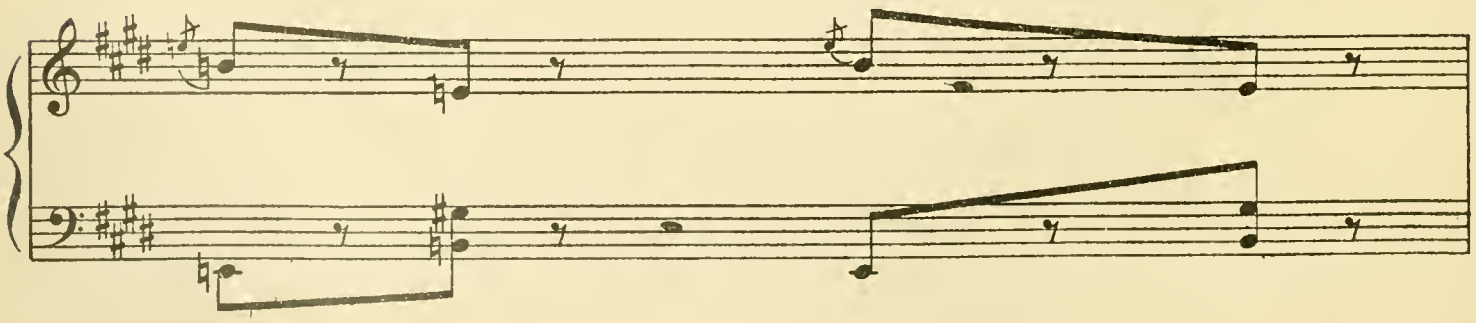
"parther, parther, parther," all through his red and gold feathers.



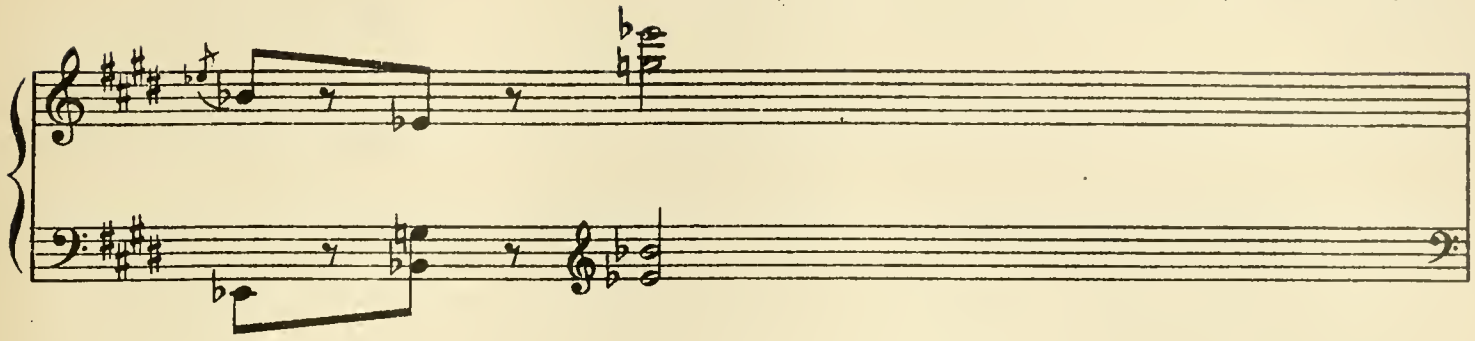
He is very conceited, but think how handsome he is!



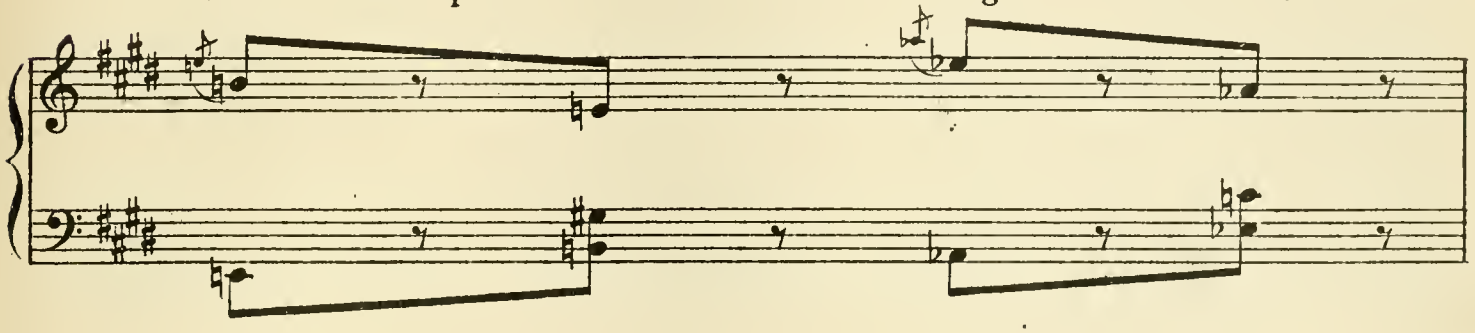
He scratches himself more than



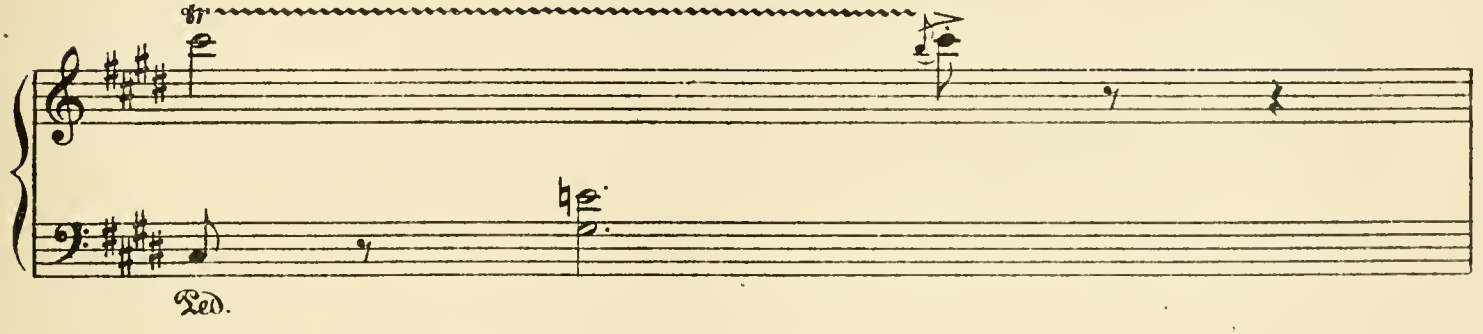
most animals, that's why he's called Hitchy-penny; and he's got



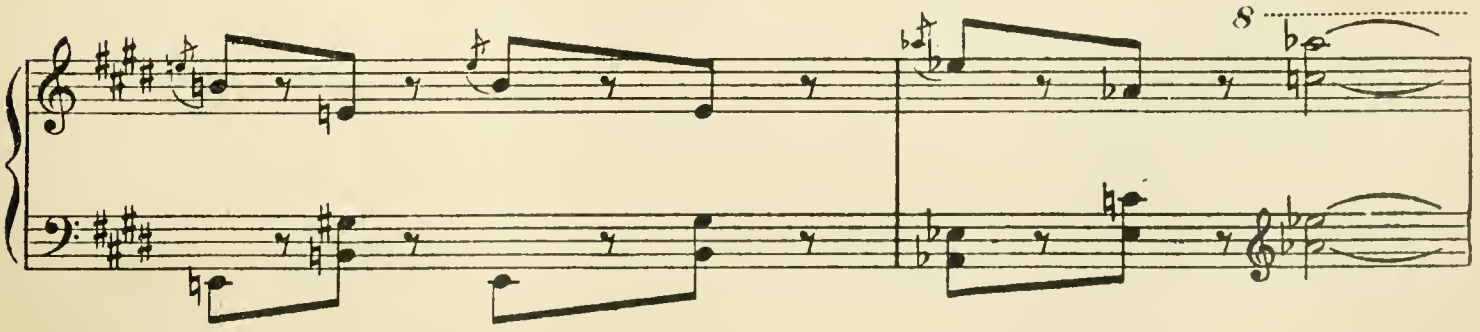
claws that pull out and make long so that he can



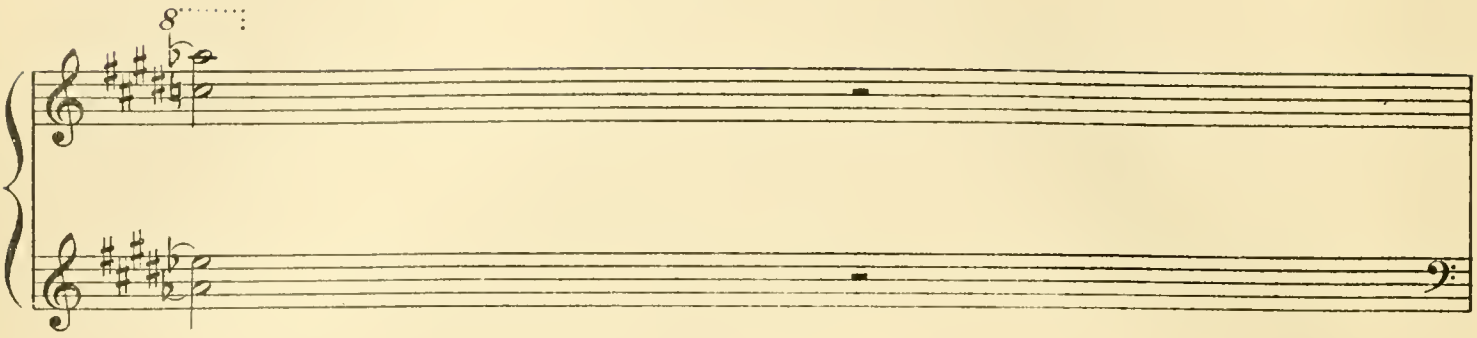
scratch himself *any*where he wants.



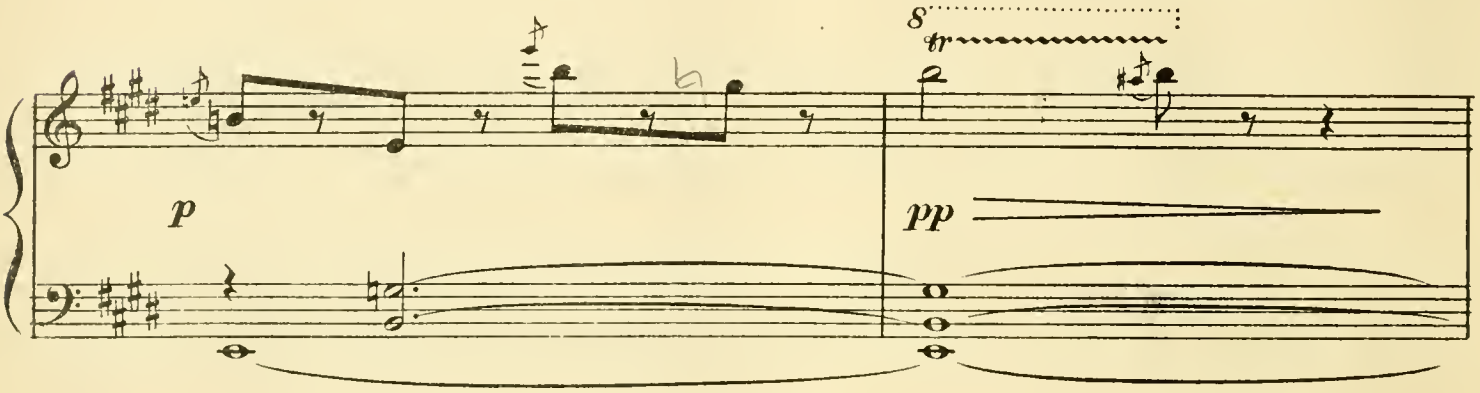
He used to collect pictures of himself.

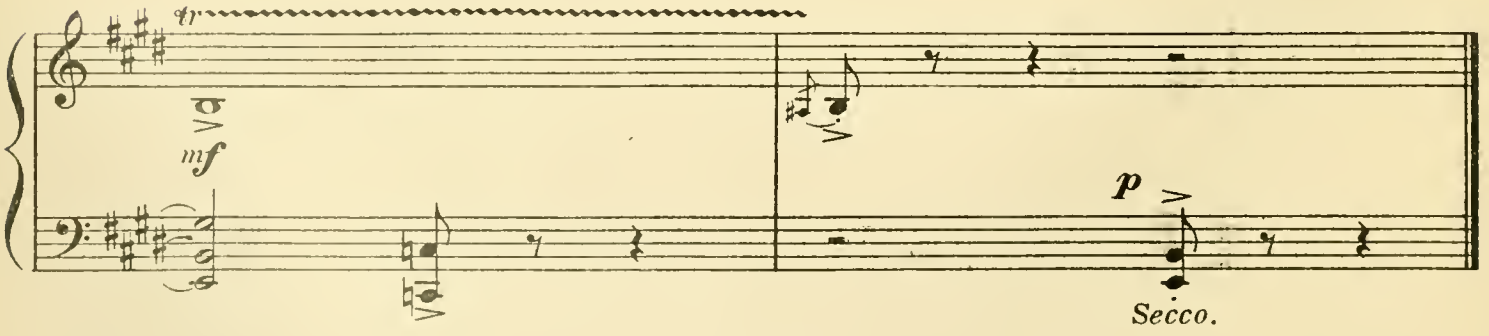


But he's got all there are now.

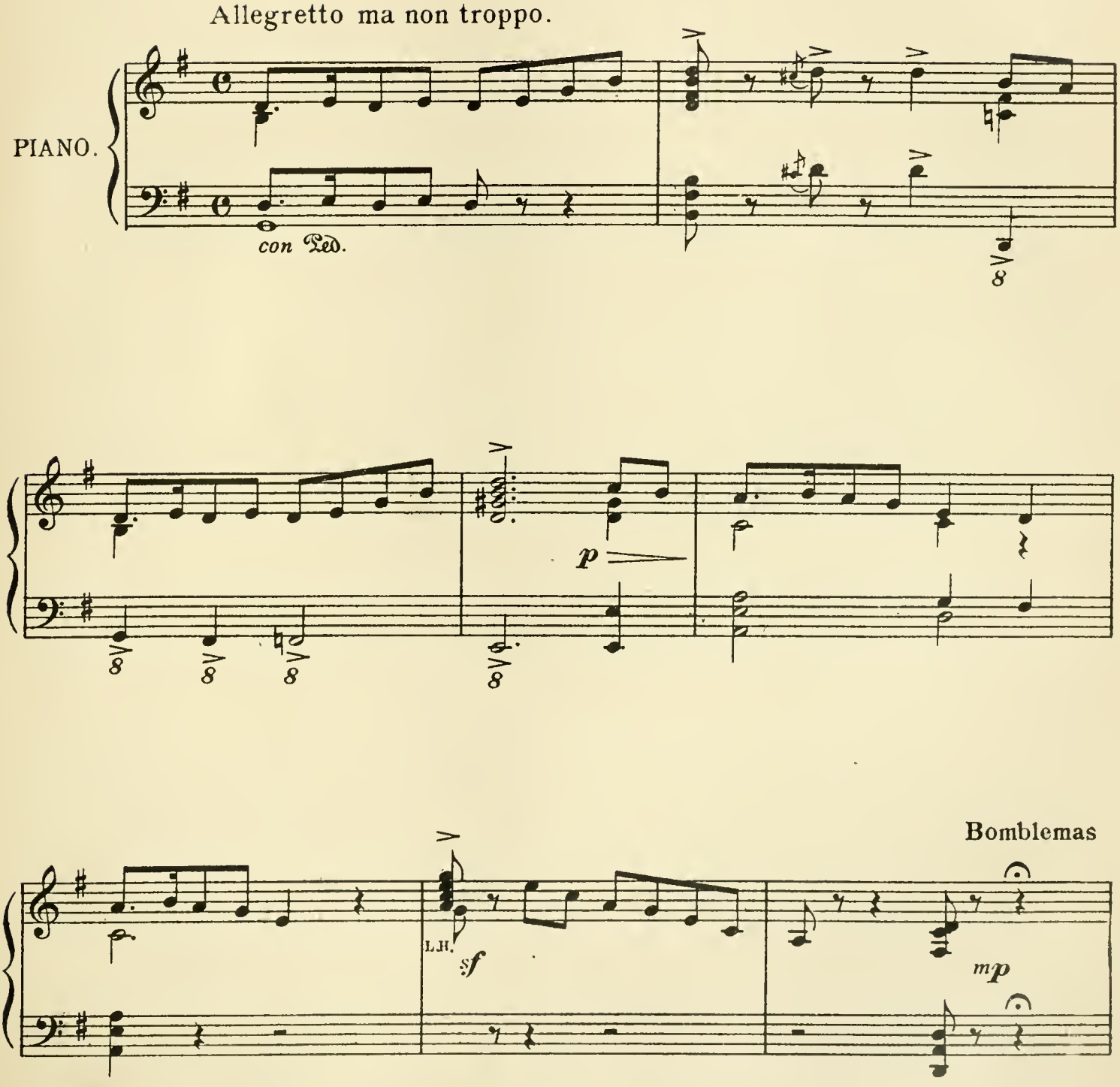


Nobody else wanted them.

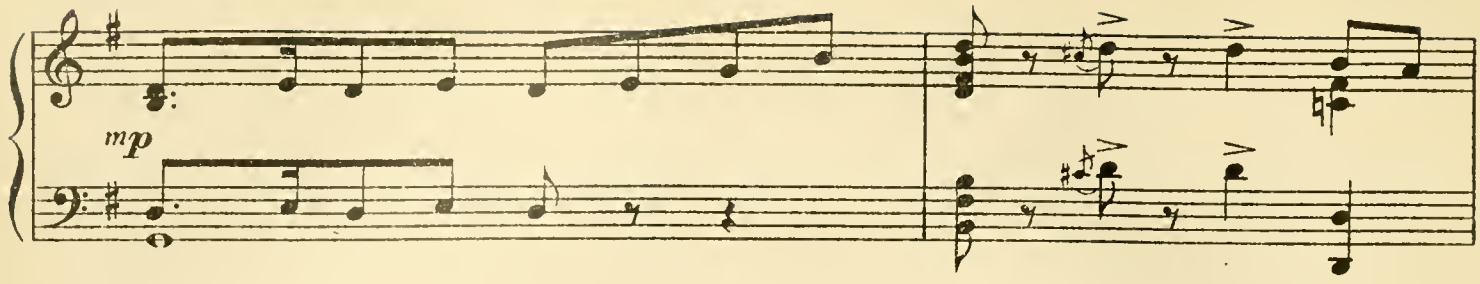




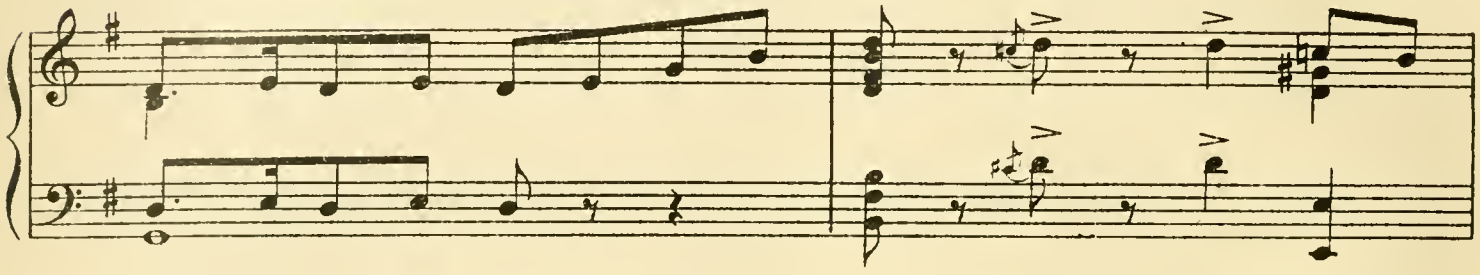
Bomblemas.



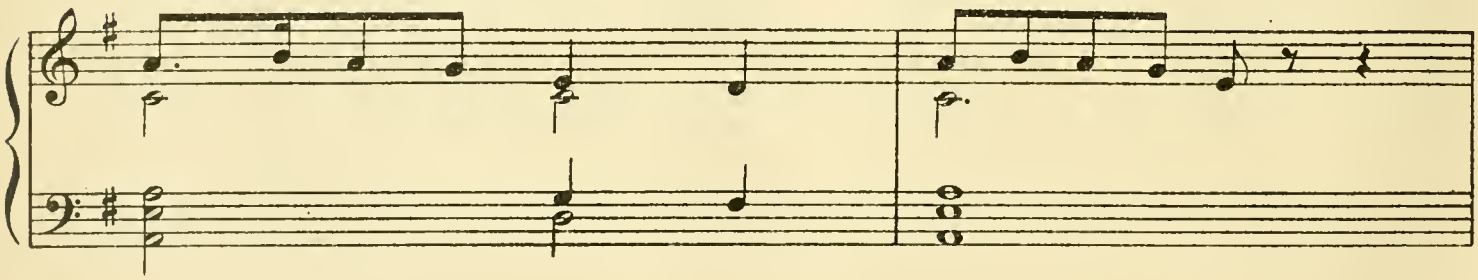
carries a stick, and



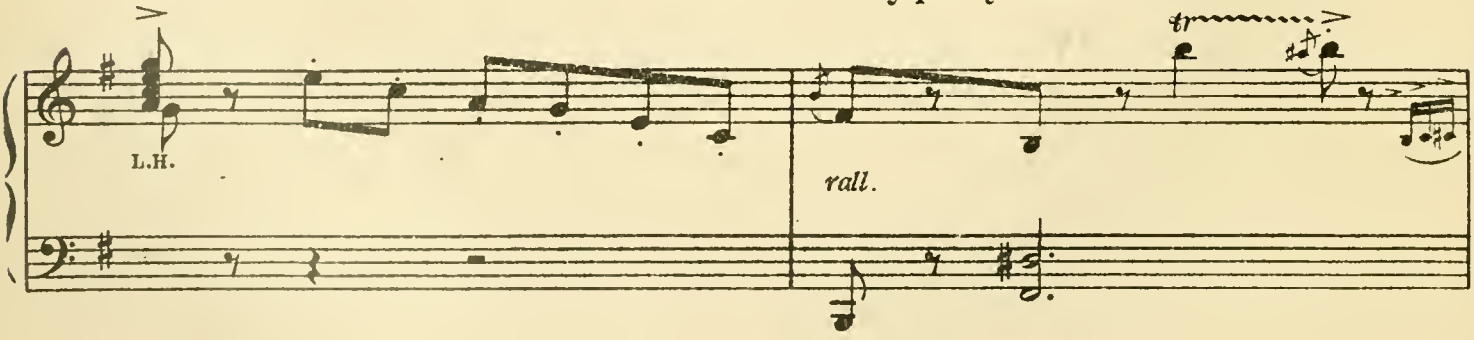
always looks like a little man. He is



most tremendous proud of his little stick, which has a

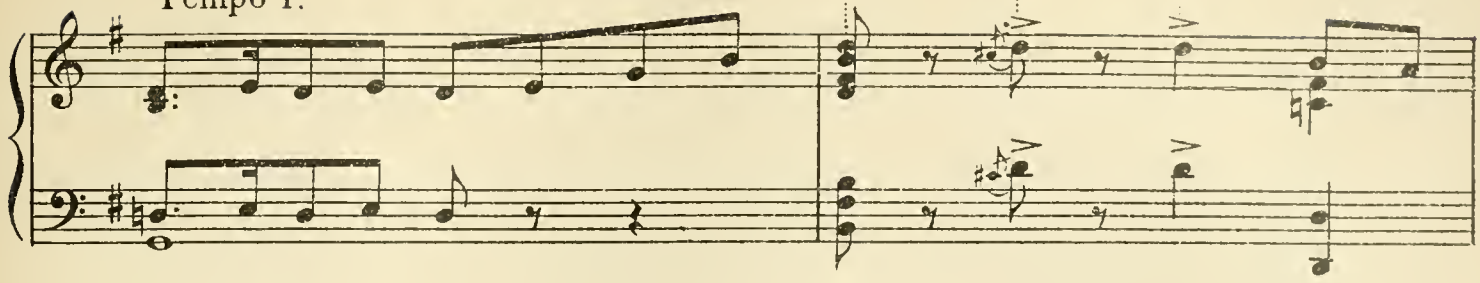


handle made out of the feathers Hitchy-penny scratched out of himself.

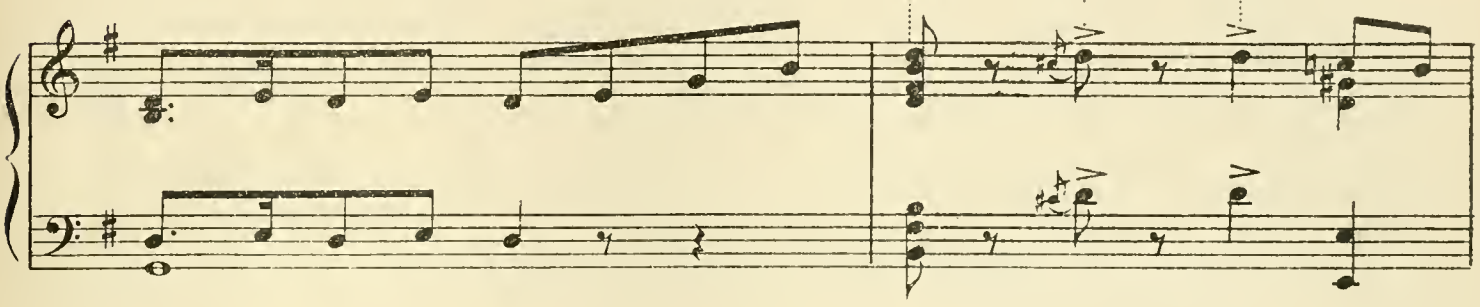


Tempo I.

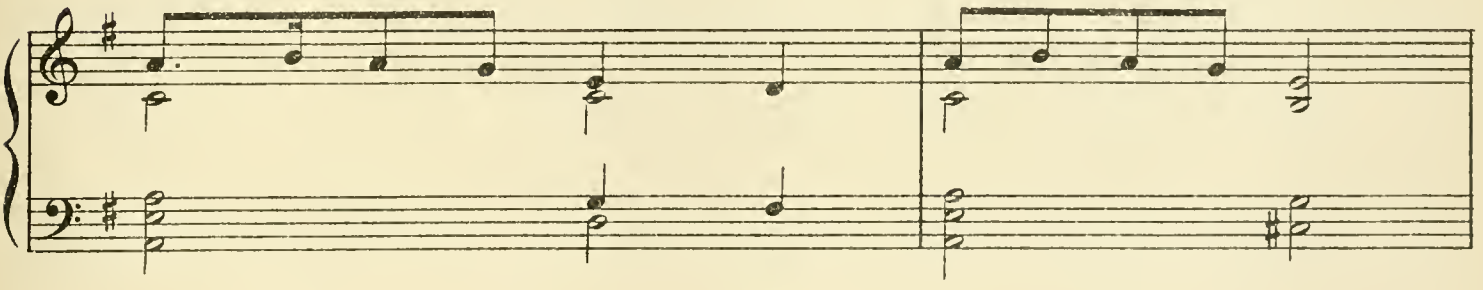
He wears a green plush coat and



ties on his legs with black silk ribbon.

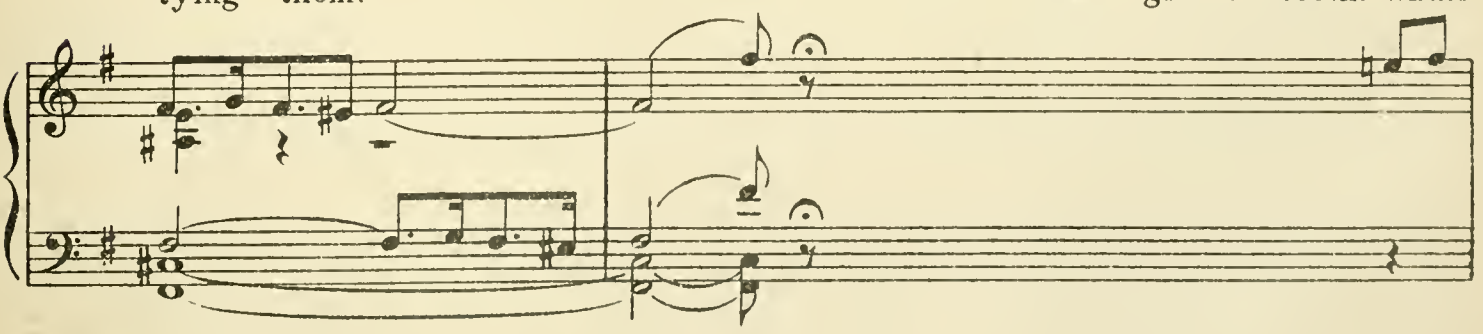


When his legs get extra loose he has to sit up all night.

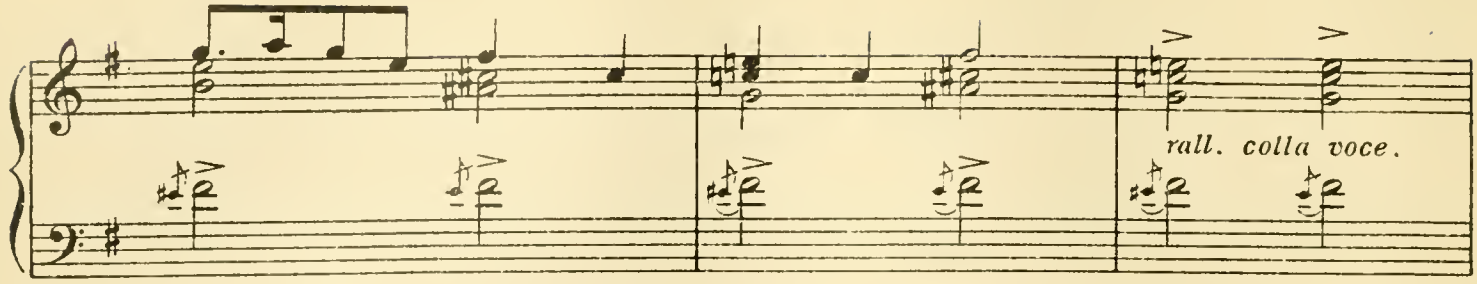


tying them.

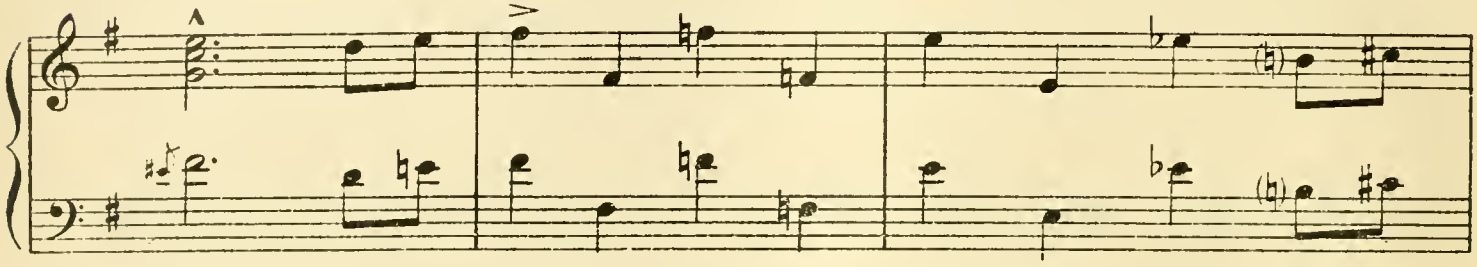
He is the only animal that never grows teeth. That's



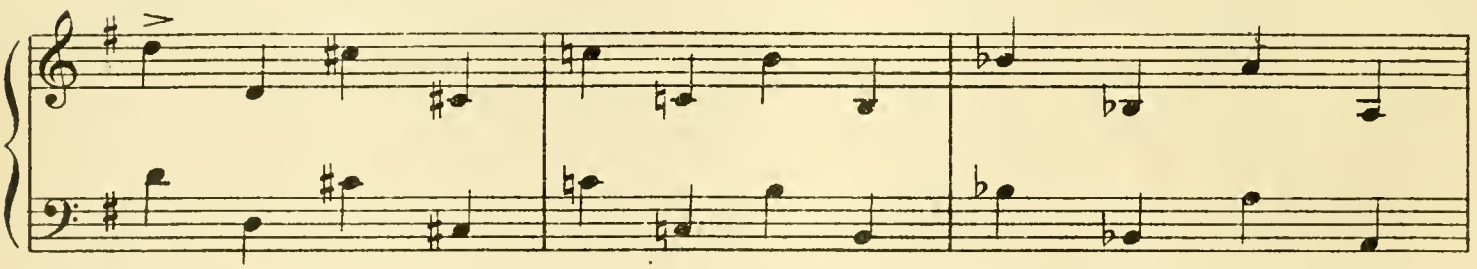
why he sits opposite Hibbertoo, and goes "toofy! toofy!



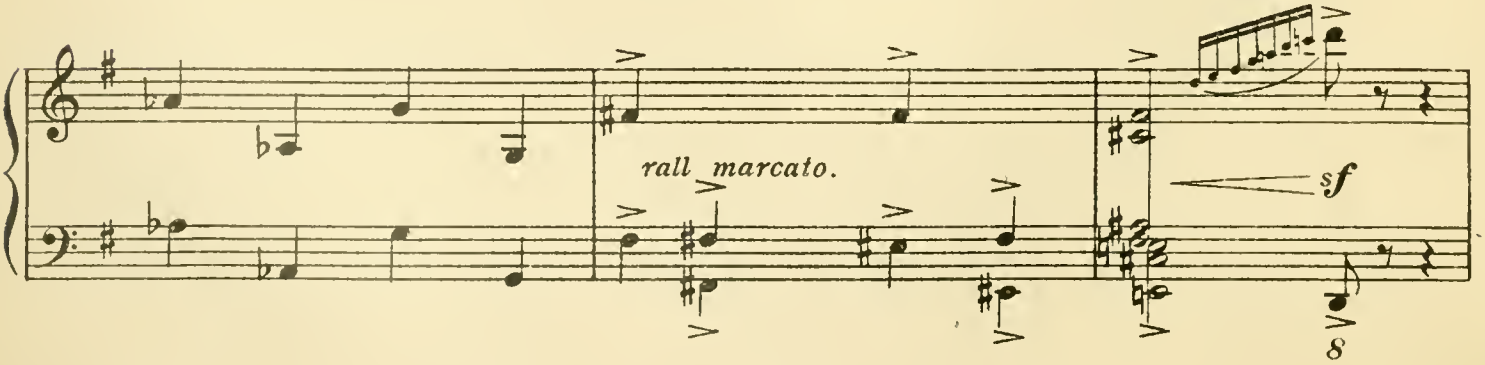
toofy!" which means he wants Hib - ber -



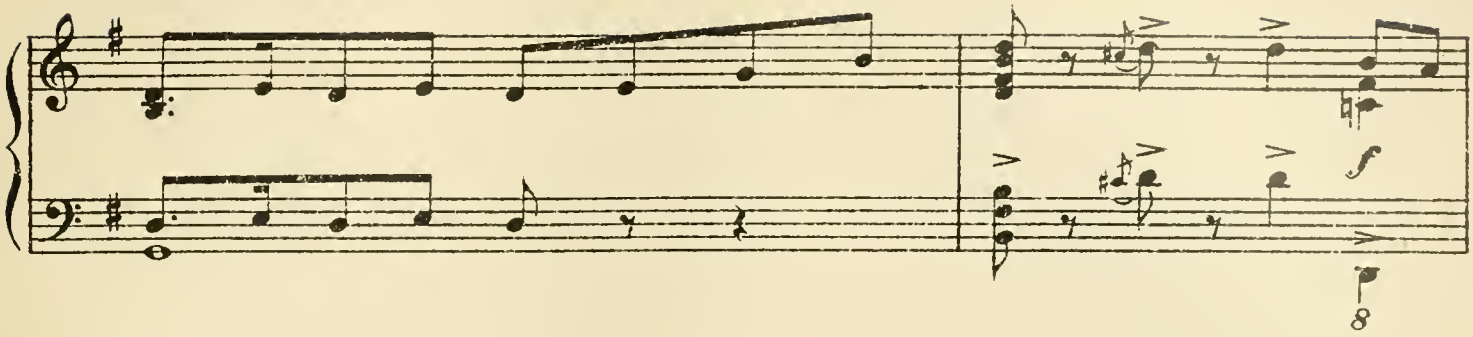
- too's. He is al - ways trying to make

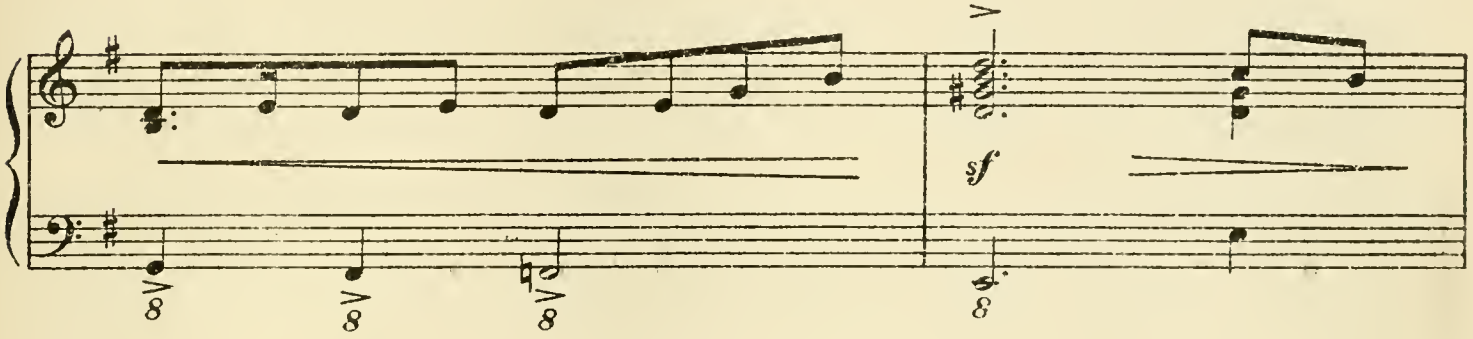


Hibbertoo take notice — but when Hibbertoo *does,* he



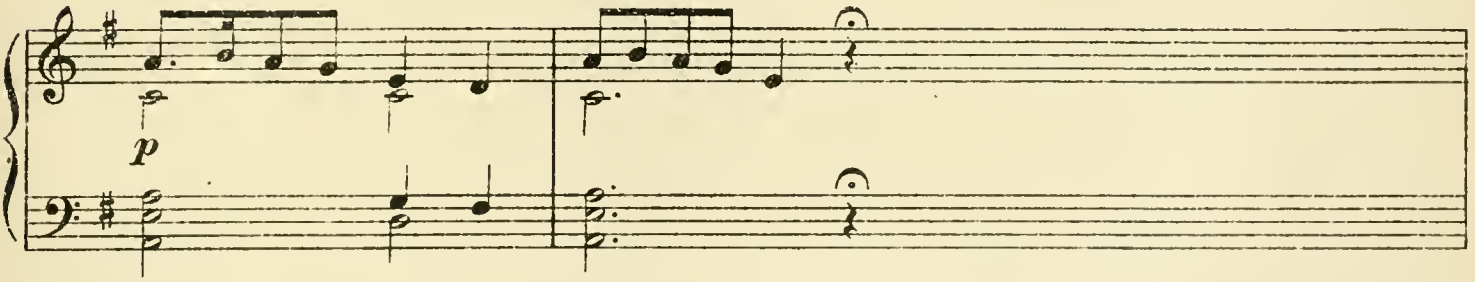
takes his little stick and beats him *hard* with it.

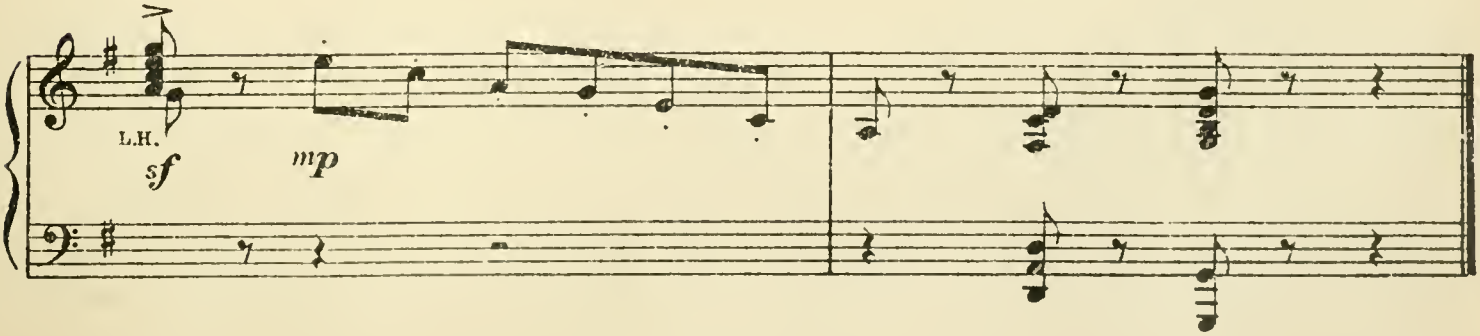




Bomblemas likes that very much.

He knows Hibbertoo wouldn't take the trouble with *everybody*.

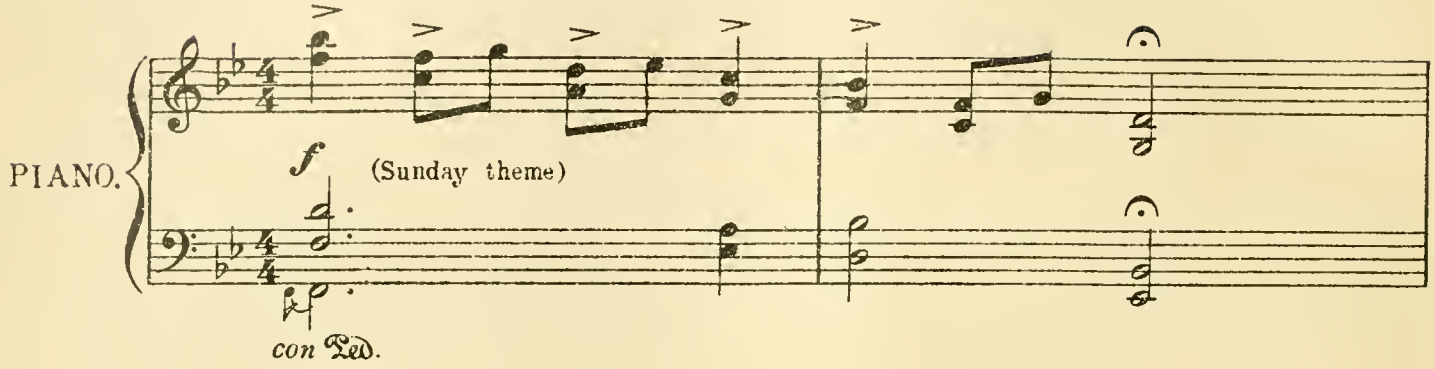




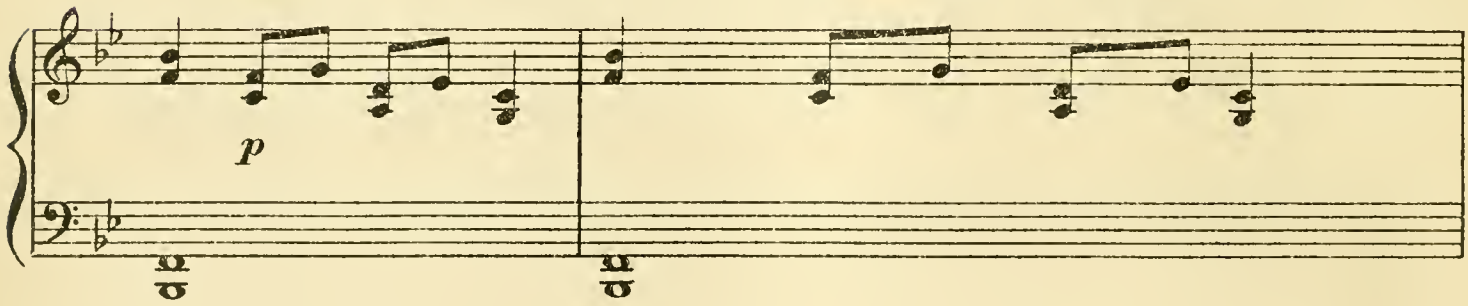
Stickle-Jag.

Moderato ritenuto, e sostenuto assai

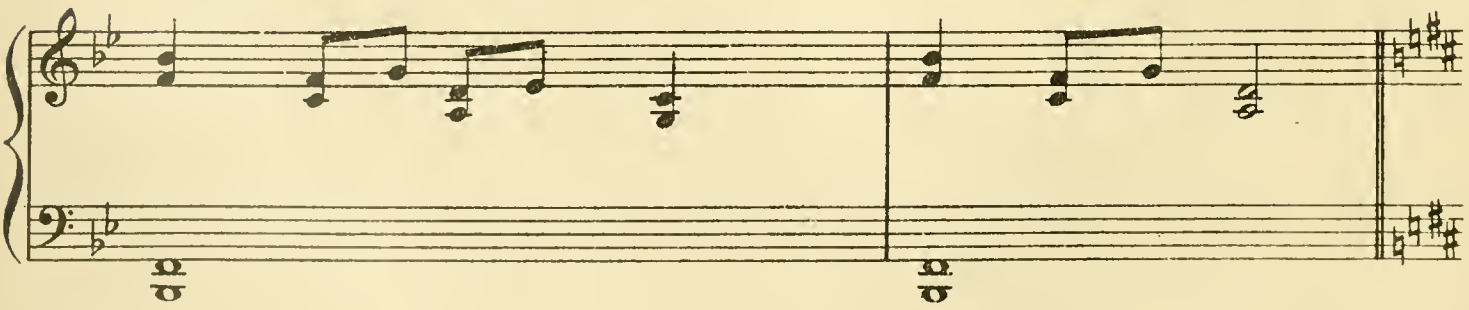
Stickle-jag is



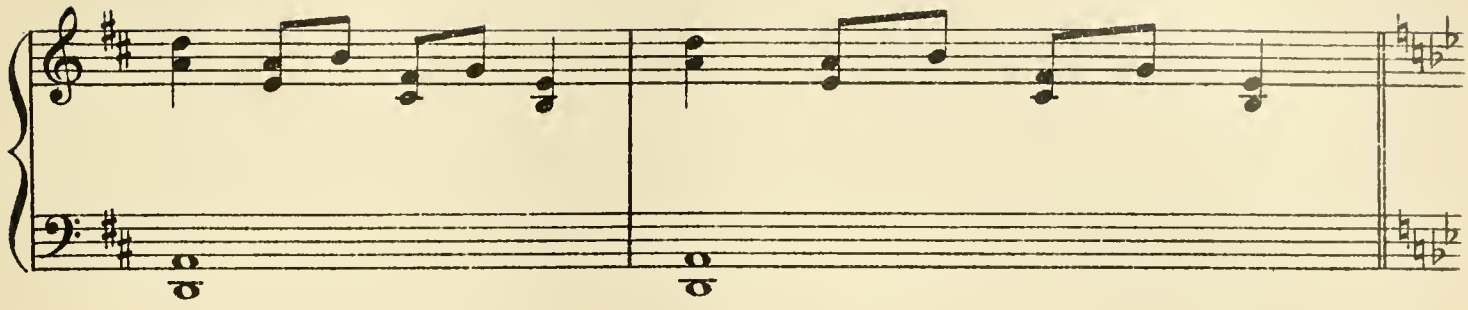
very sweet. His coat is made of hundreds and thousands, so that he can



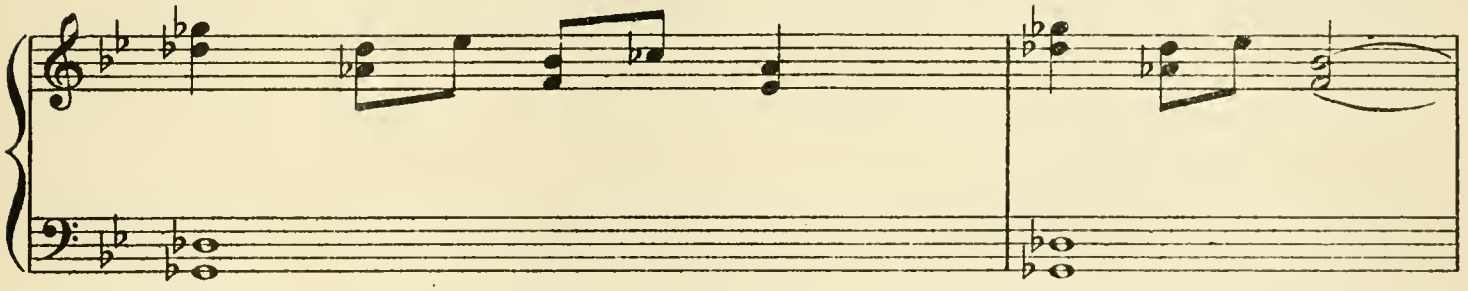
eat bits off of it when he can't find the sugar-basin. That



sounds very *nice*,— but he once had a large, curly, barley sugar beard, and

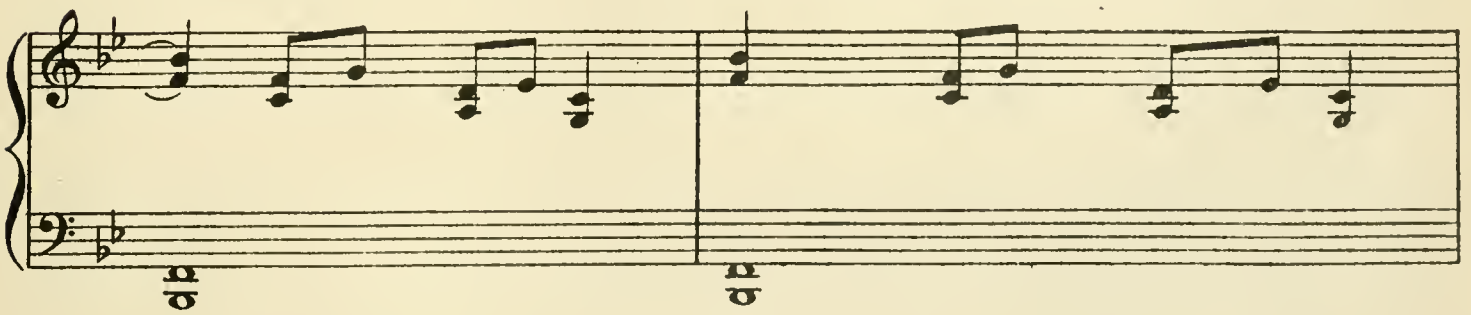


now he has only little barley-sugar whiskers, which he can't reach anyhow. His

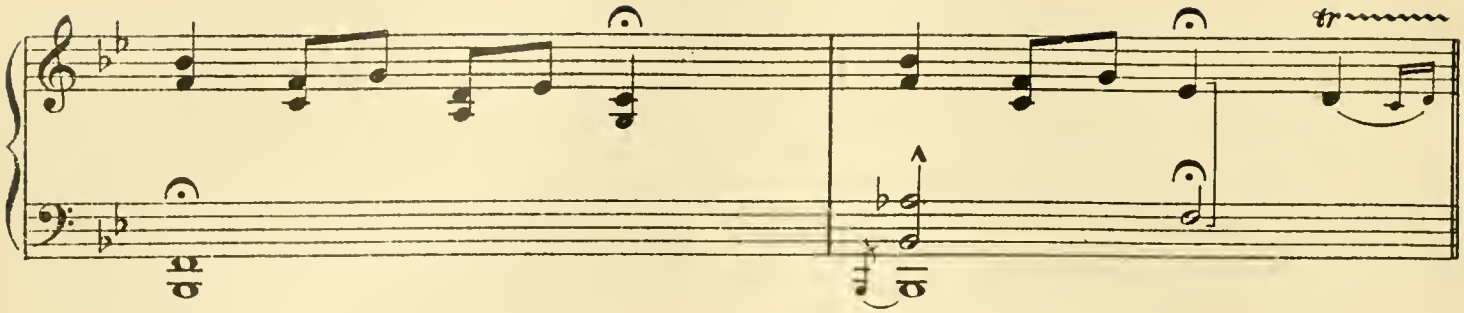


but he's

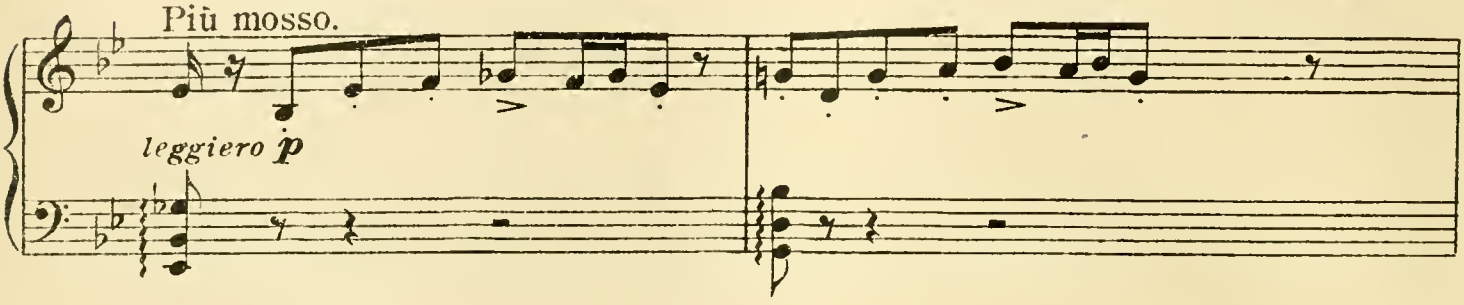
tongue used to be red, eaten so much sugar it's a treacle one now; his



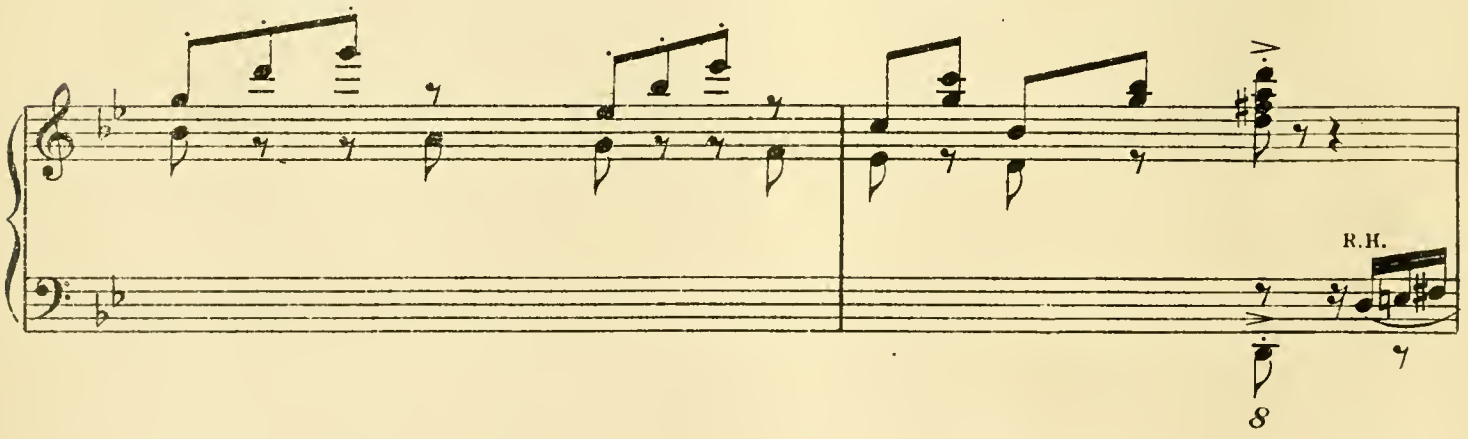
teeth are acid drops; and he has bull's-eyes.



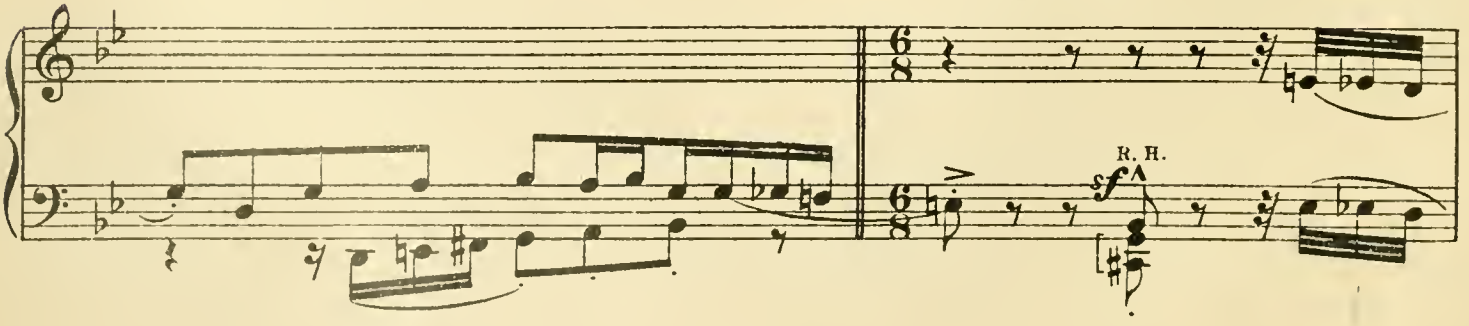
His legs take off and on which is nice for him. He can take them



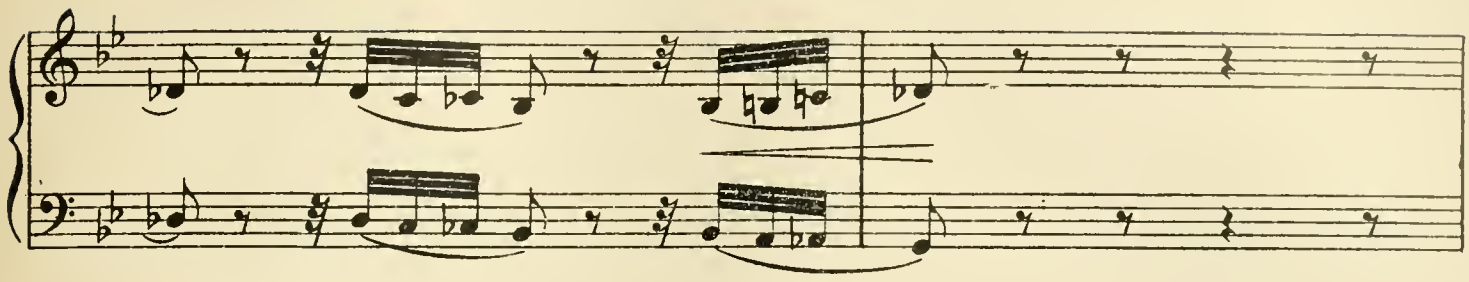
off when he sees something coming that might step on his toes.



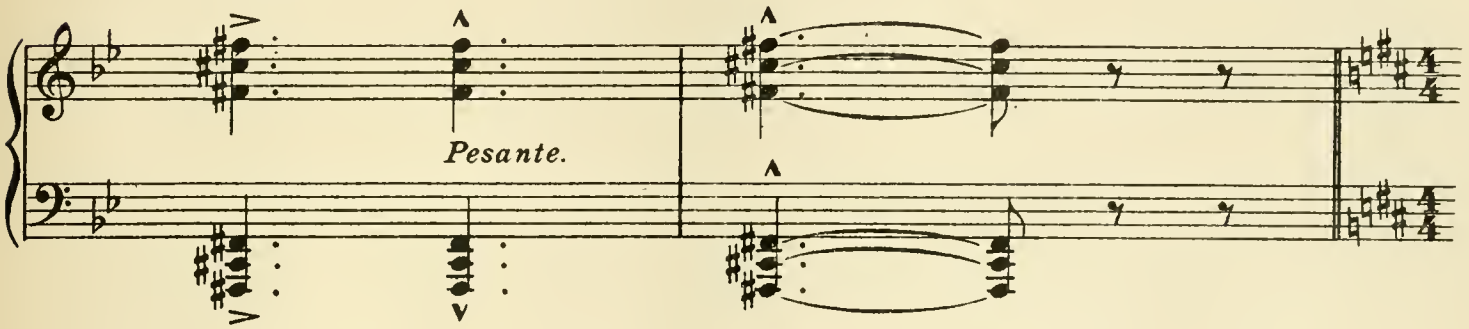
but sometimes Joe-jag treads on them unexpected. This would



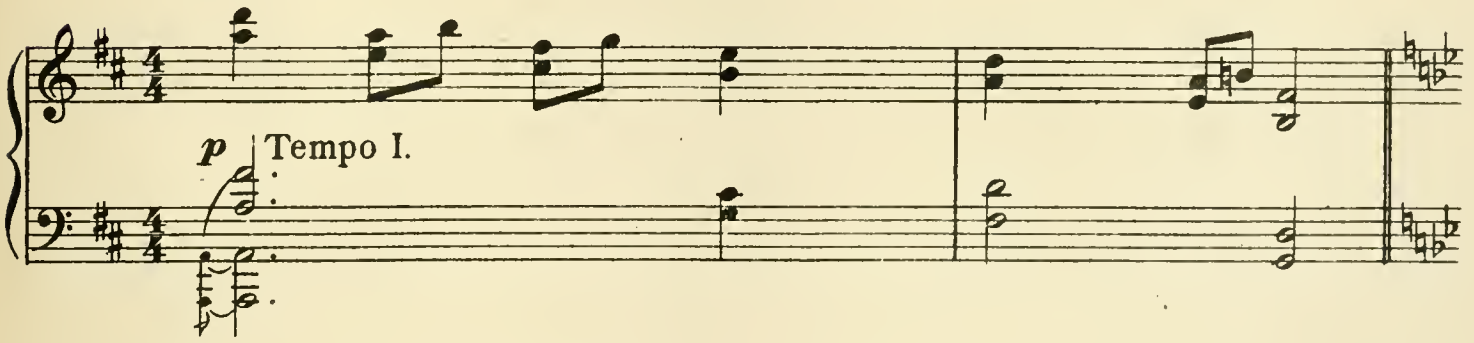
hurt a - ny other animal something *frightful*, 'cos Joe - jag is



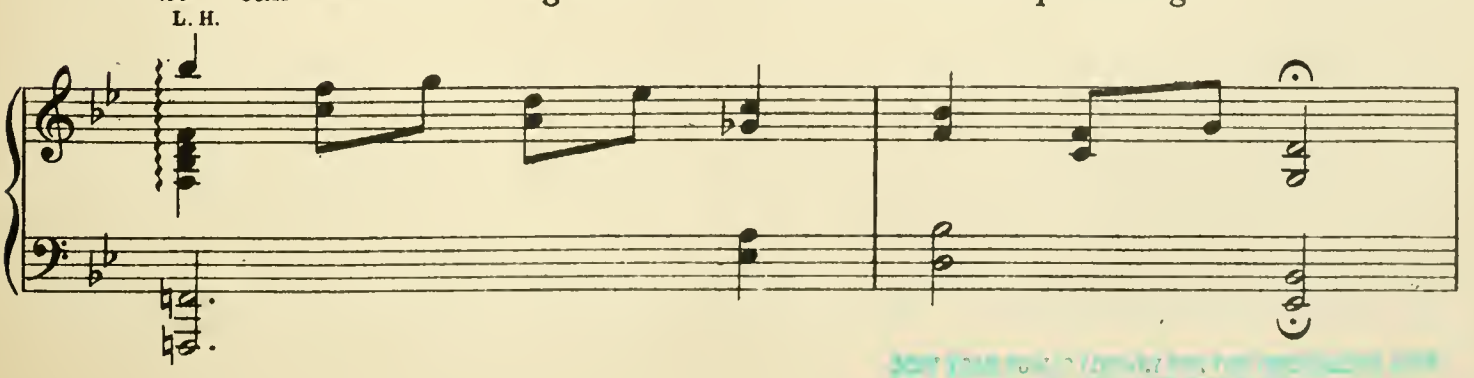
heavy. but



Stickle-Jag just shuts one eye and gives a naughty look — 'cos

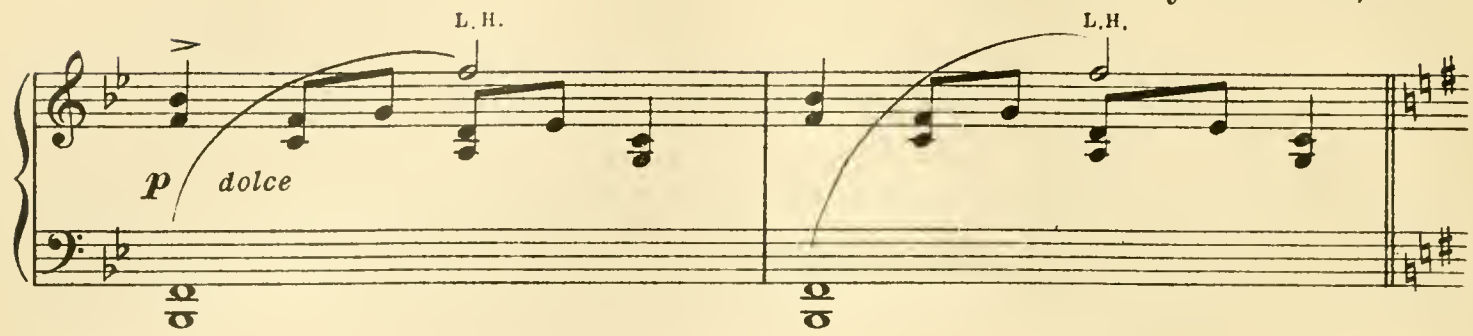


he can take his leg off till his toes stop hurting.

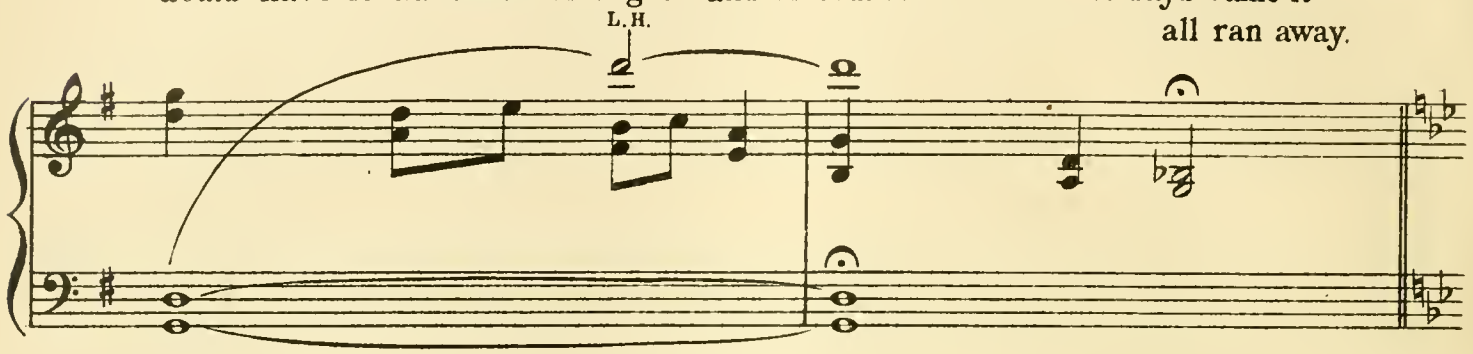


NEW YORK, N.Y.

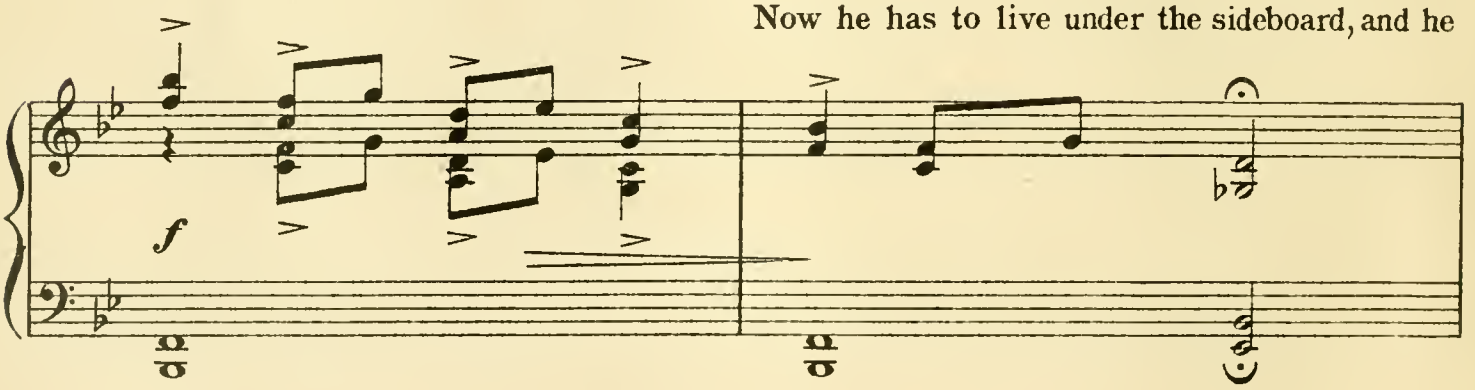
Stickle-Jag once lived in a beautiful pink and white
birthday cake house, but he



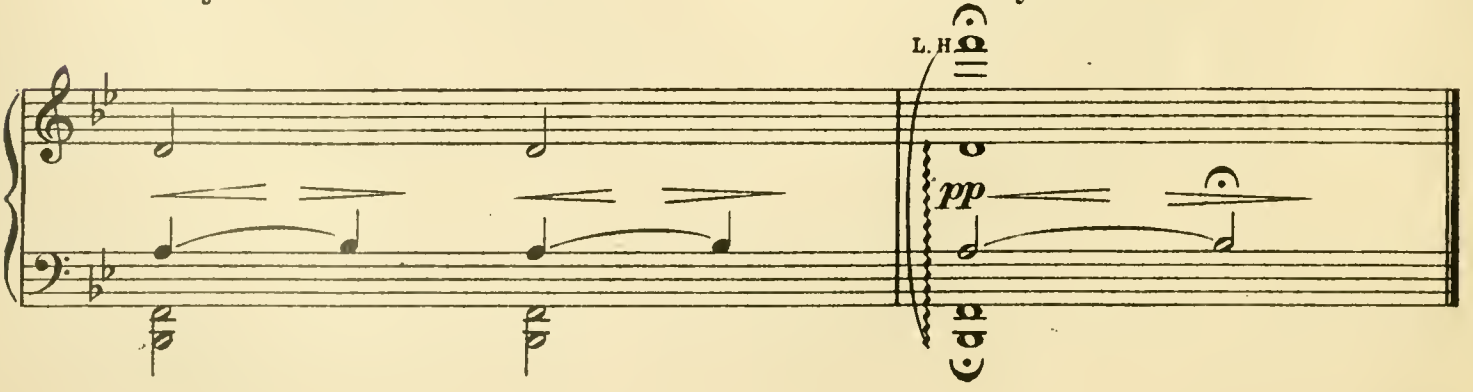
would have it all made of sugar and of course when the wet days came it
all ran away.



Now he has to live under the sideboard, and he

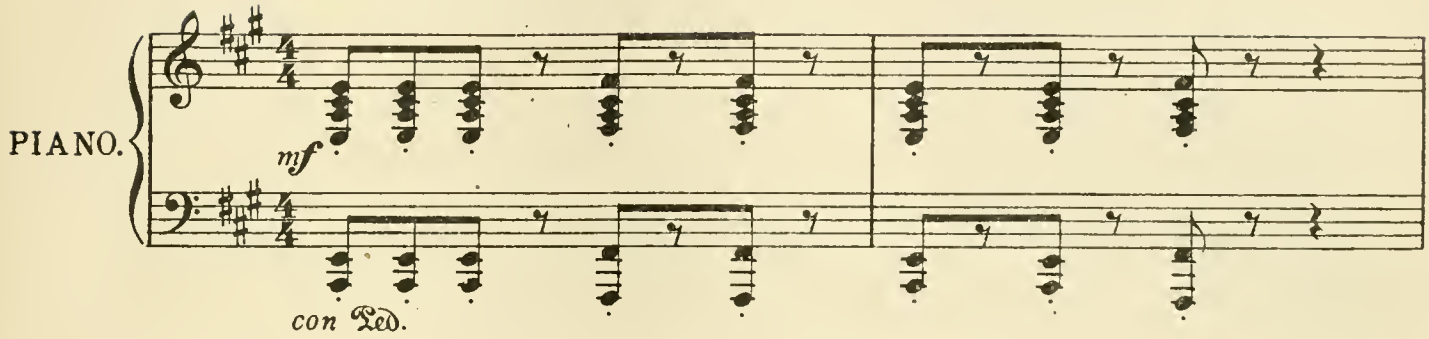


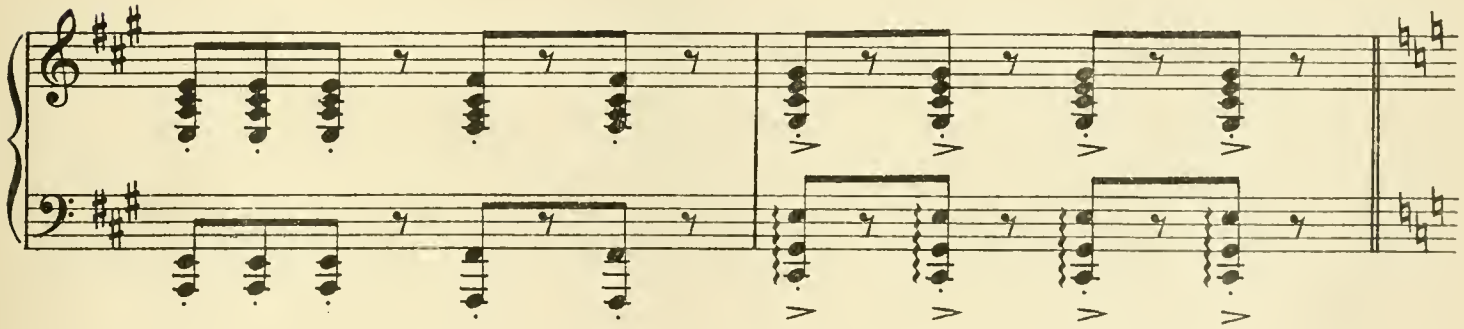
only comes to tea — on Sundays.



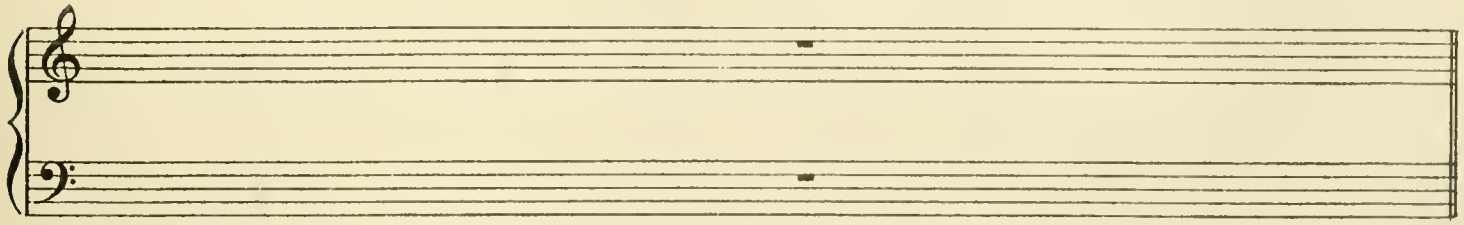
The Jonket.

Tempo comodo.

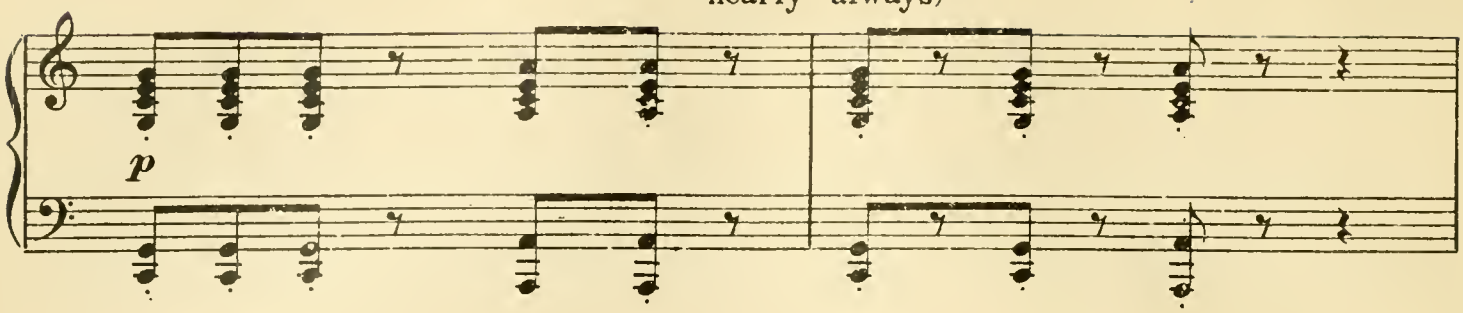




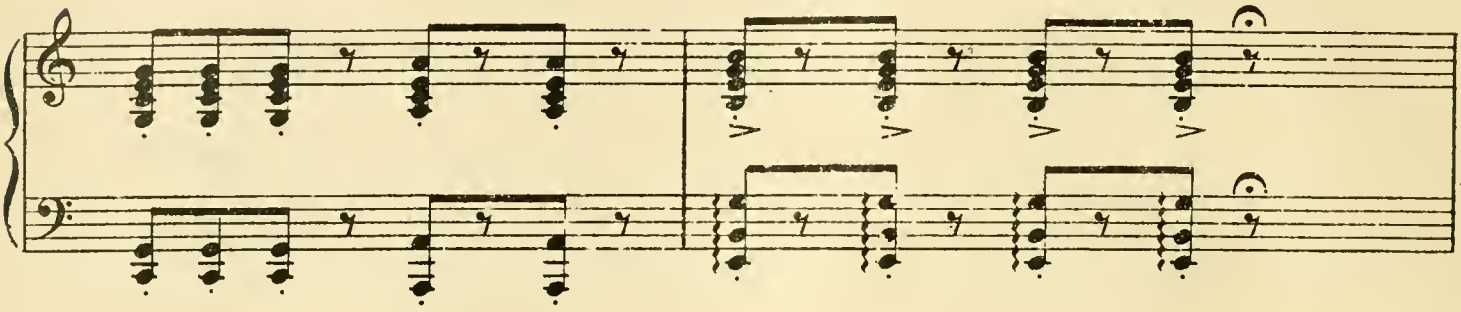
The Jonket has a very funny way of coughing– that's why he's called Jonket. When he



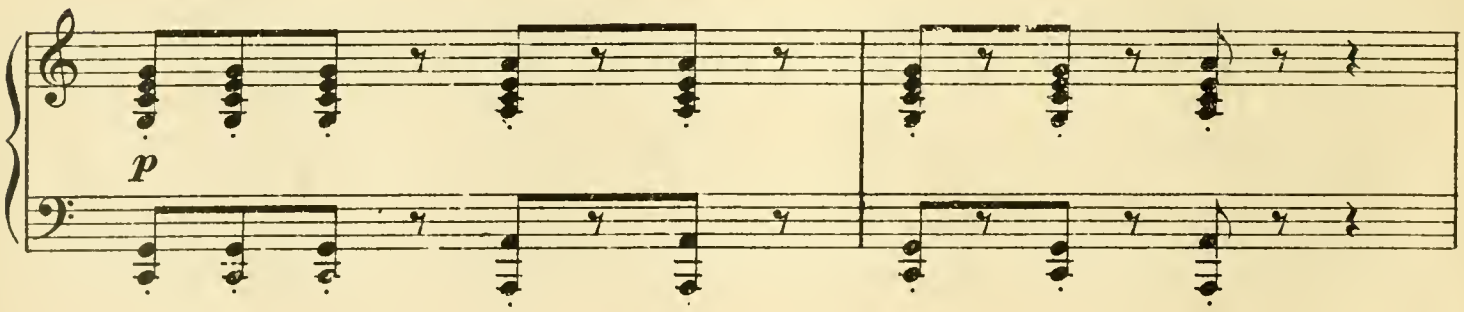
wants to be made a fuss of (which is nearly always) he



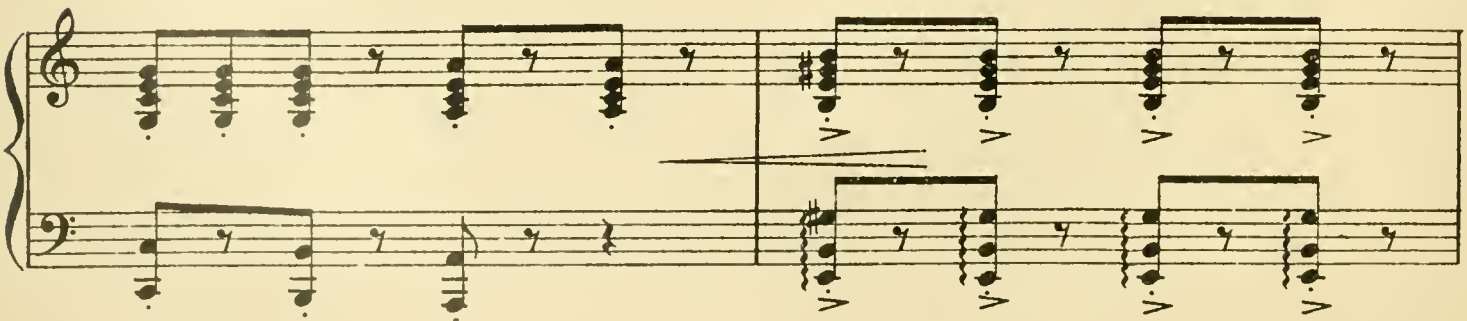
makes a noise like this — Jonk! Jonk! Jonk! Jonk! He thinks then



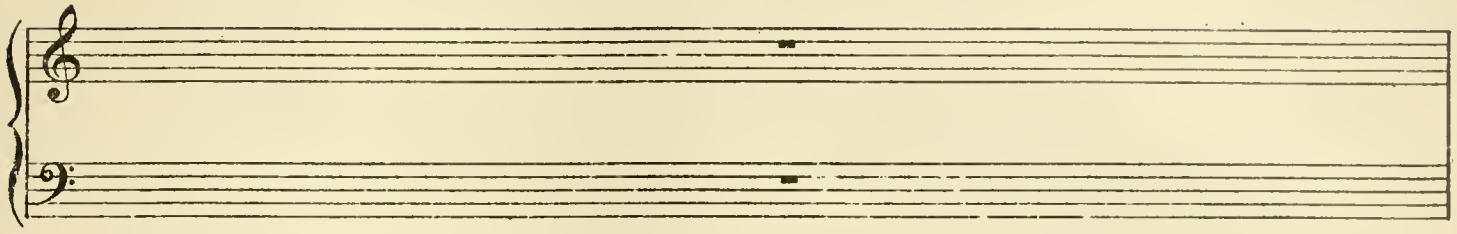
somebody is sure to be sorry for his cough and



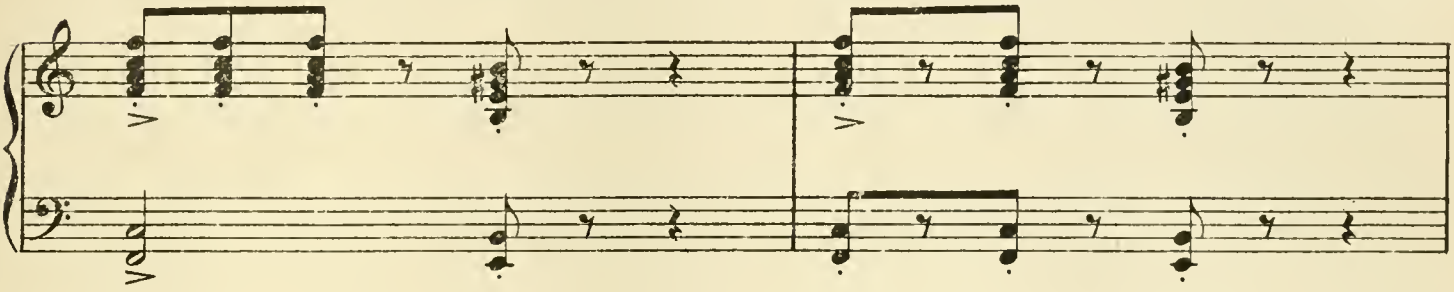
give him a present.



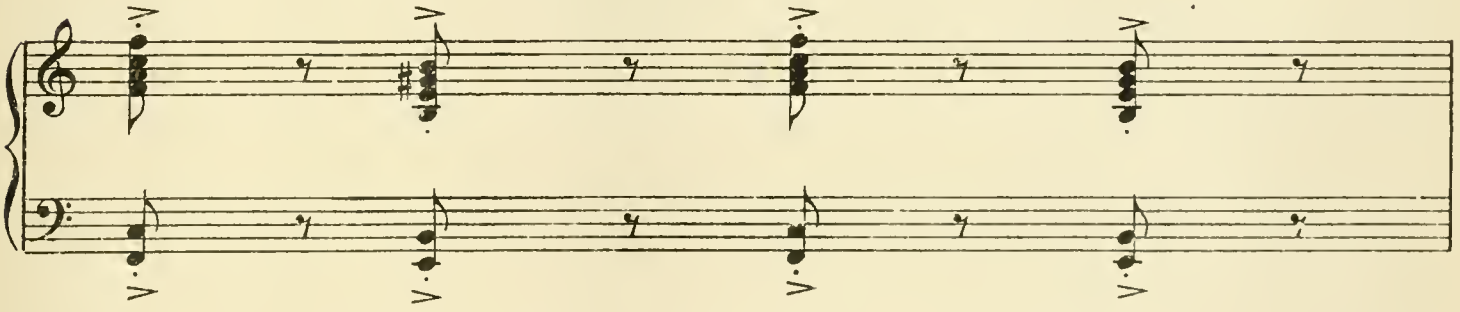
But Hibbertoo knows all about him and never gives him *nothink*. He goes round everywhere col-



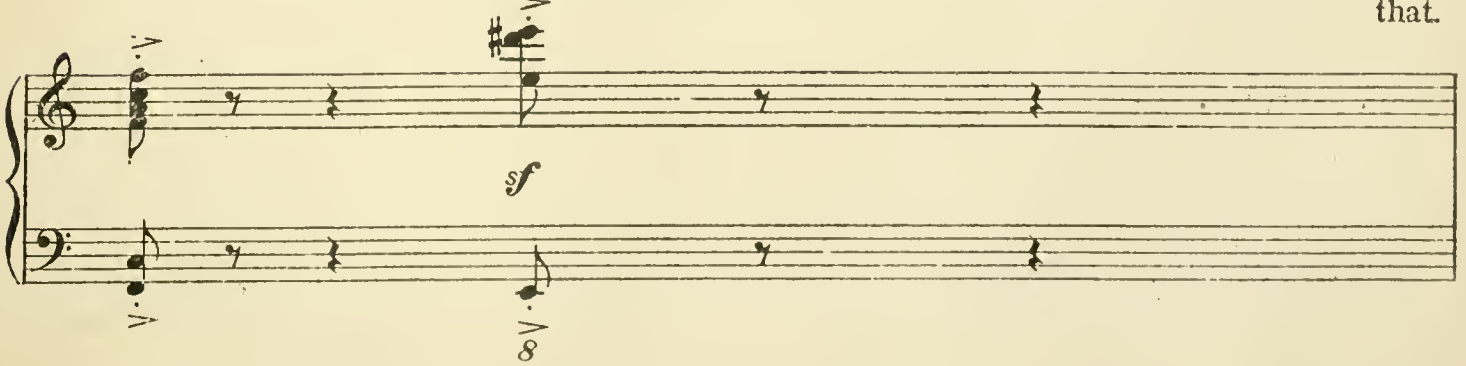
lect - ing coughs in a paper bag, but as

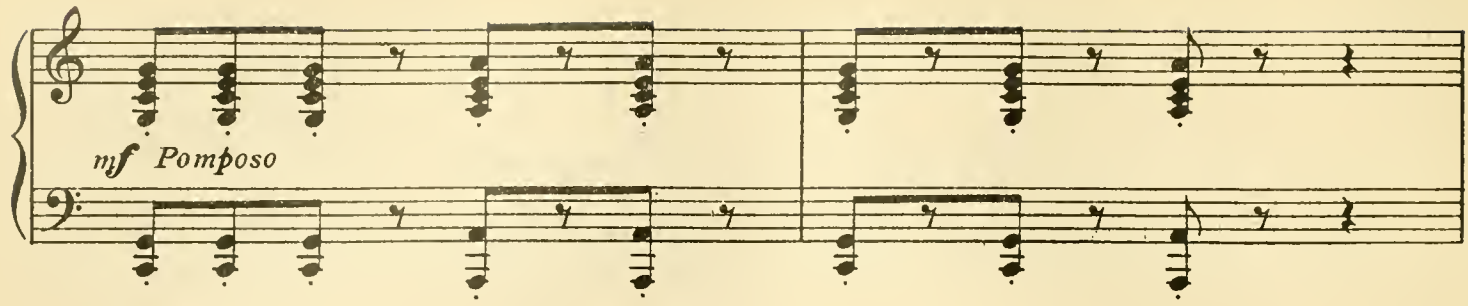


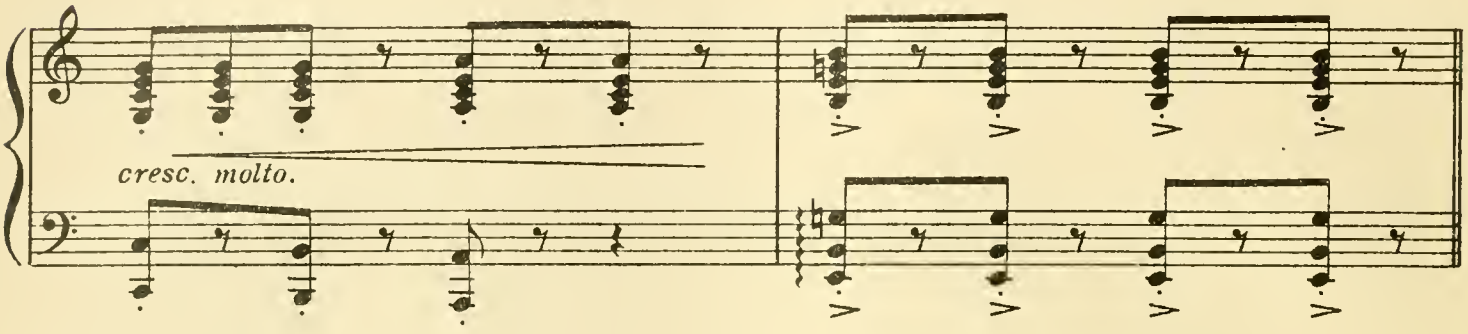
soon as he's got enough for a *new* Jonk.



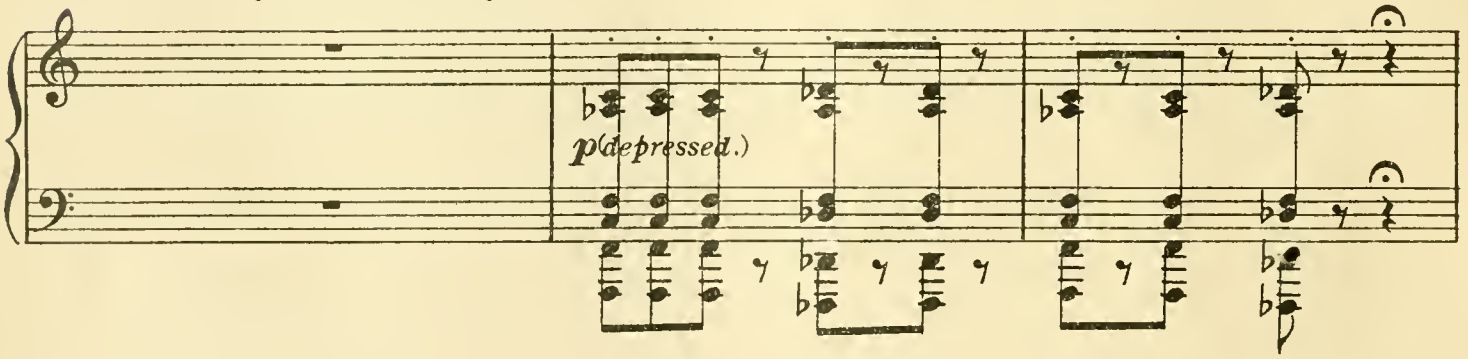
he pops the bag. He is terrible afraid everybody won't see him unless he makes a noise. Hibbertoo says lots of people think like that.



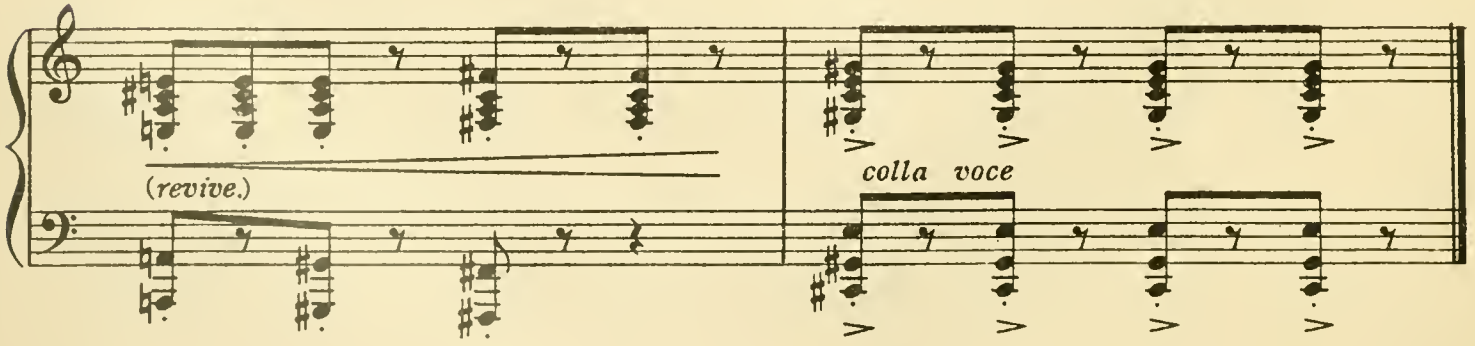




Jonket says it's dreadful
if nobody won't notice you.



Jonk! Jonk! Jonk! Jonk!



The Gott Family.

Ritenuto pomposo, con importanza.

The

PIANO.

f

con Ped.

Gott family is very interesting and very large.

p

They have

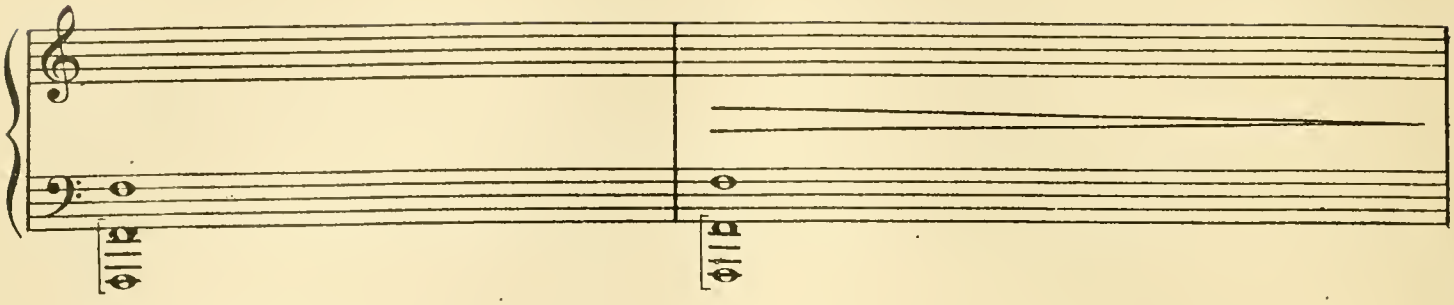
f

all lost their ears because they wouldn't listen. There is only one left, which belongs to Gott Wab.

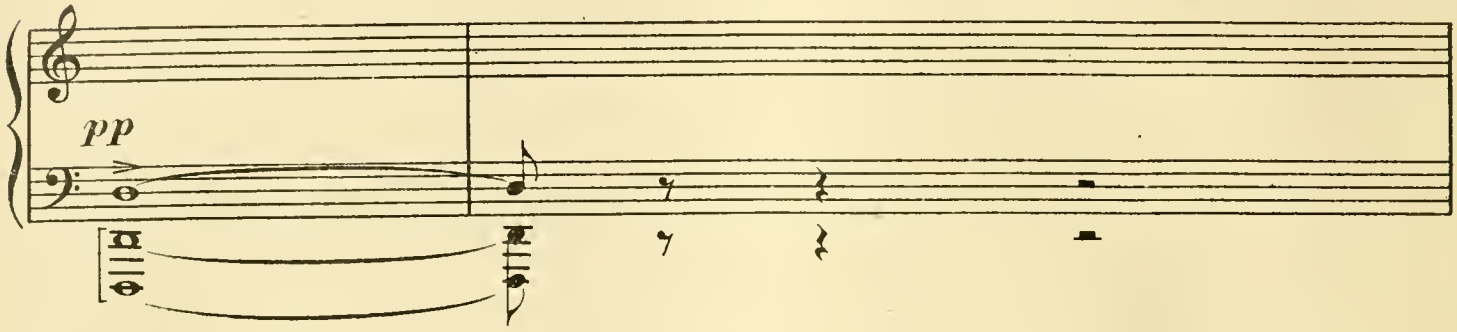
pp

pp

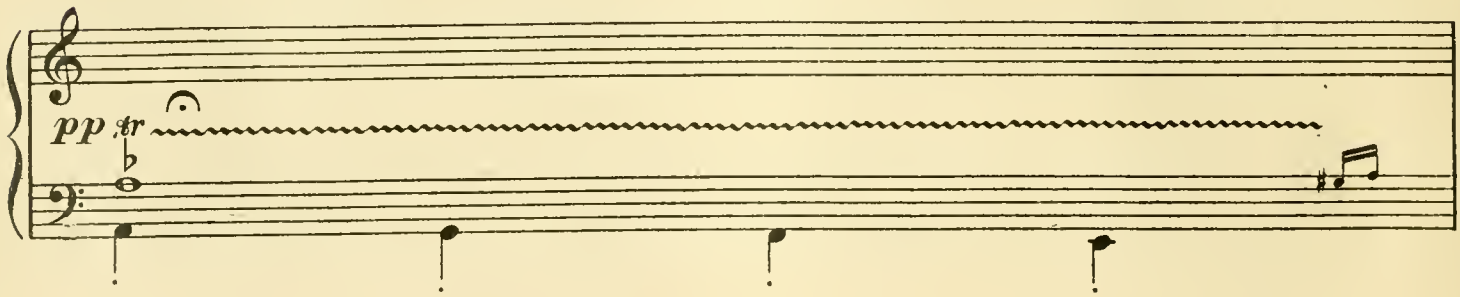
He will only lend it to the others when he wants them to hear what



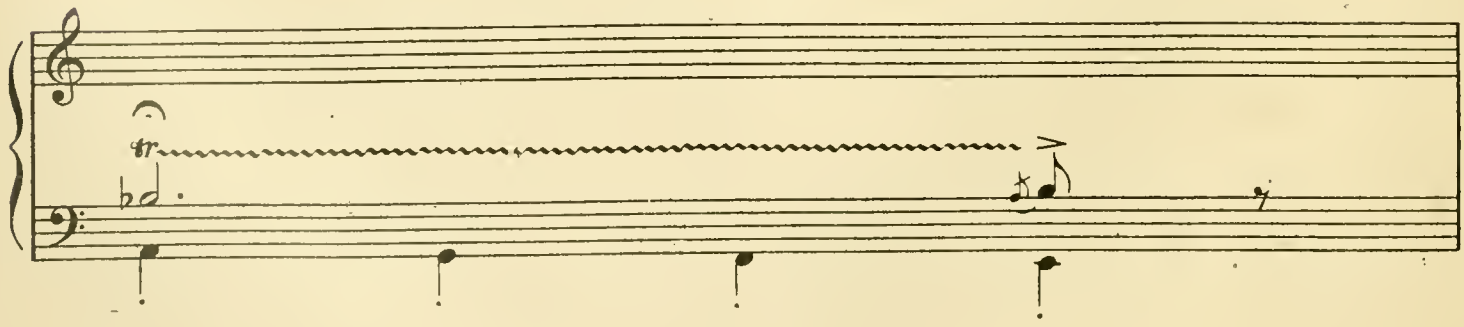
he says. Their hands are little spades, so as they can dig their house. They



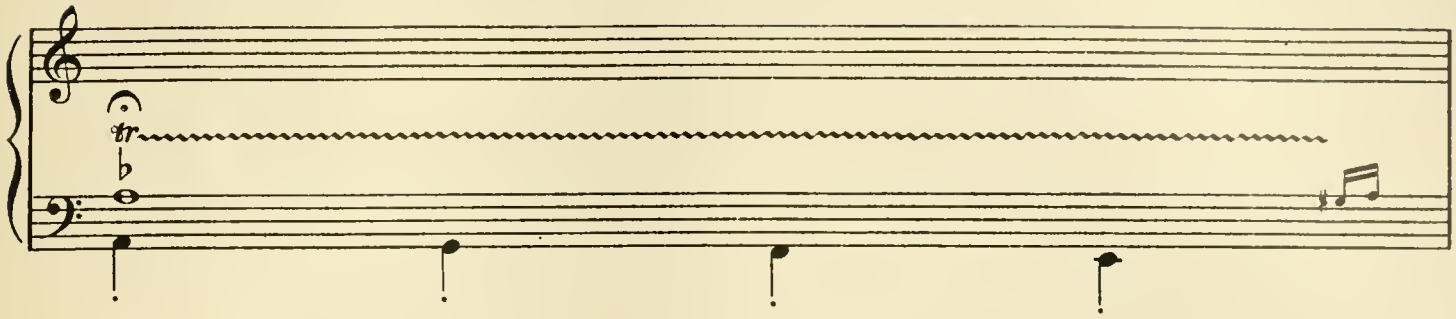
live under the ground and that's why



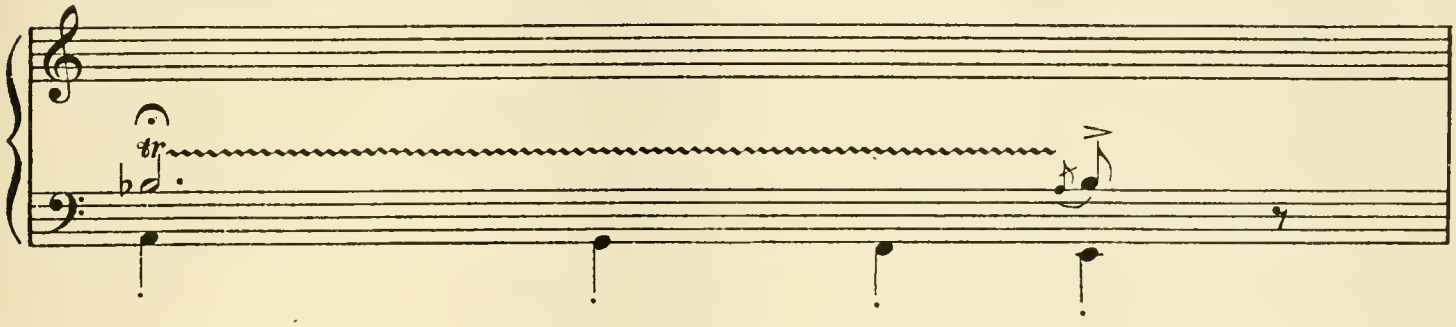
most of the trees and flowers come up so quick, for they find the



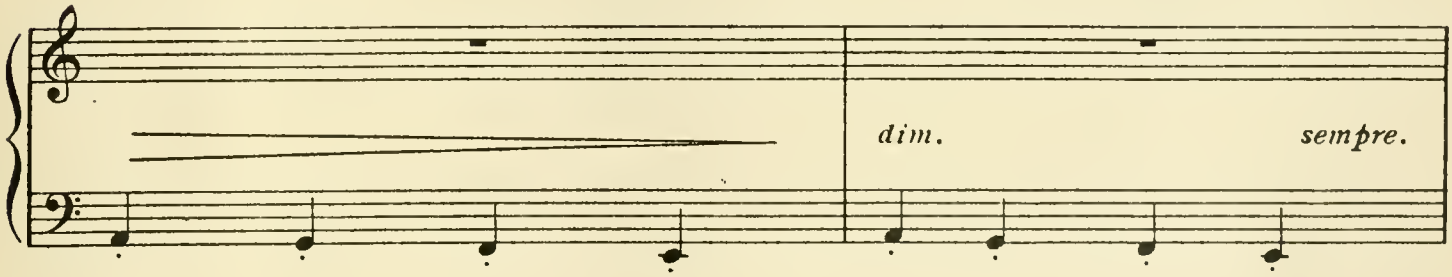
Gott family terrible nasty to live with, and they get a-



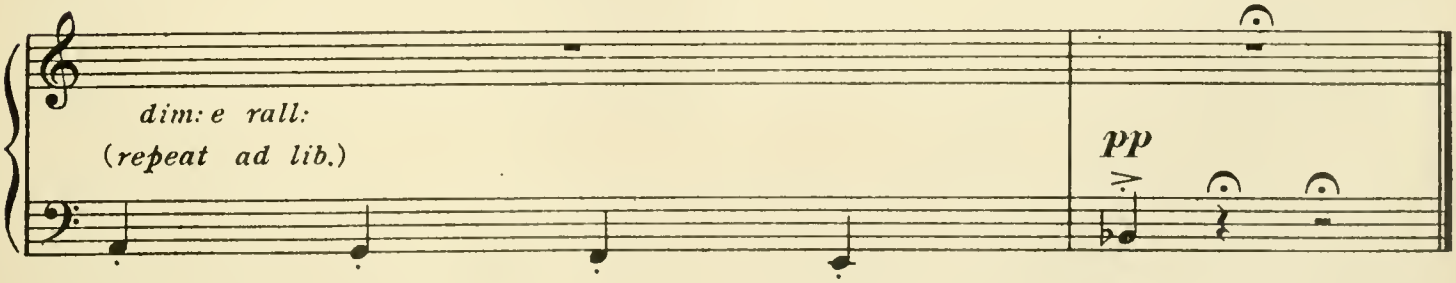
way from them as soon as they can. They have



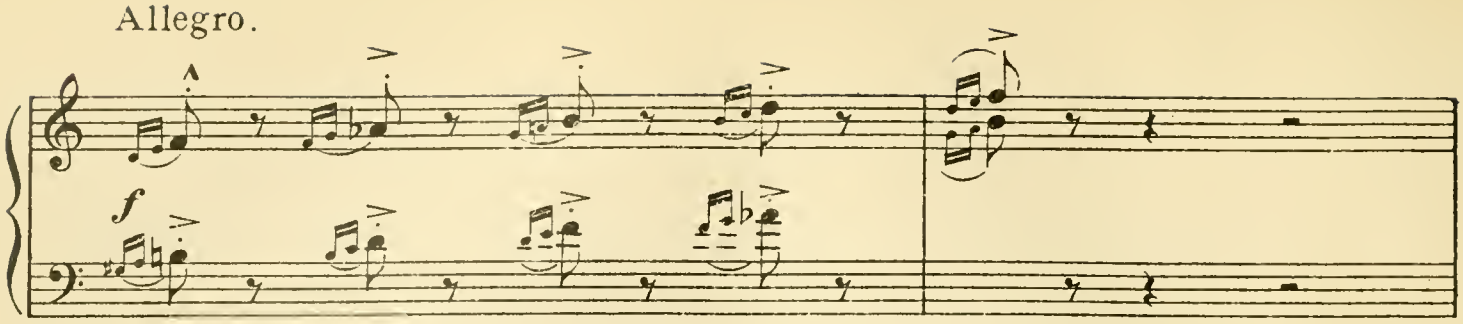
very bad tempers and nobody knocks at their door even on Sundays. They will



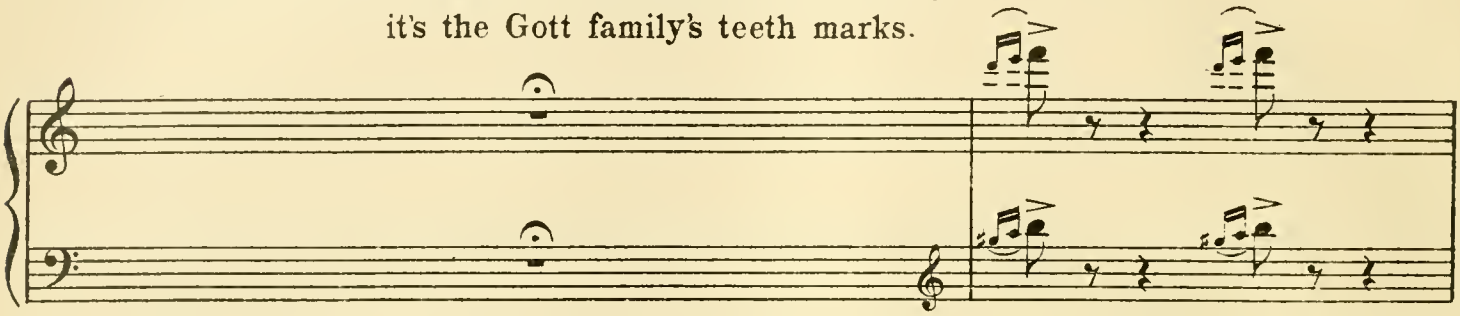
soon have all the underground to themselves. They all *bite!*



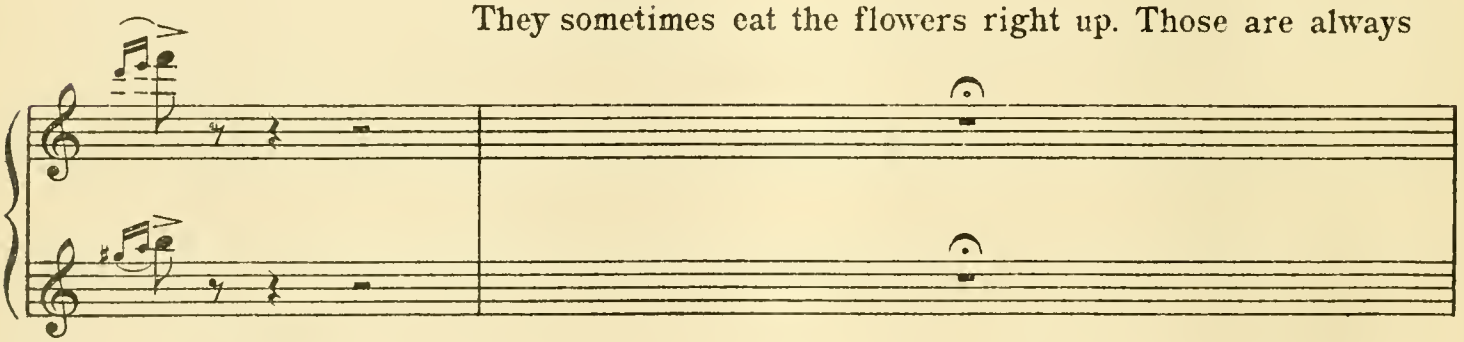
Allegro.



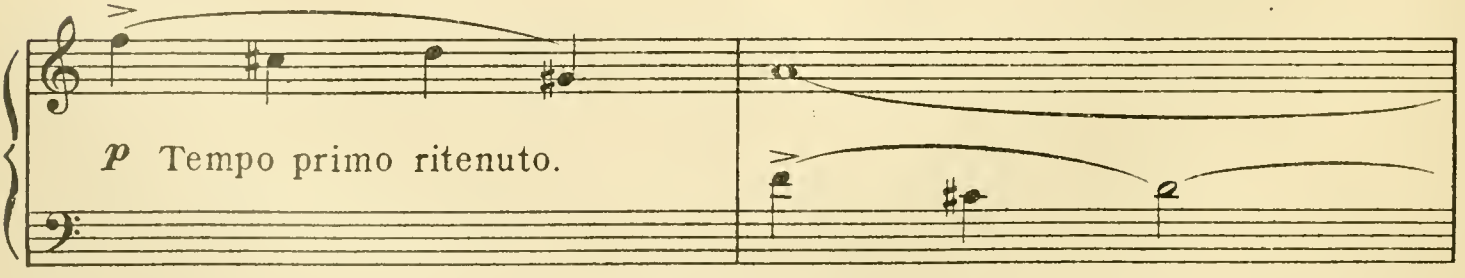
When the flowers have little round holes in them
it's the Gott family's teeth marks.



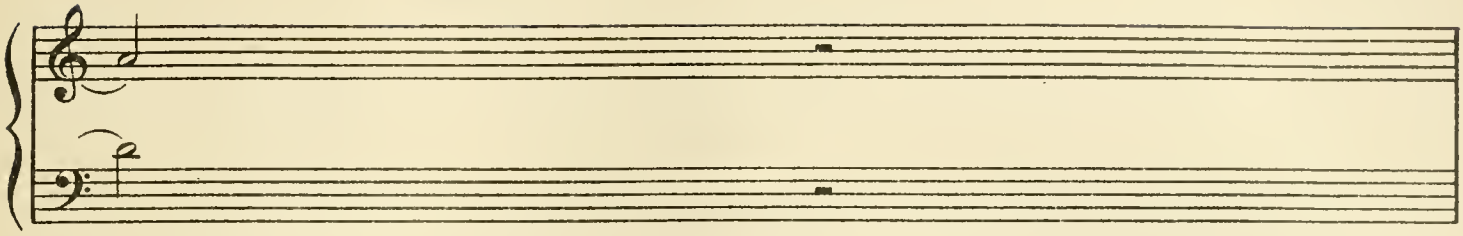
They sometimes eat the flowers right up. Those are always



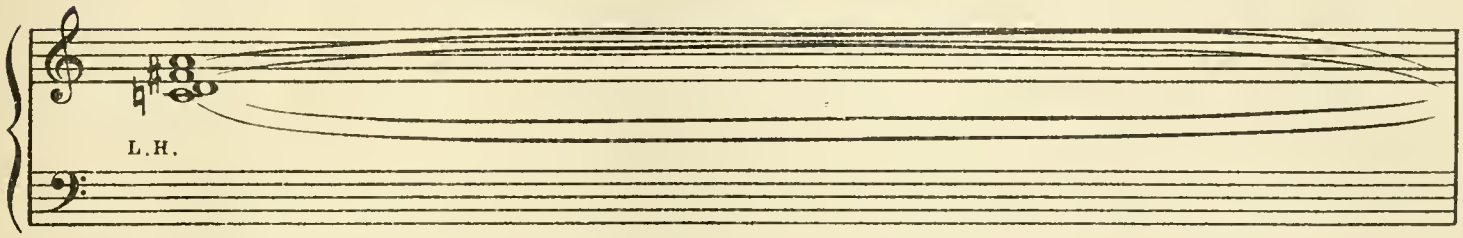
difficult days to be good, 'cos the fairies have no flowers to sit on, and



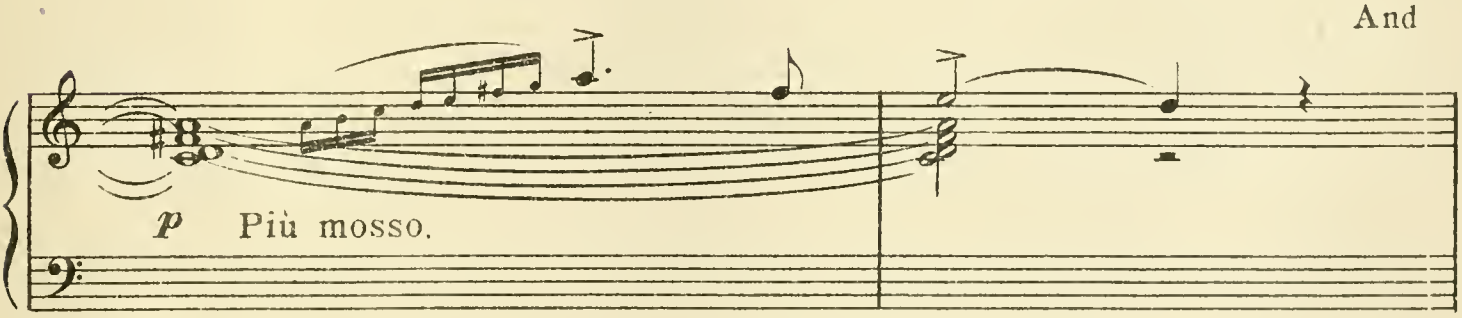
have to go back to the moon and wait for more to grow.



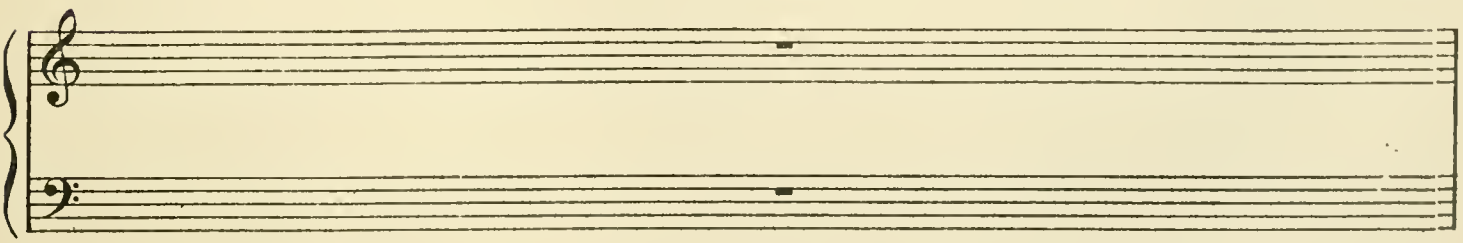
Hibbertoo thinks the Gott family is a mistake.



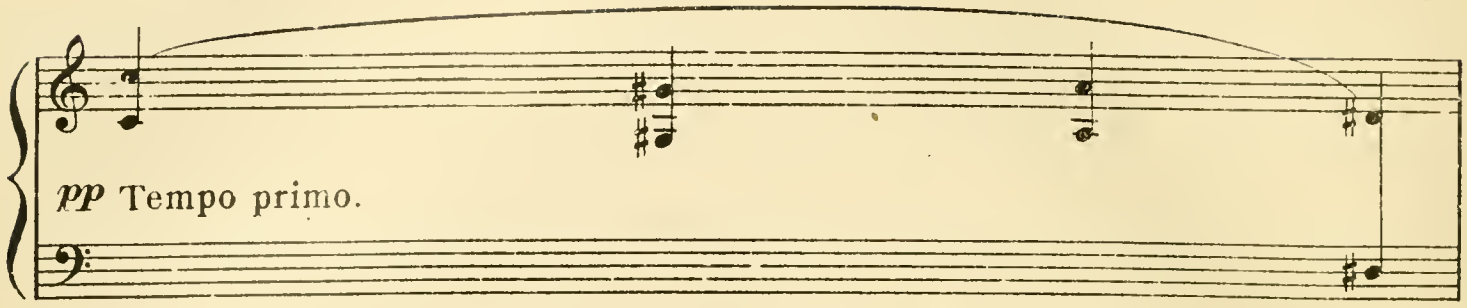
And



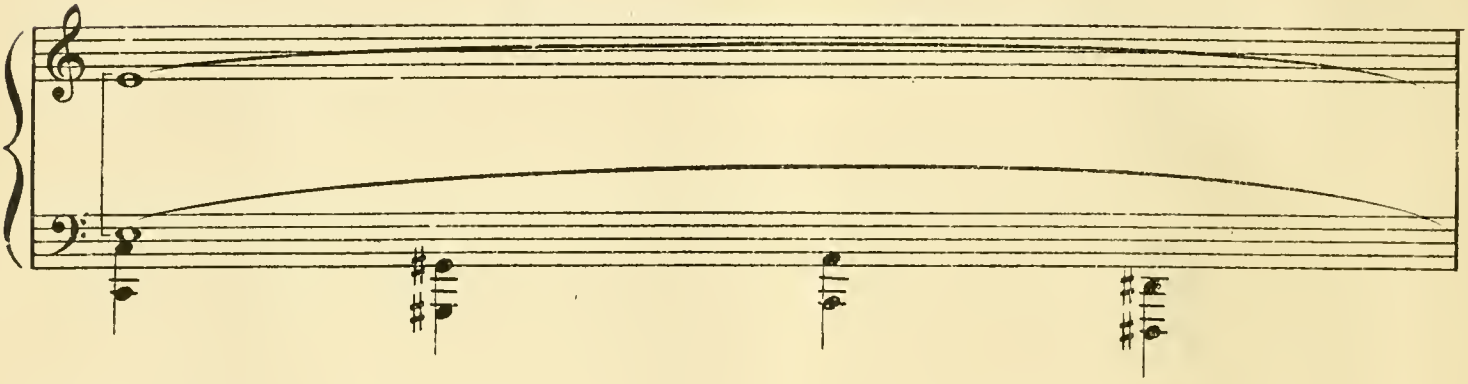
I'm sorry I ever invented them, but



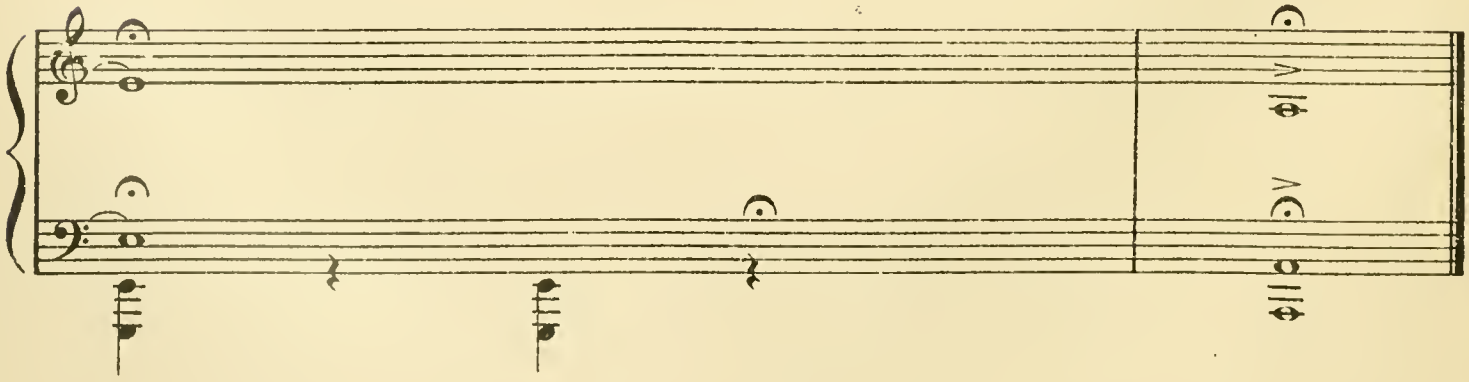
now that I've once seen them they will keep coming.



So what am I to do?

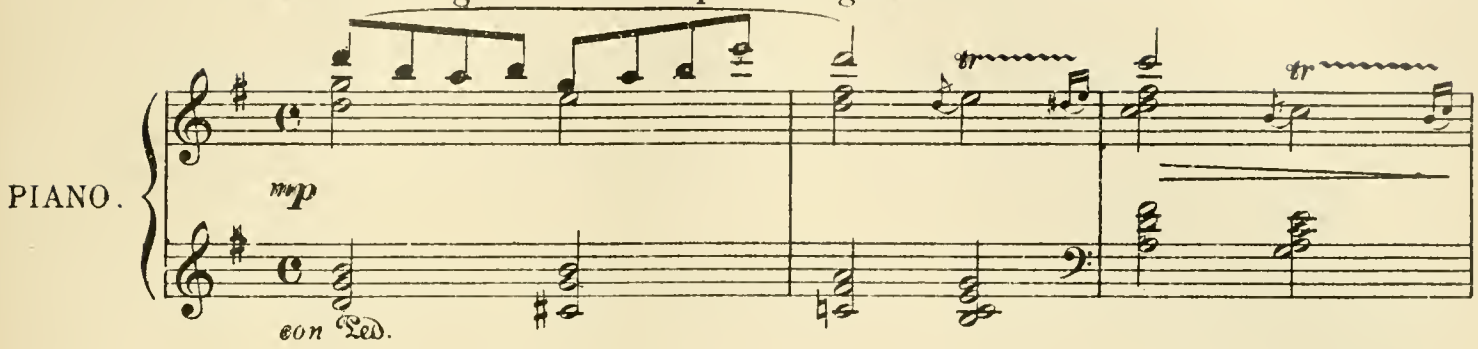


They collect *relations.*

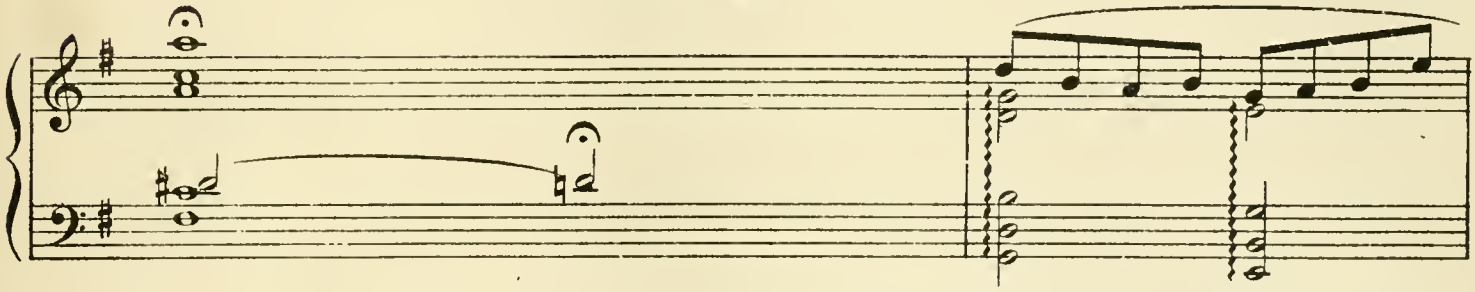


The Mossip.

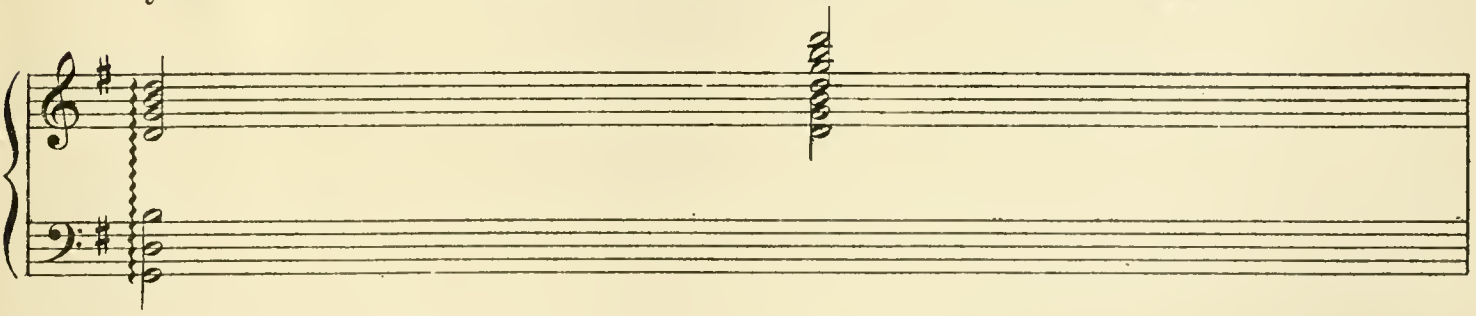
Moderato graziosoed un poco languido.



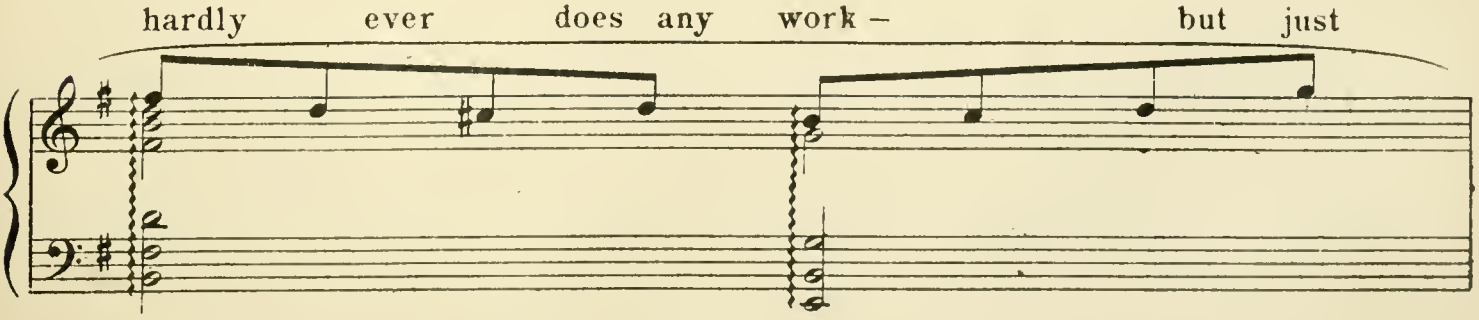
The Mossip is
black and yellow. The



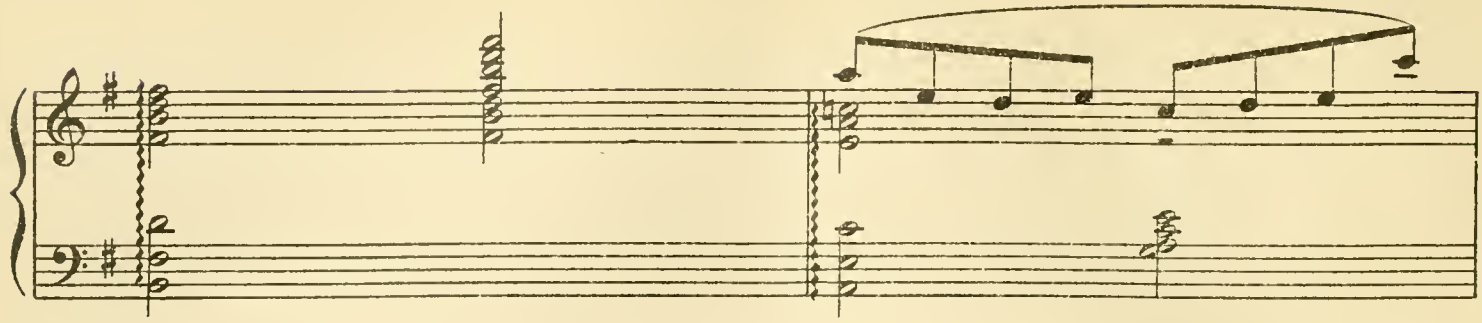
yellow is where the sun kisses him. He



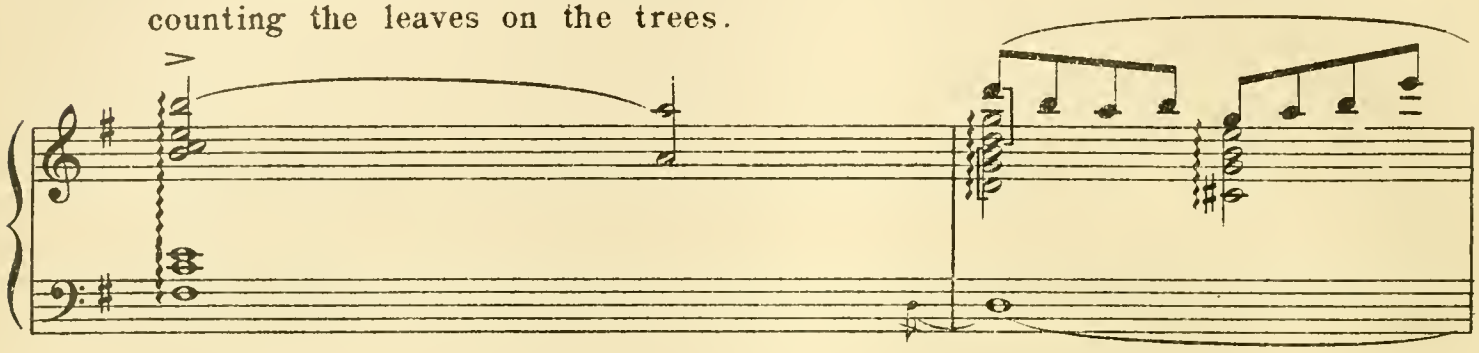
hardly ever does any work – but just

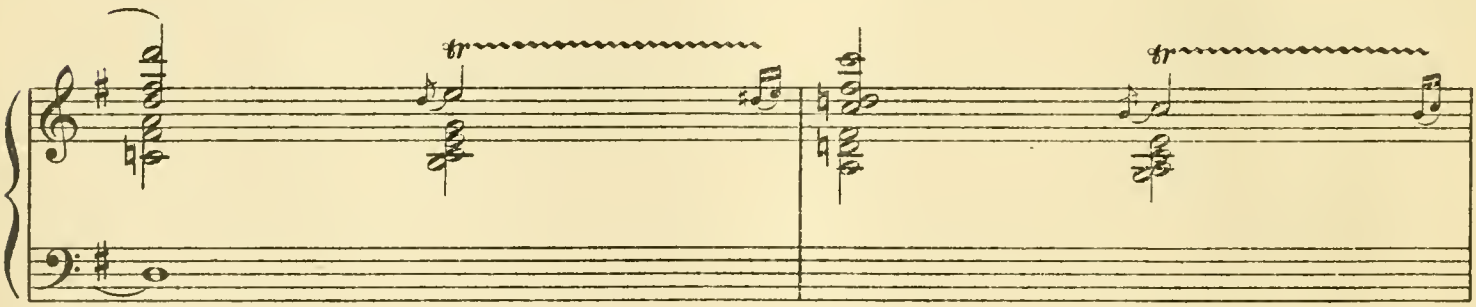


stands in the sun. If he isn't watching the other animals he is

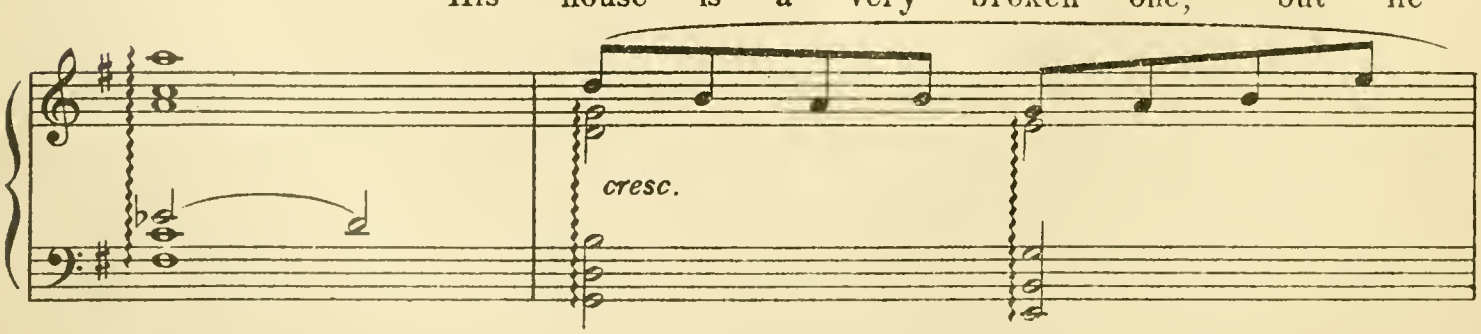


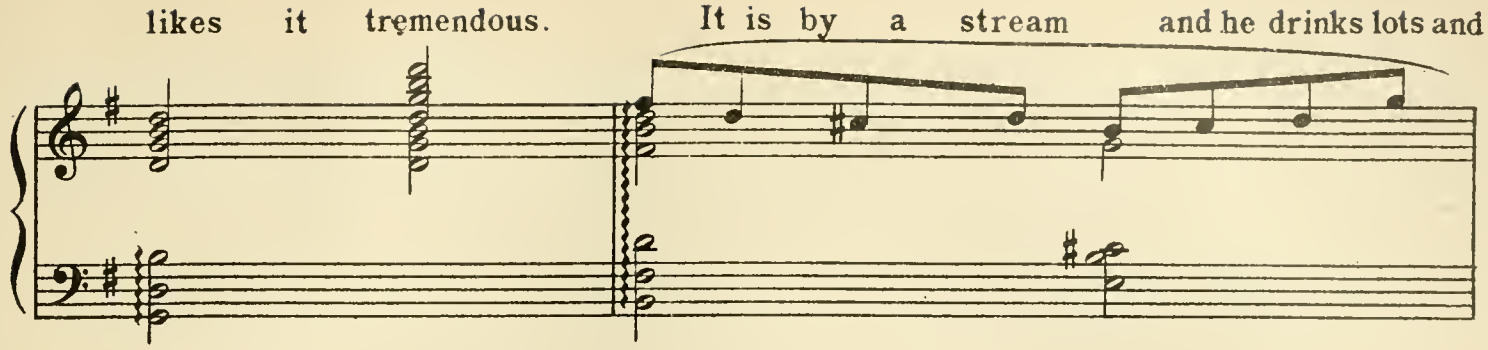
counting the leaves on the trees.

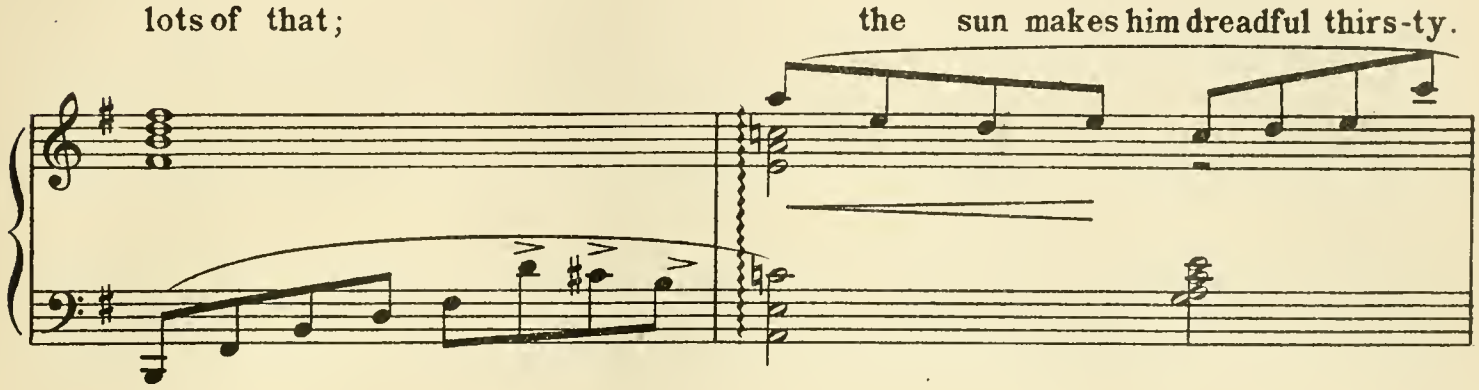


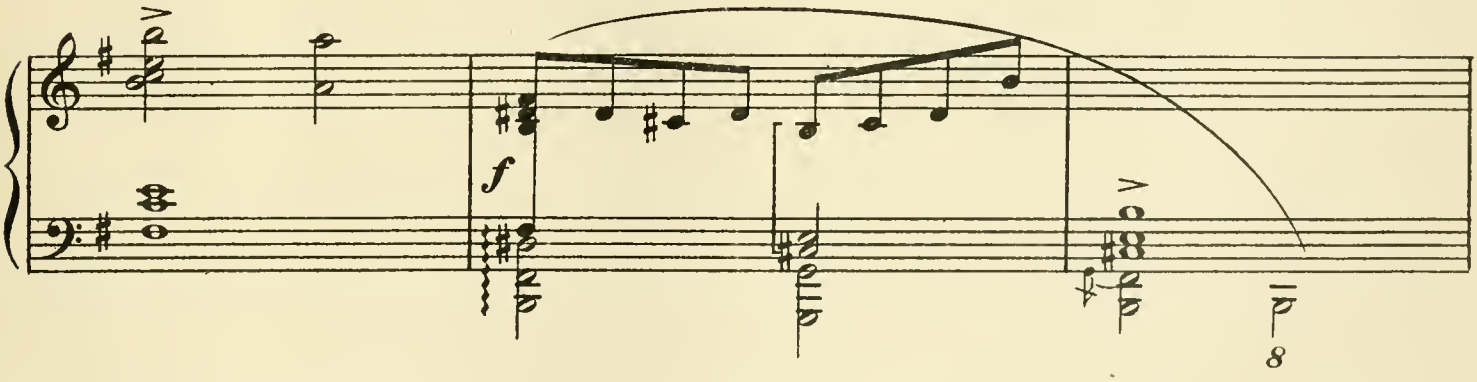


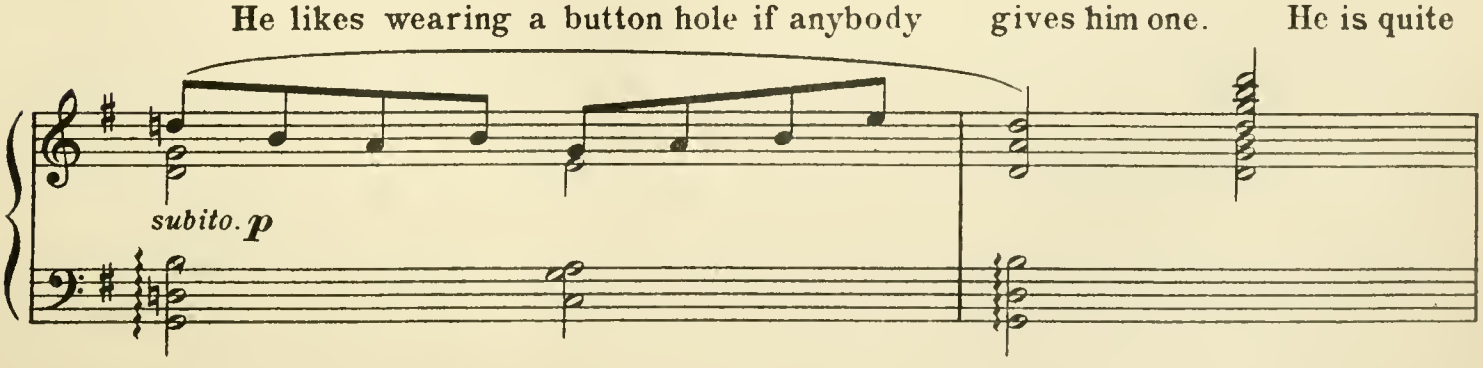
His house is a very broken one, but he



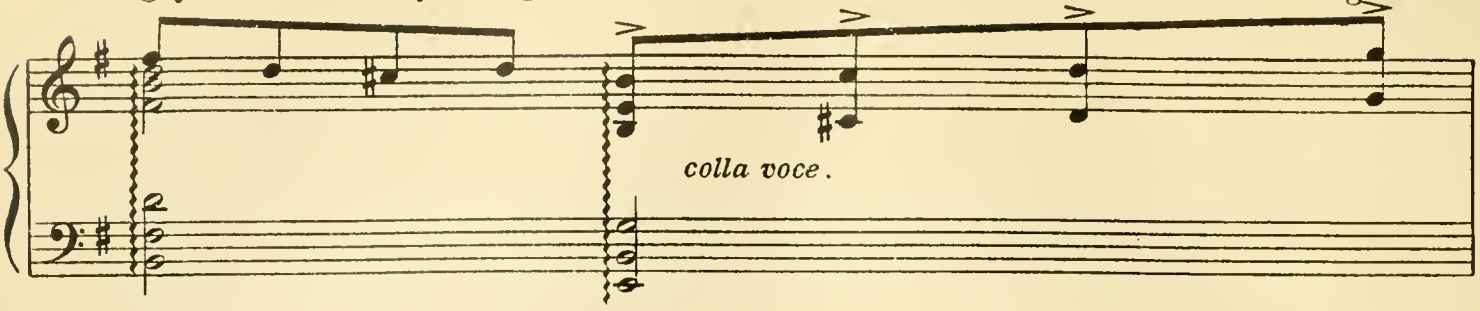

likes it tremendous. It is by a stream and he drinks lots and


lots of that; the sun makes him dreadful thirs-ty.

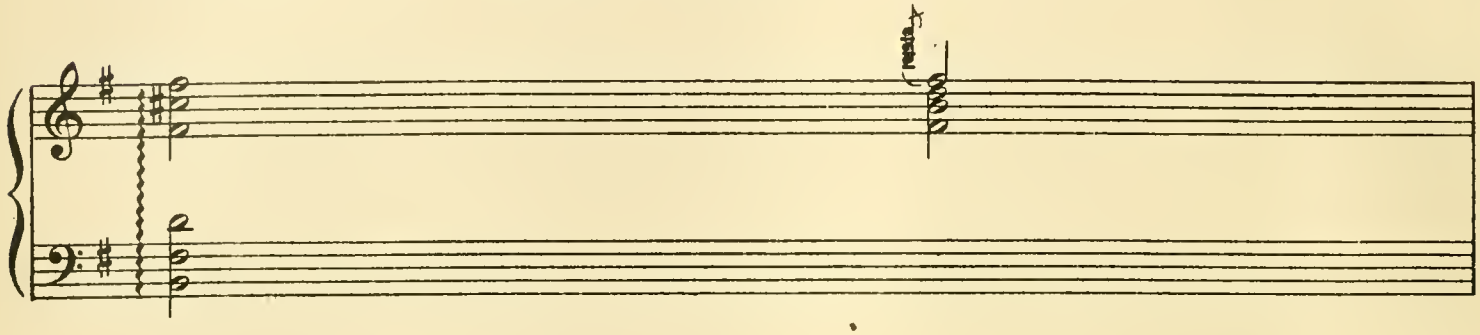

f
8


He likes wearing a button hole if anybody gives him one. He is quite
subito. p

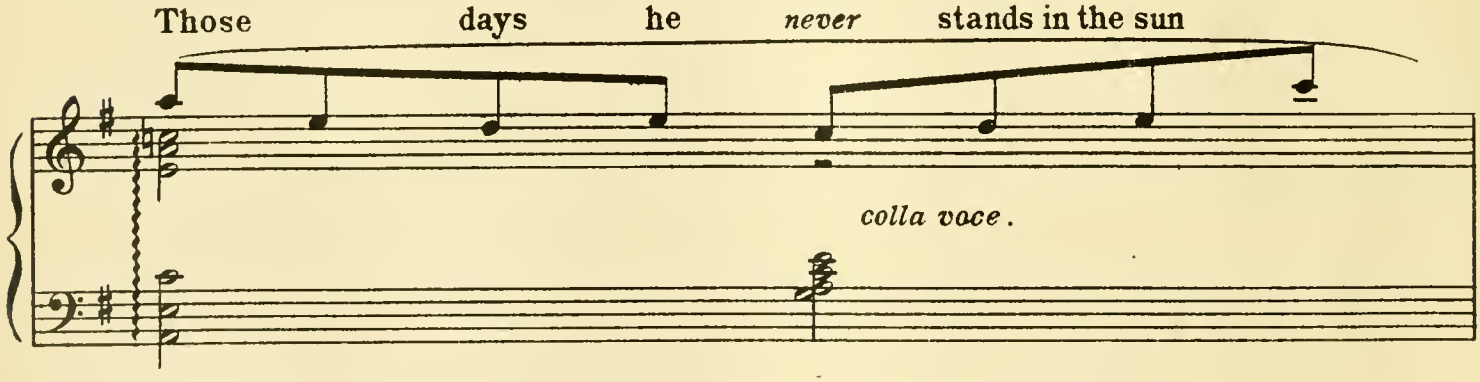
ugly all the days 'cept three, in weeks and weeks when he gets as



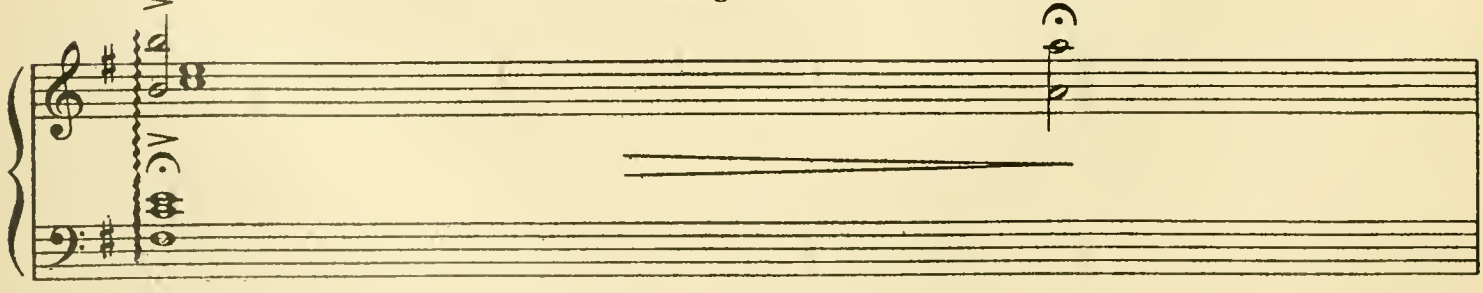
handsome as Hitchy - penny.

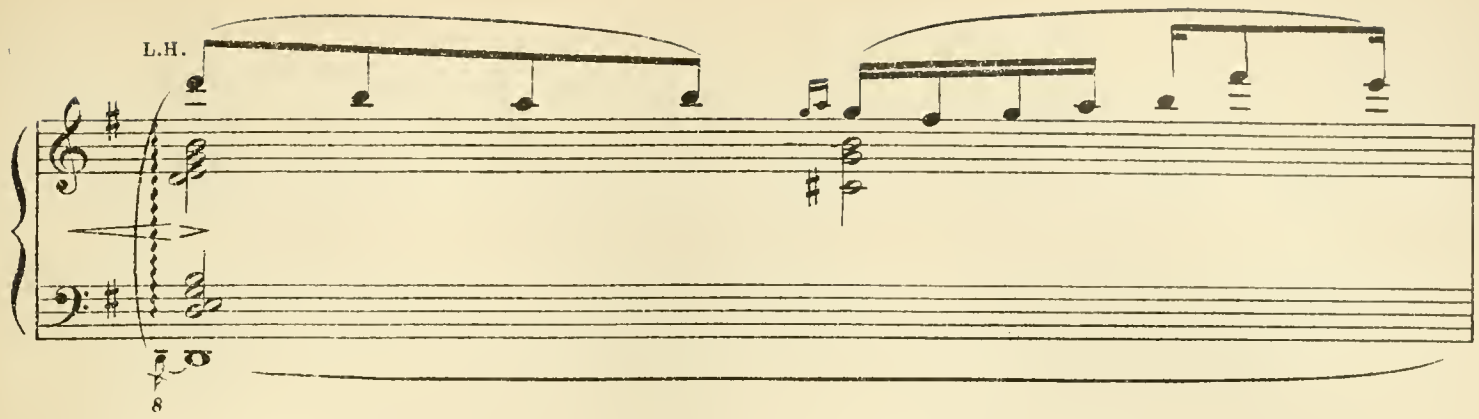


Those days he *never* stands in the sun

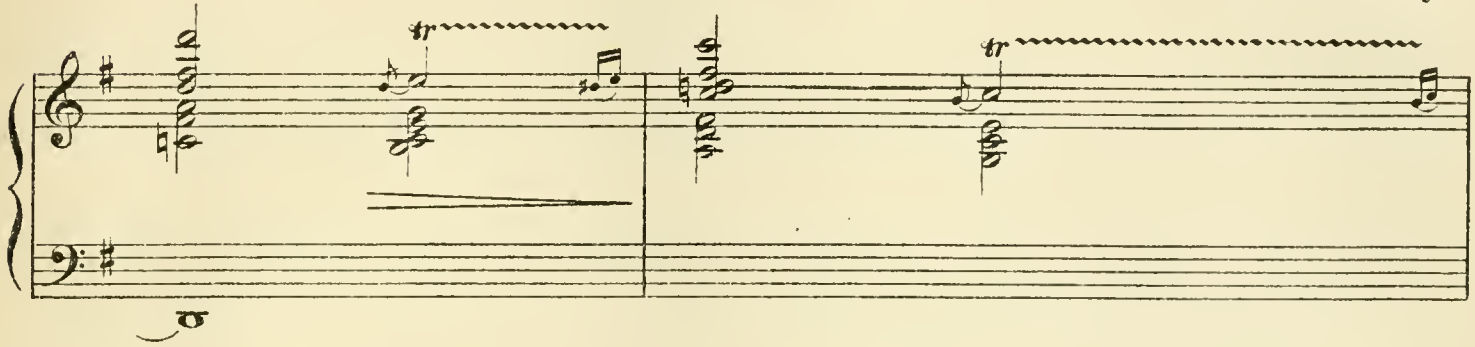


for fear of *melting* his handsome.

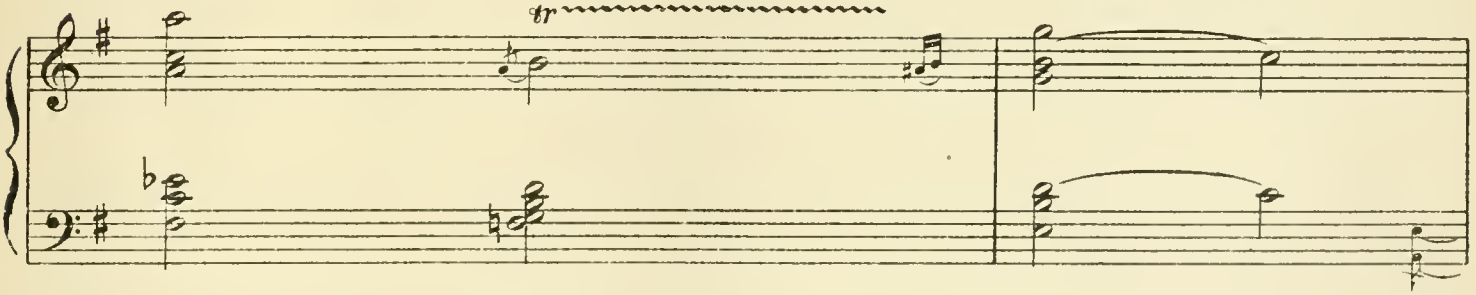




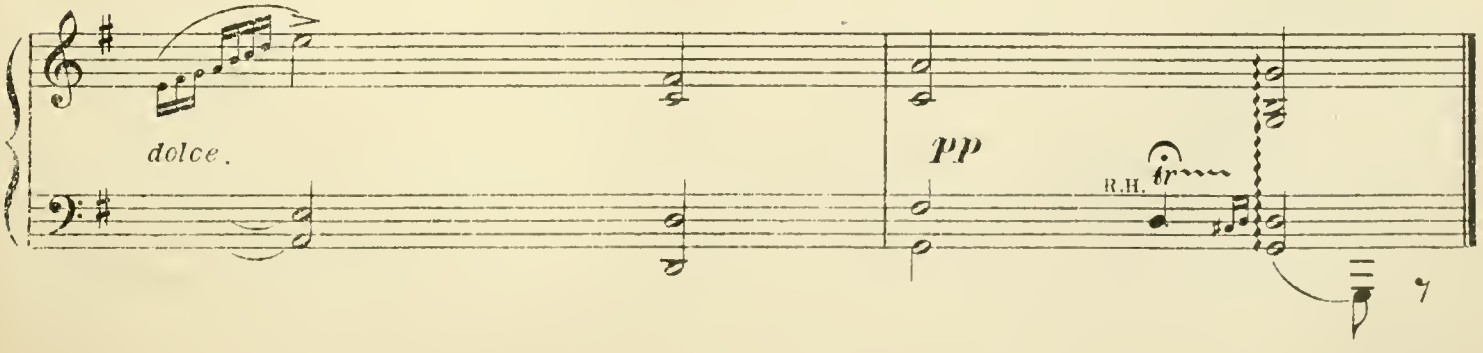
His eyes are al-ways



twinkly, and he knows more about trees, than



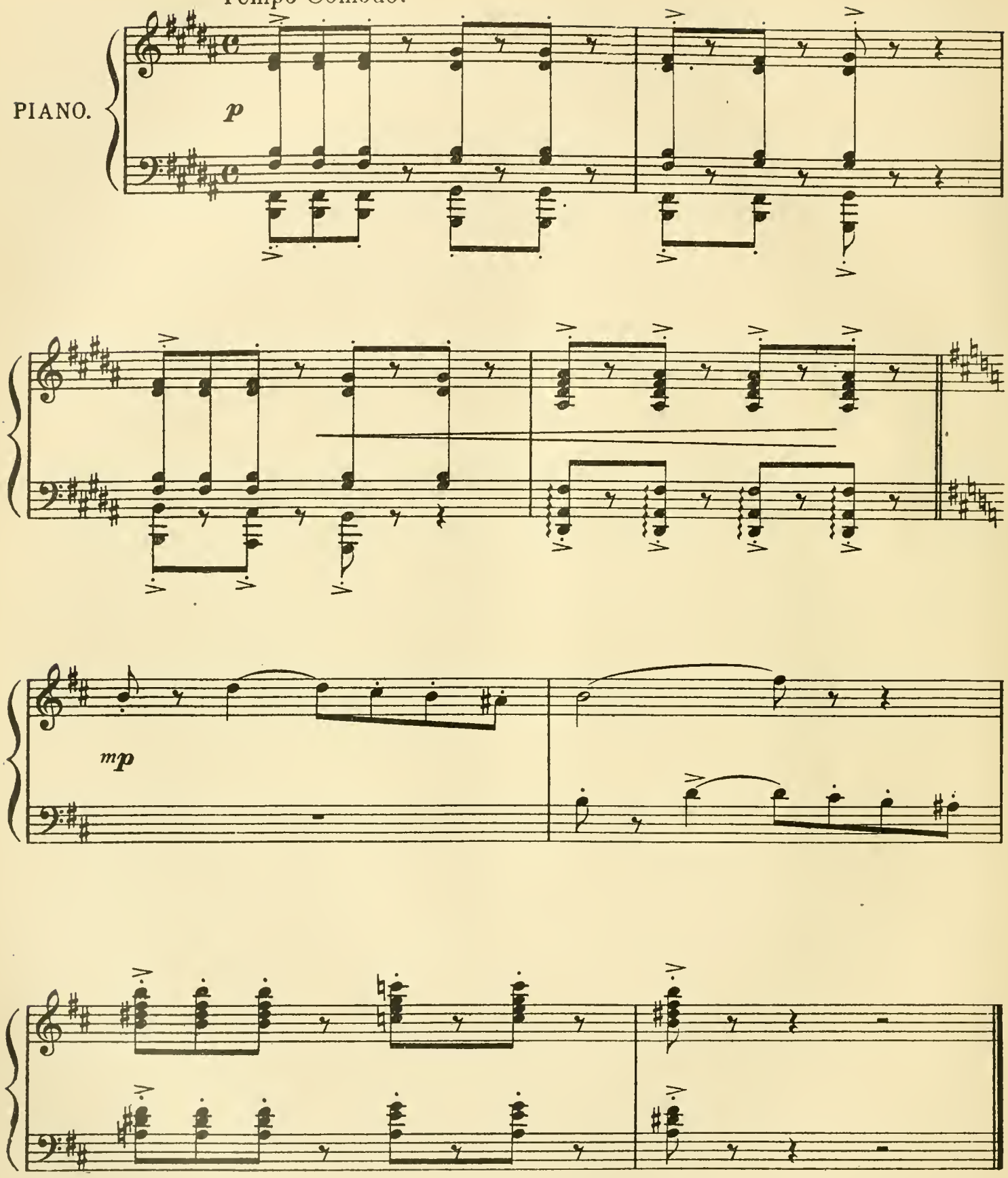
any other animal 'cept Hibbertoo of course.



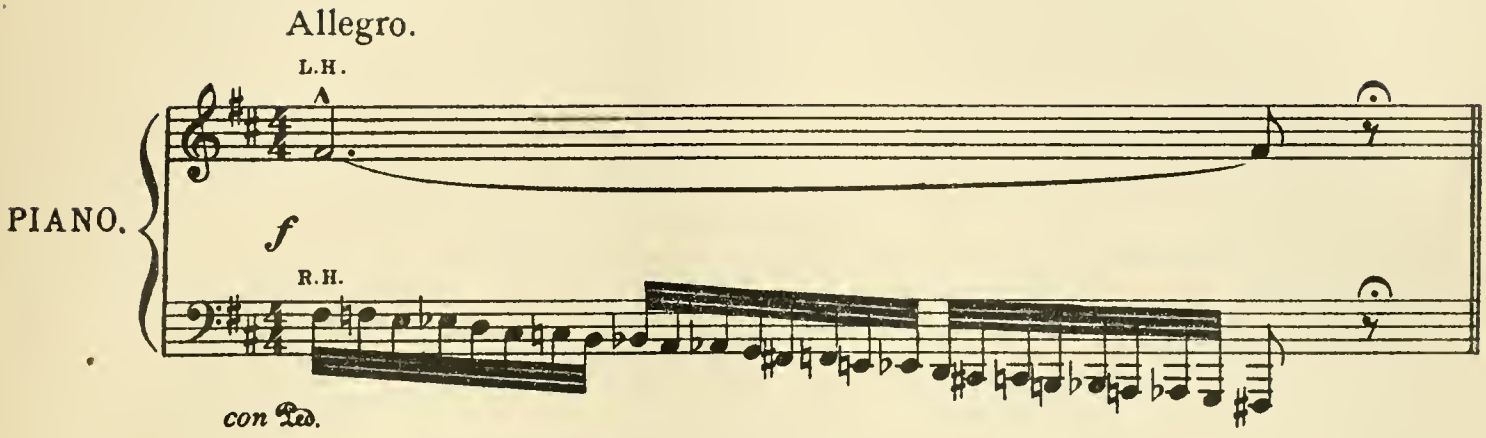
(The Jonket and Kiddikee cross the nursery.)

Tempo Comodo.

PIANO.



The Lowdge.



The Lowdge is purple and ugly.

He collects dust and lives in the middle of it.

He runs very fast– faster than the fastest dog;
quicker than the quickest animal – quicker than the giraffe, quicker than a hare, quicker than a bird.

He throws his legs up very high when he runs.

He has only two, but there is a large space between each.

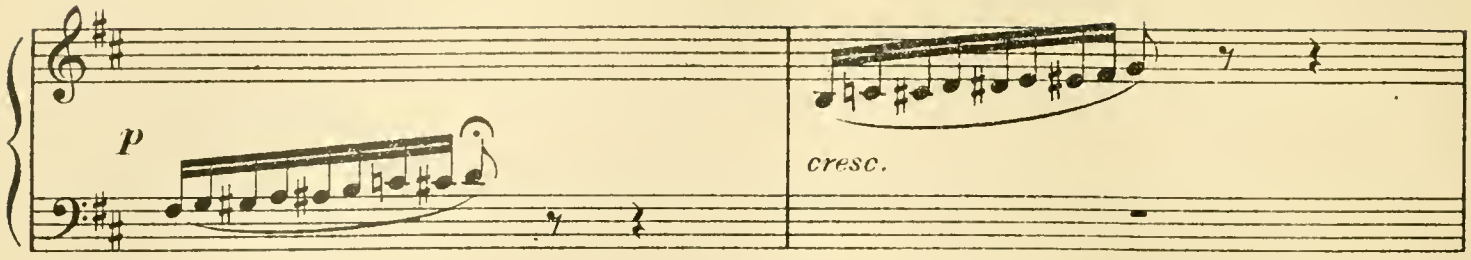
His toes are turned down when he runs, and he turns them up when he's finished.

He's given up his heels 'cos they were no use to him.

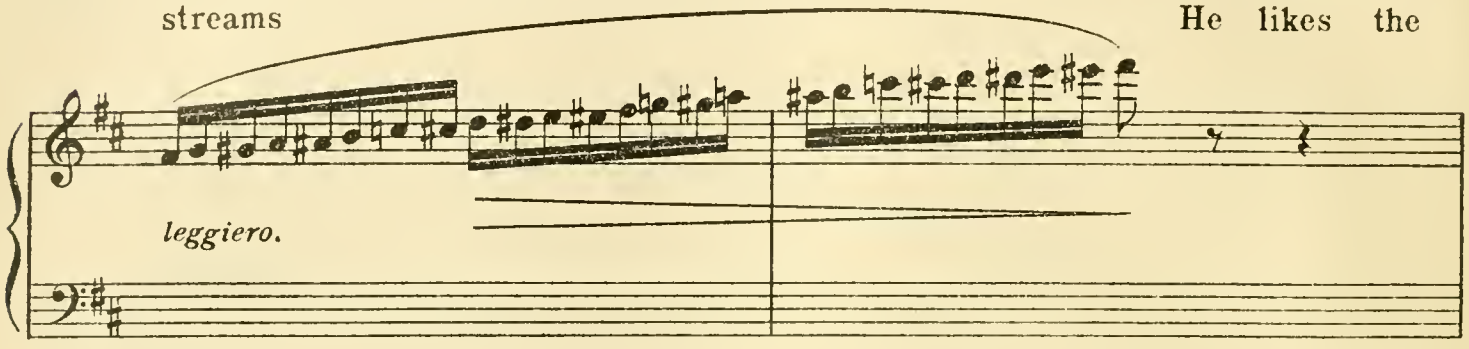
He is straight up and very high.

He practises running a lot – along tramways –

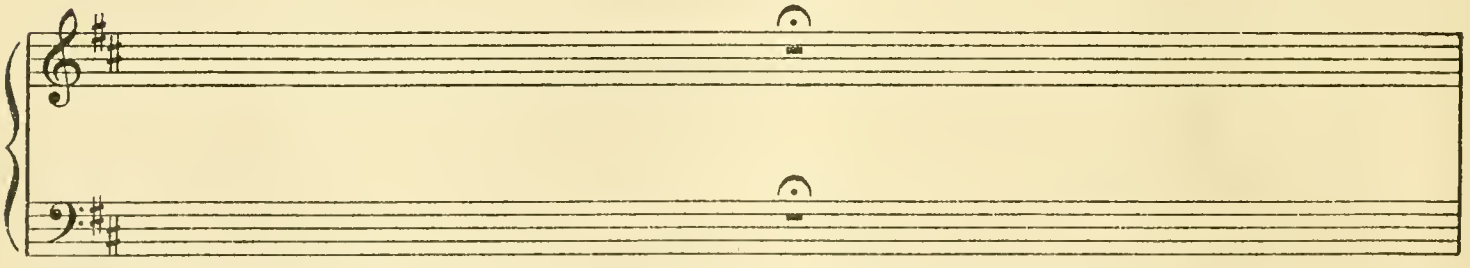
And railways, and little



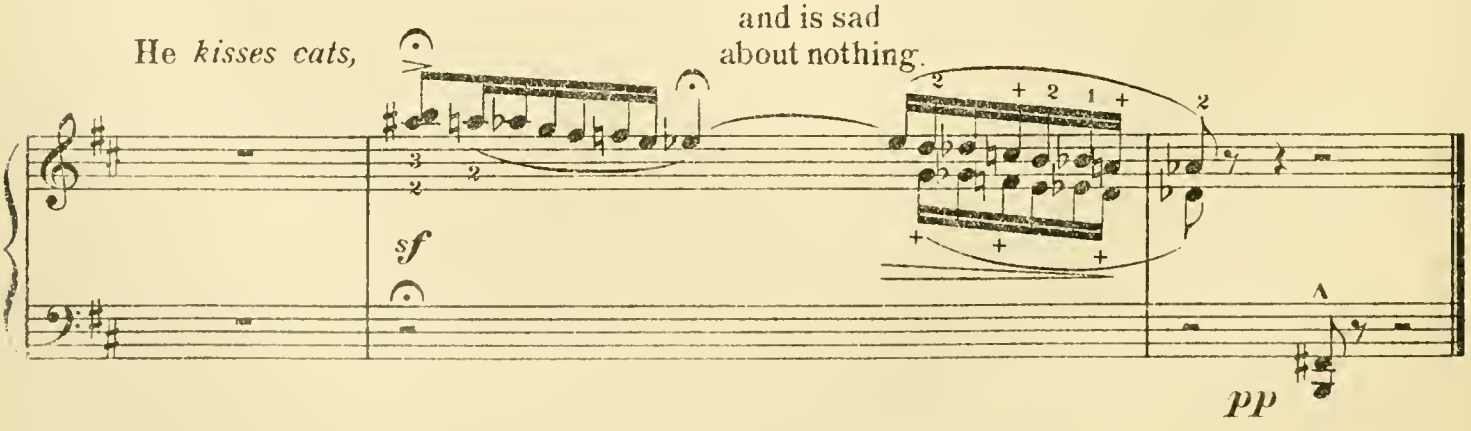
streams He likes the



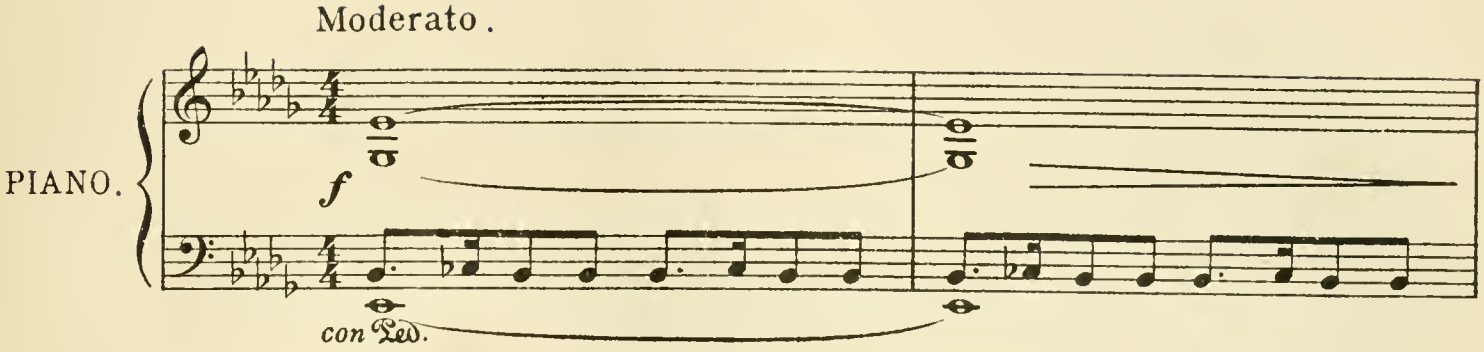
little streams best 'cos he can never catch them. He bites nothing
'cept dogs and they don't mind 'cos they bite him too, which is nice for them.



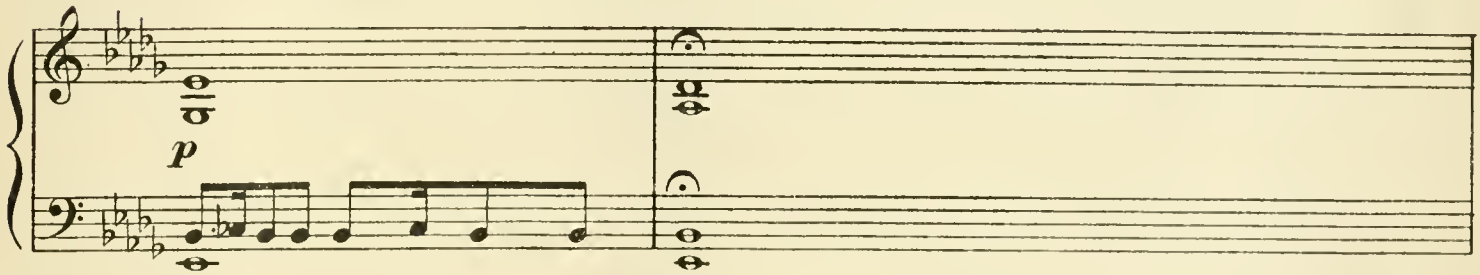
He *kisses cats,* and is sad
about nothing.



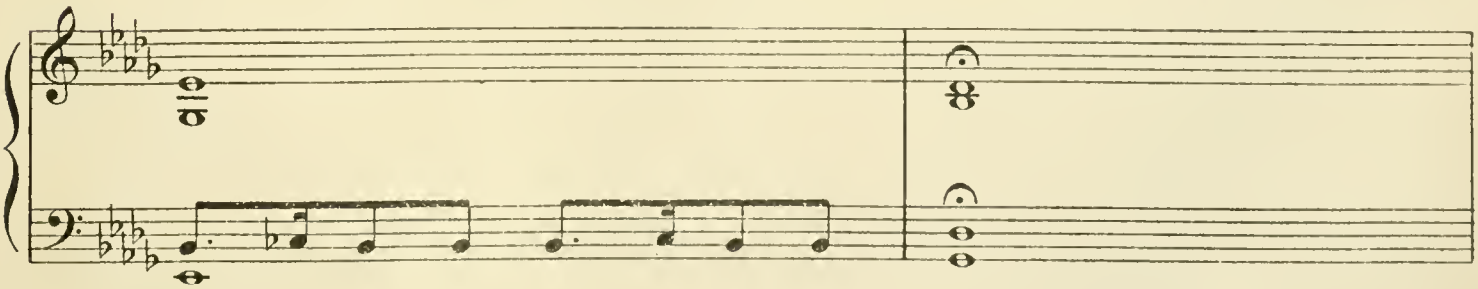
The Jaat family.



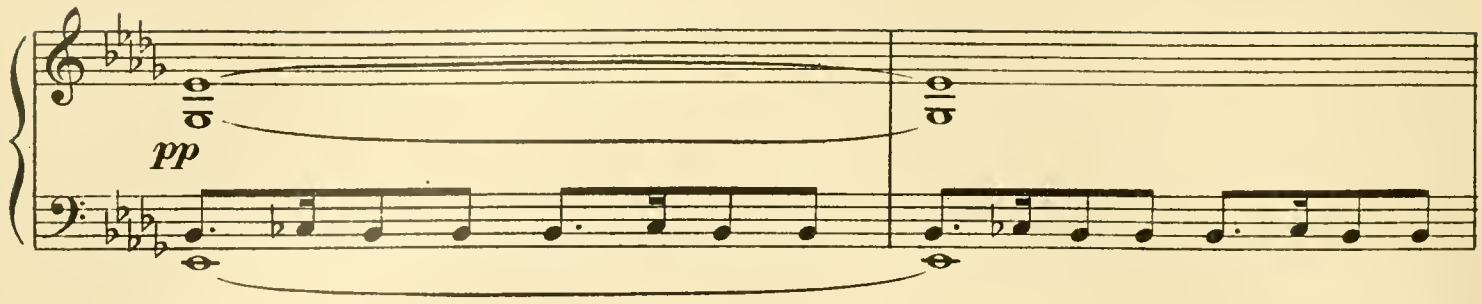
The Jaat family are the *oldest of all the animals.* They are very



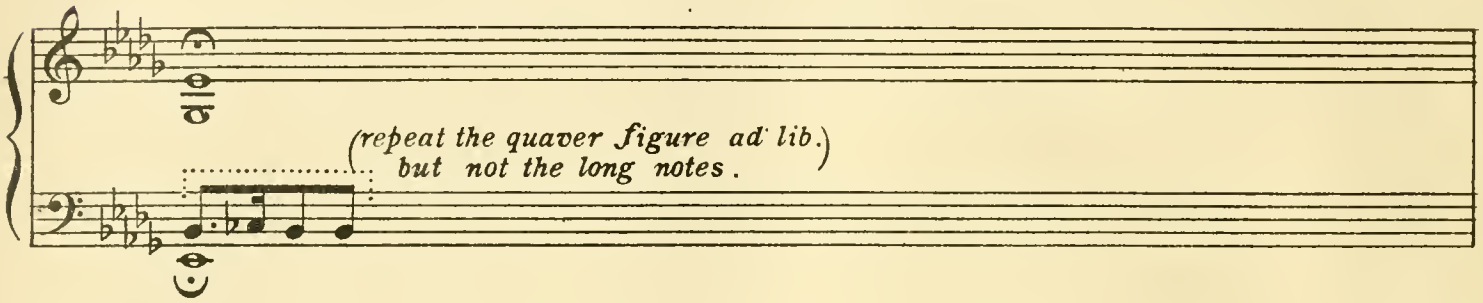
wise, but not a bit funny. They send to



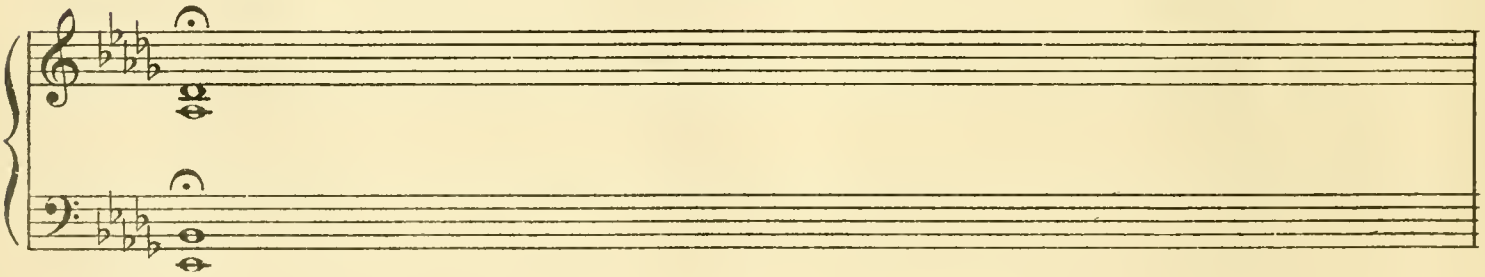
sleep sounder than anybody.



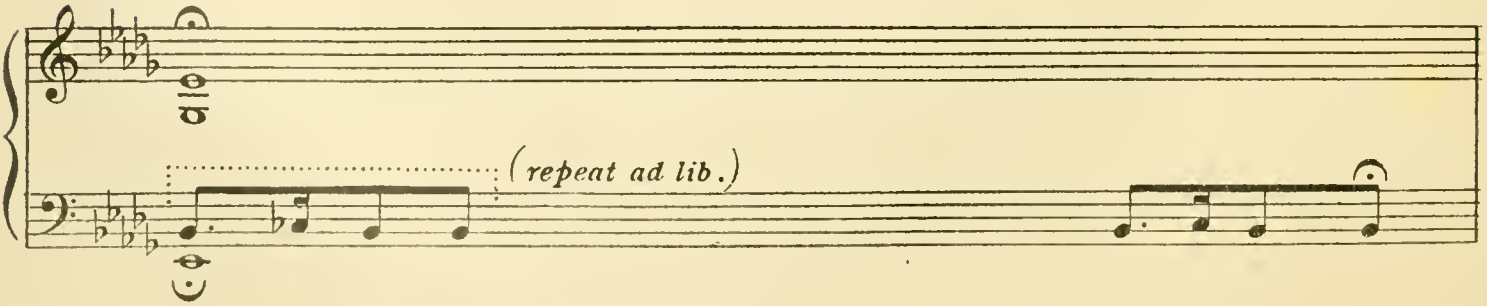
They all wear old clothes and such lots of them it's difficult to see what they are really like.



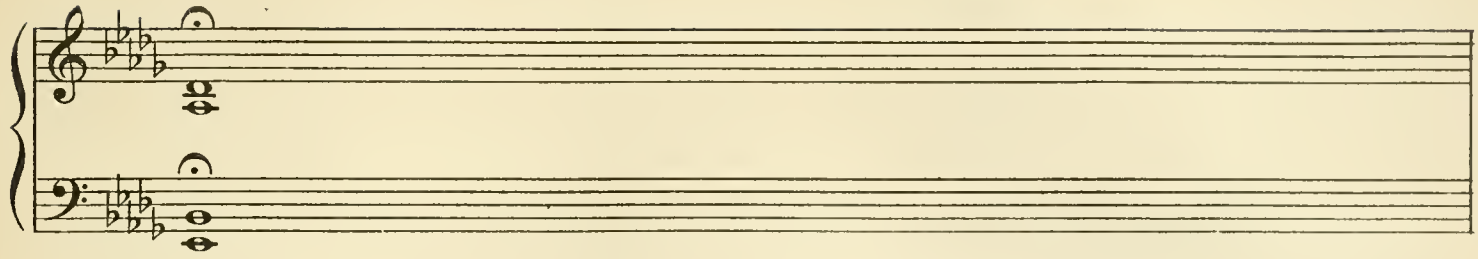
They *catch cold* easily. Their faces are



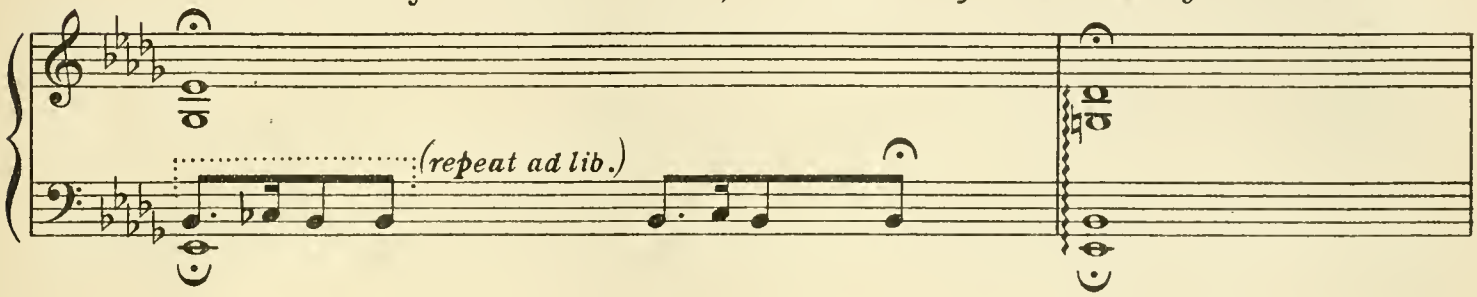
pointed. They have one long whisker and one short one and their hair is very untidy; but nobody ever tells them: Because *they are the*



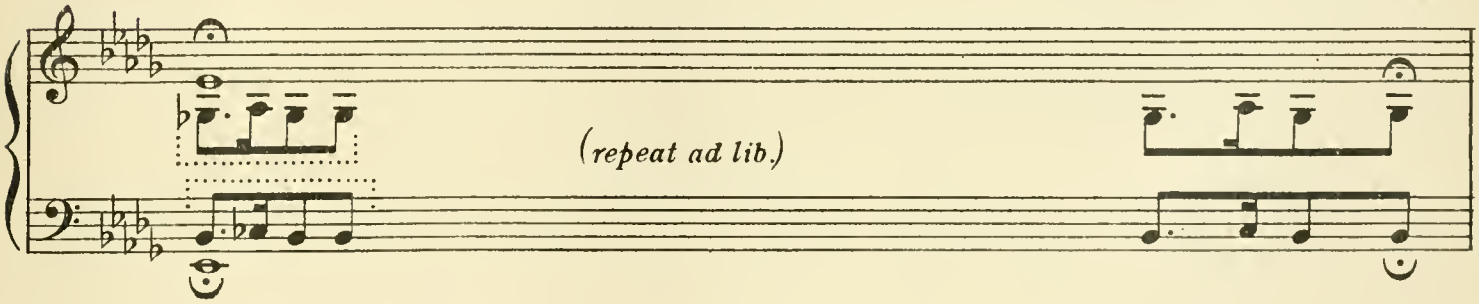
oldest of all the animals.



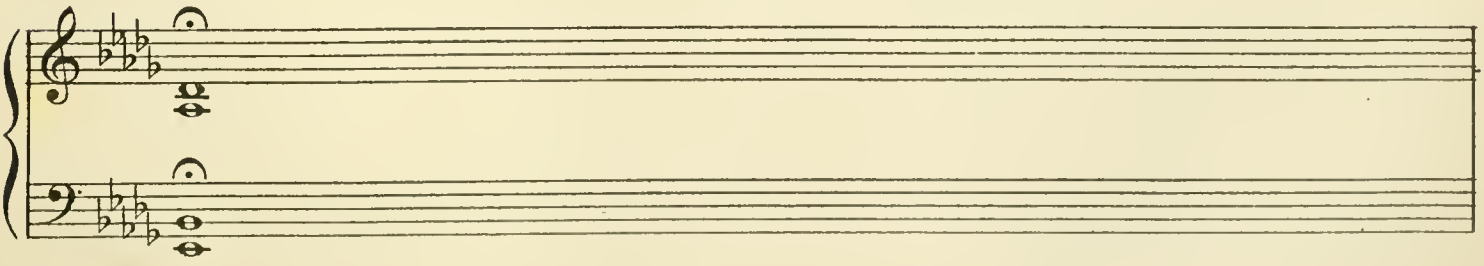
They talk more than any of the other animals at tea,
but nobody tells *them* not to, because *they are the oldest of all the animals.*



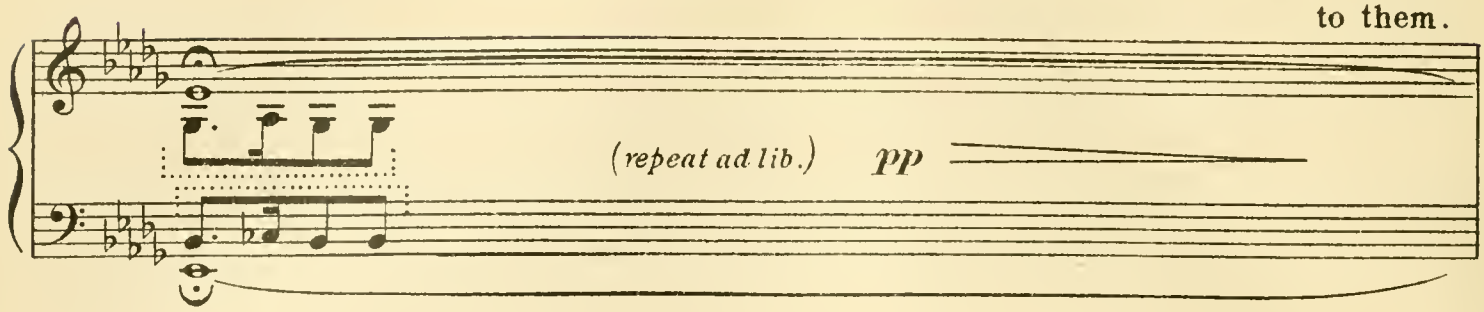
Every night they take a long time settling which house they'll sleep in, and the other animals are obliged to listen though they don't want to, because *they are the*



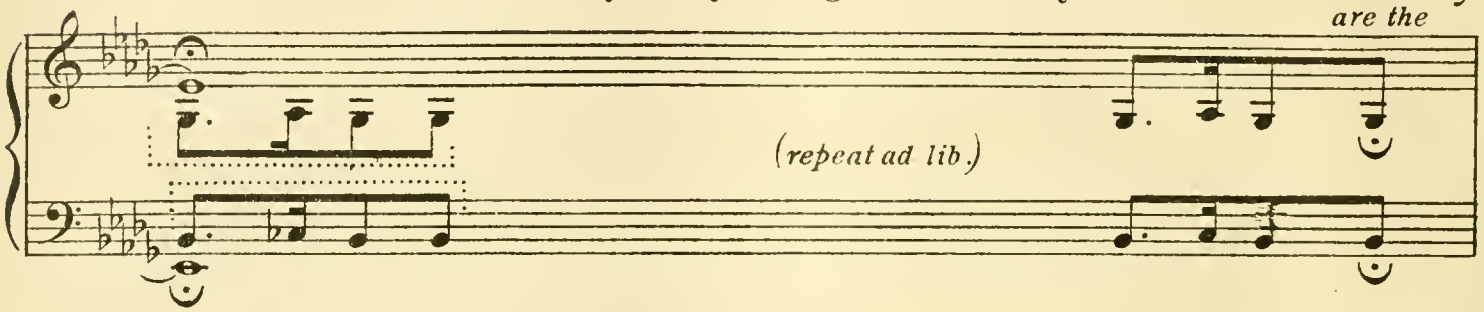
oldest of all the animals.



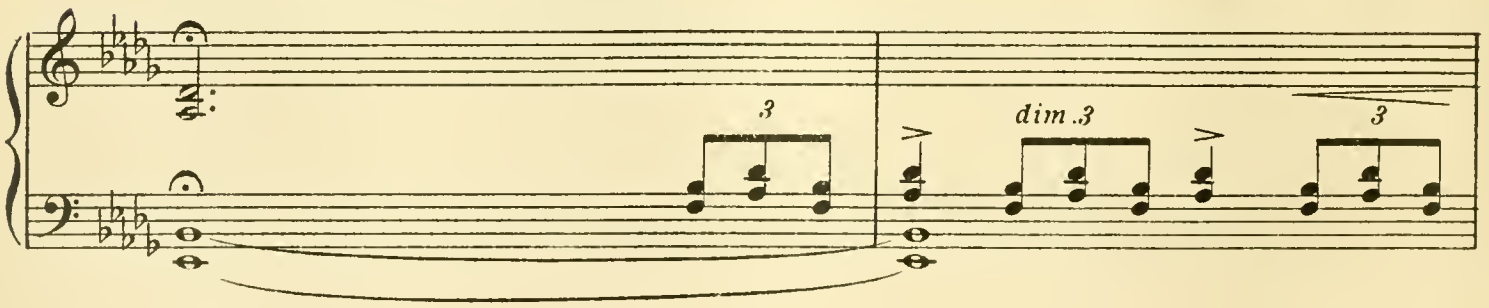
Even *after* they are in bed they go on grumbling, but Hibbertoo doesn't mind, 'cos it makes everybody sleepy listening to them.

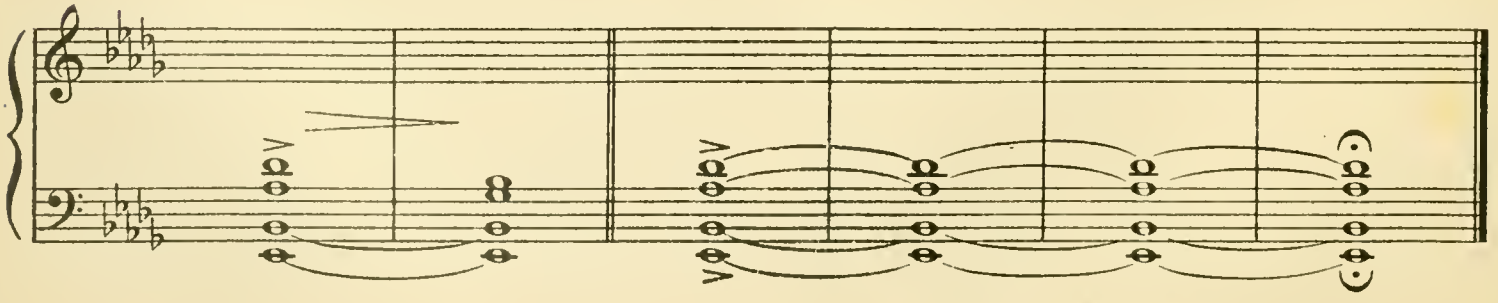


Besides he says they *must* grumble if they want to because *they are the*



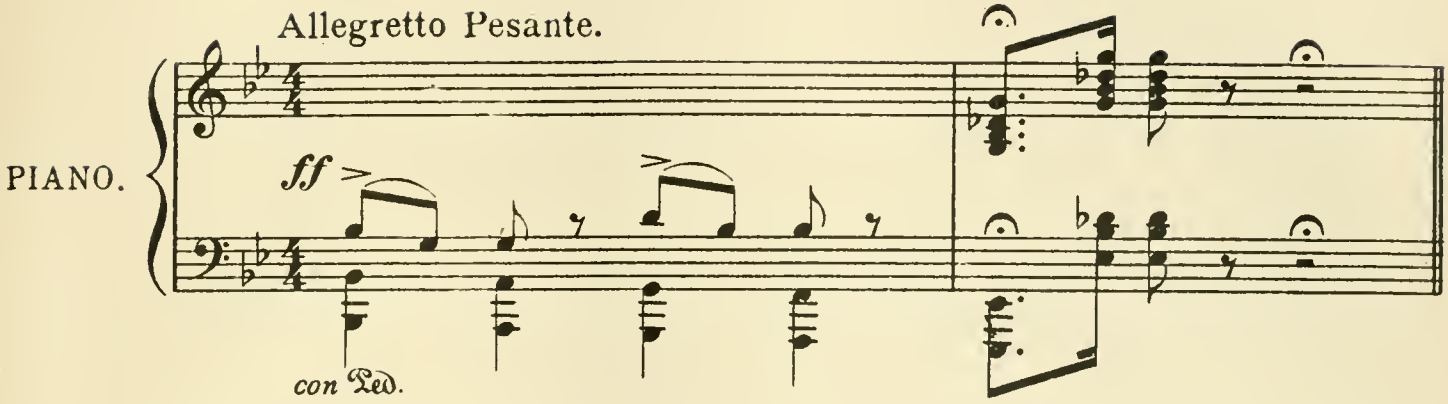
oldest of all the animals.



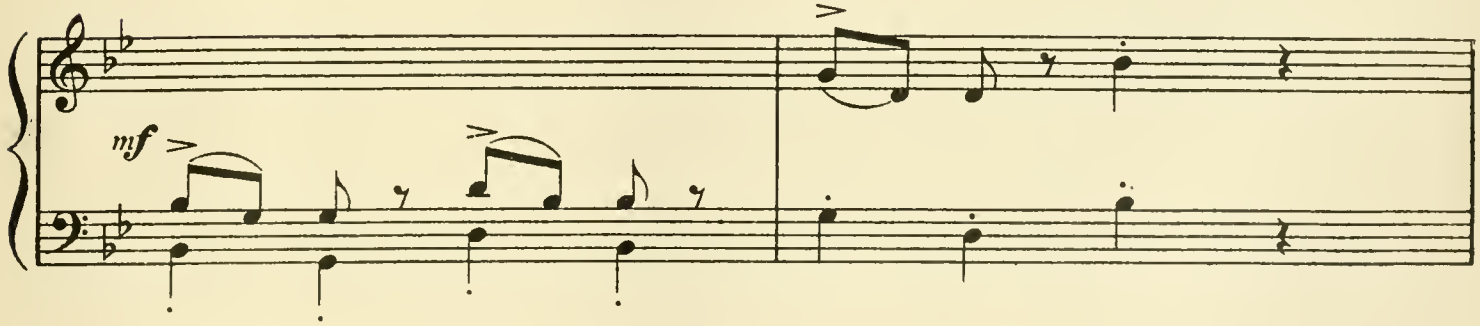


Hold till the Pedal dies right away.

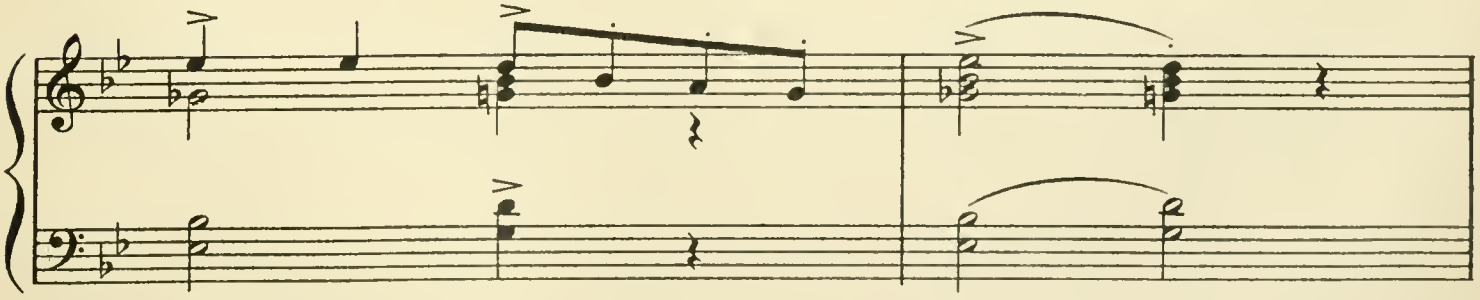
Fat-tack.



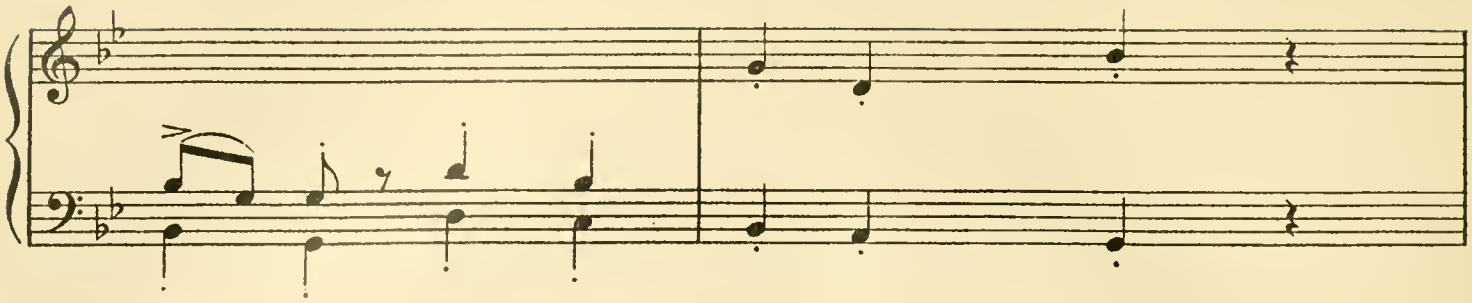
Fat-tack is called
tack because he makes a



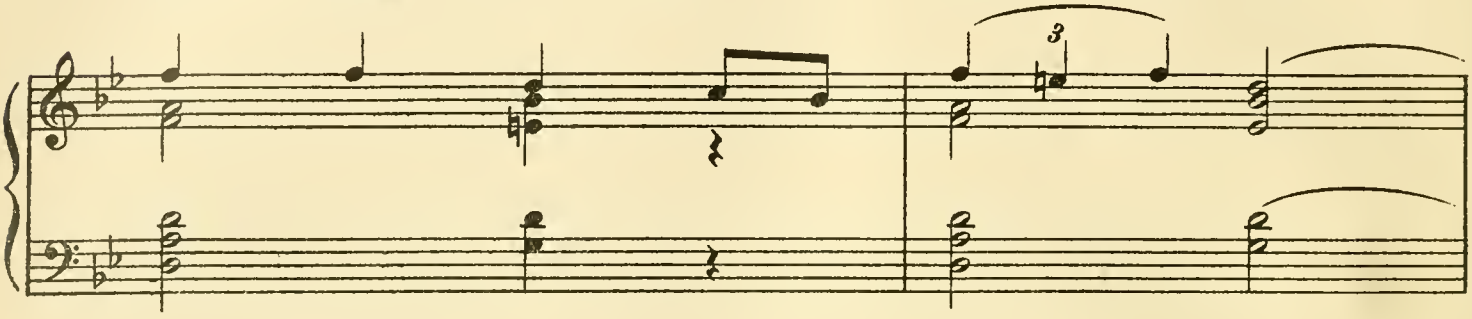
tack noise when he eats. His



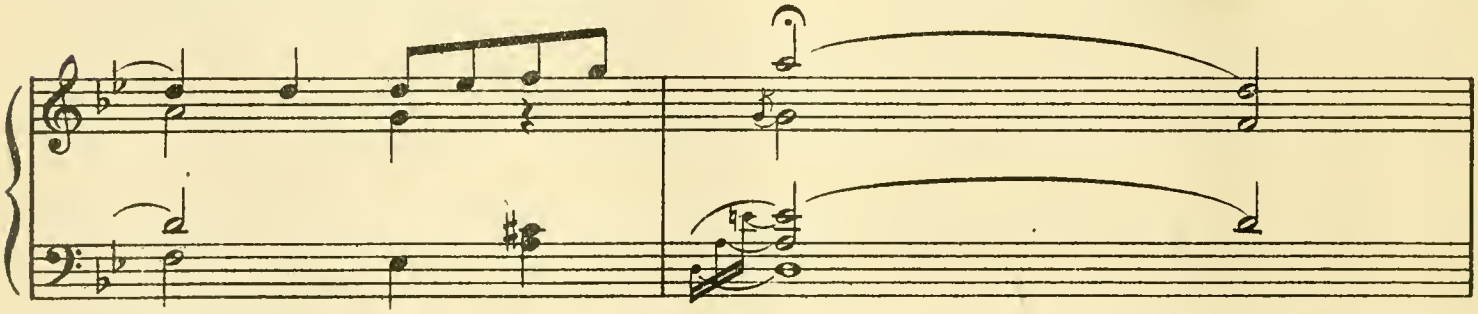
nose is green and shines in the dark, which is a



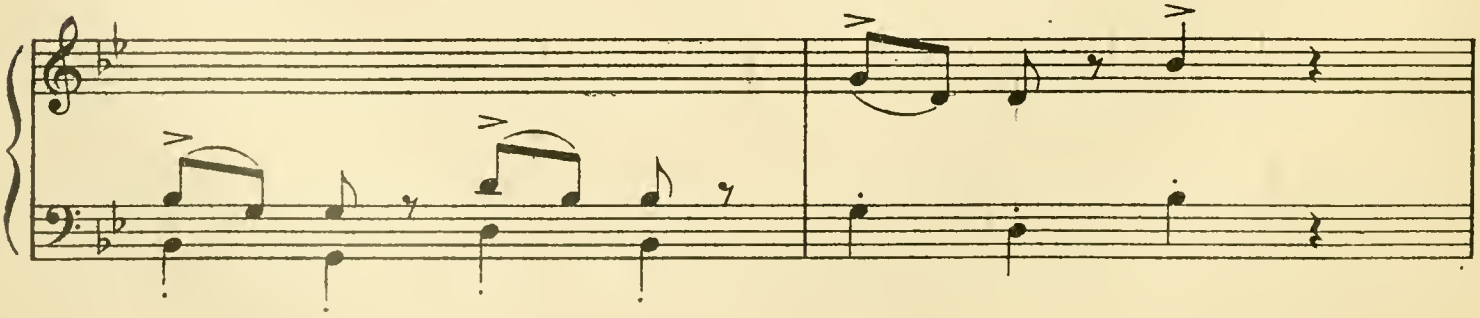
good thing for him, as then you can see.



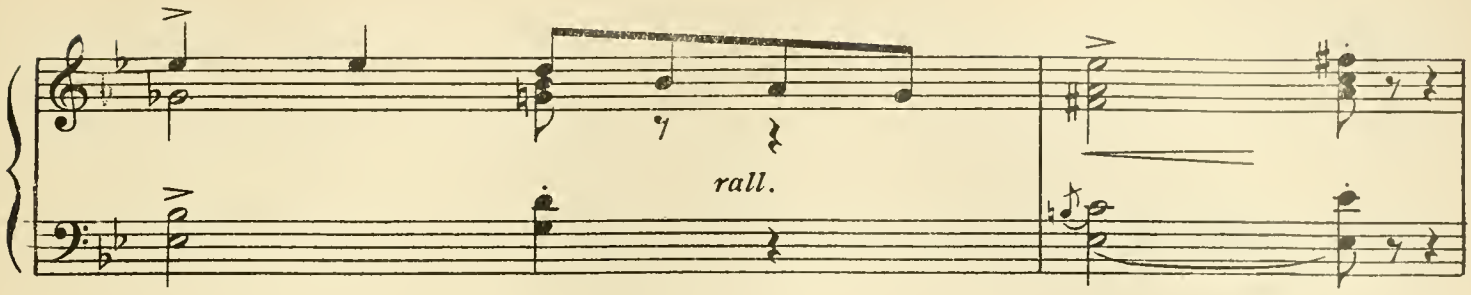
where he has fallen asleep. He has no house but goes to bed just *anywhere.* He is



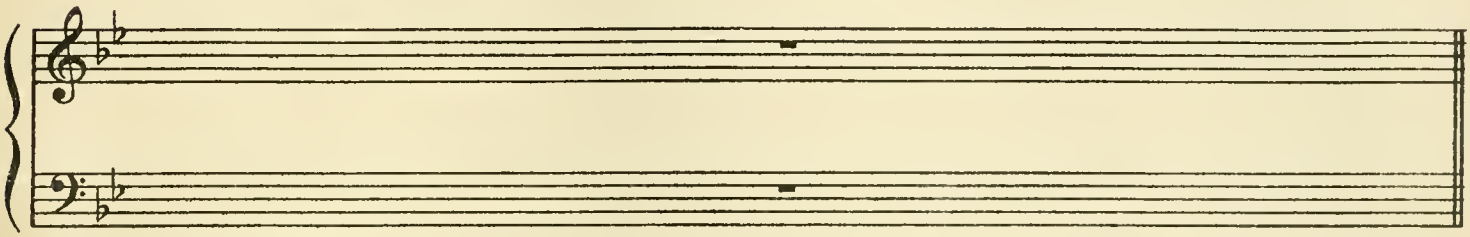
dreadfully greedy and he eats and eats his



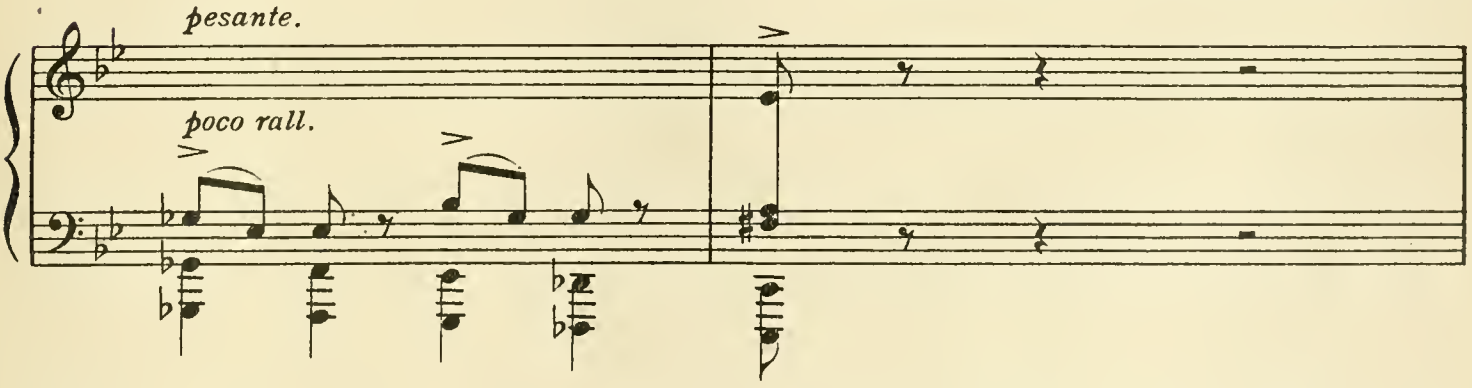
eyes get so little you can only just *guess* where they are.



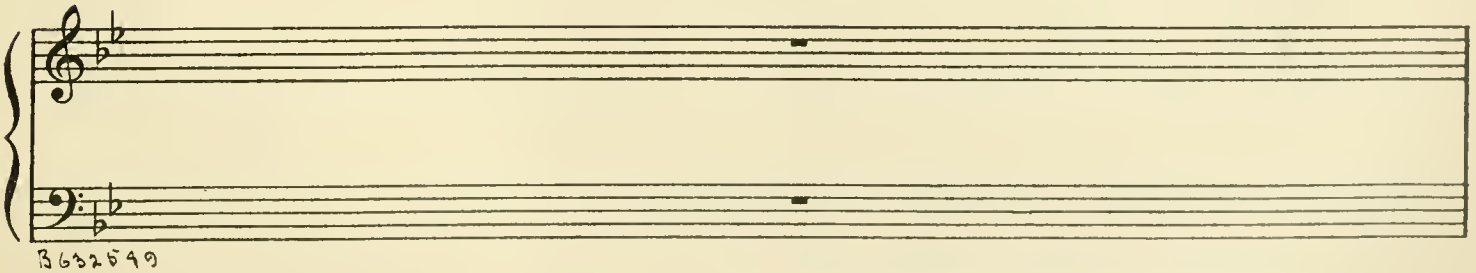
He is not fat all over like Hibbertoo, but only in his face and his tummy,—



which is a very *ugly* way of being fat.



Fat-tack collects sausages—



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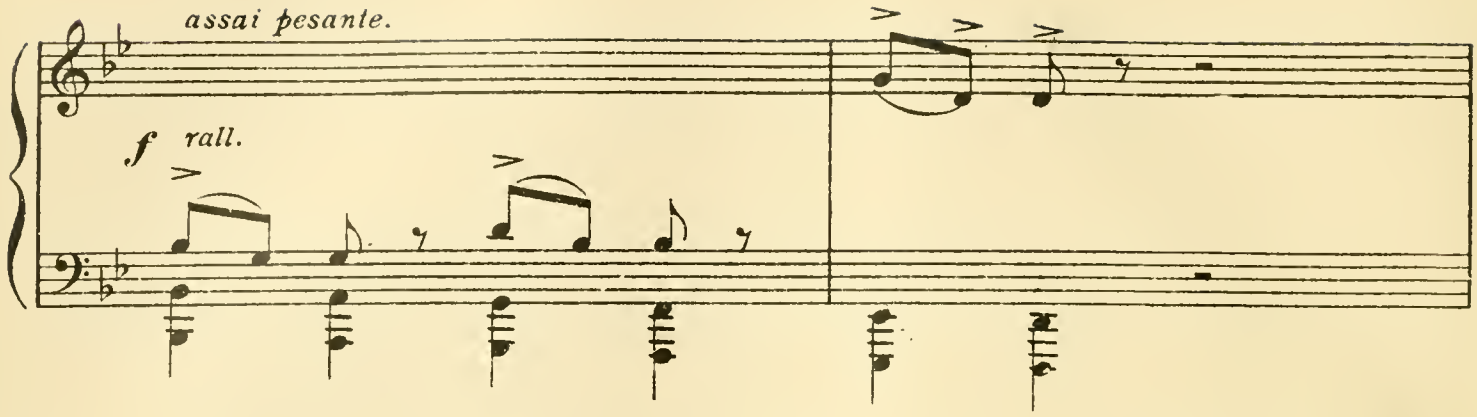
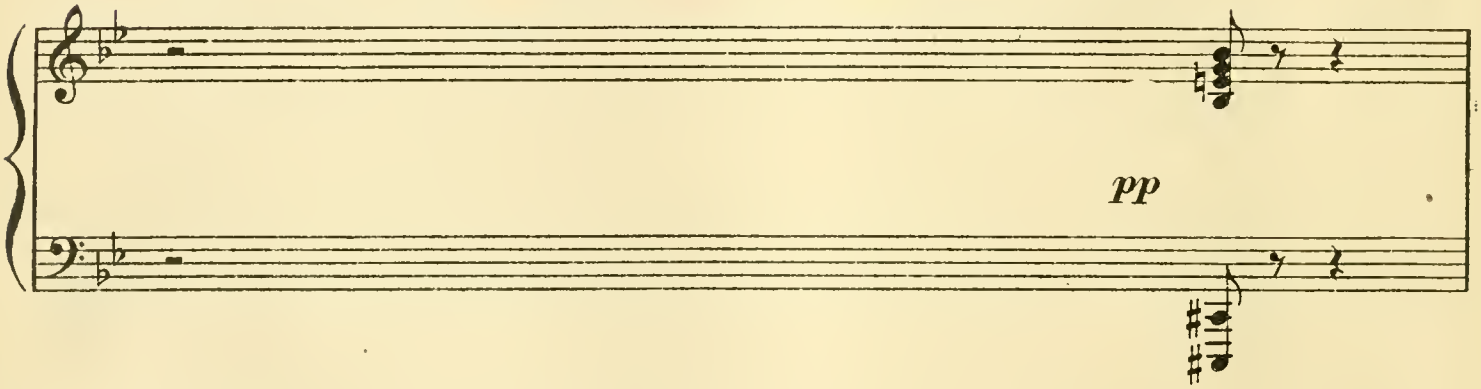
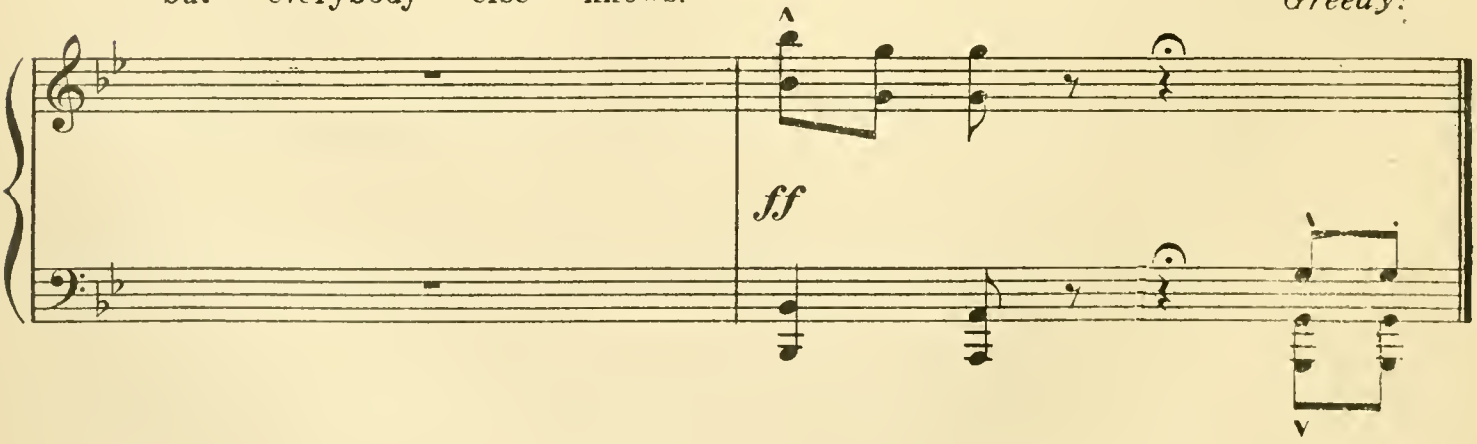
and



can't ever remember where he's put them,—

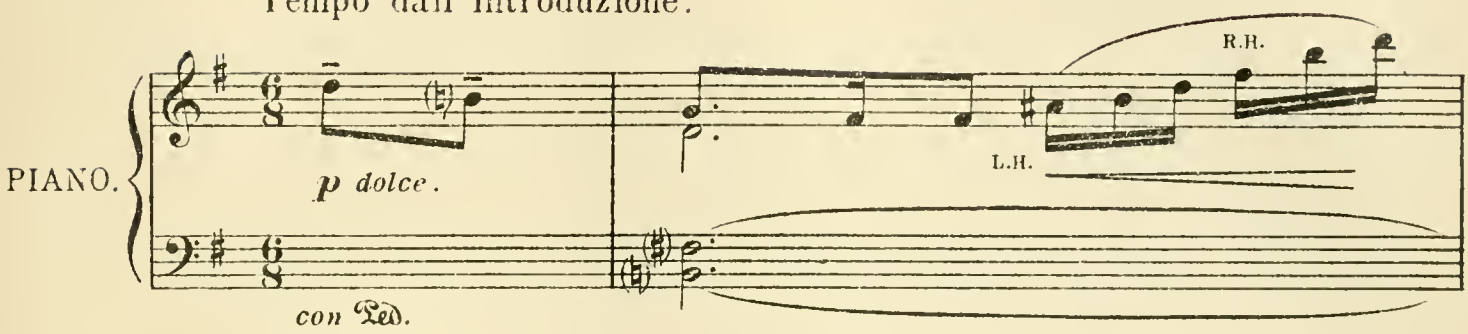


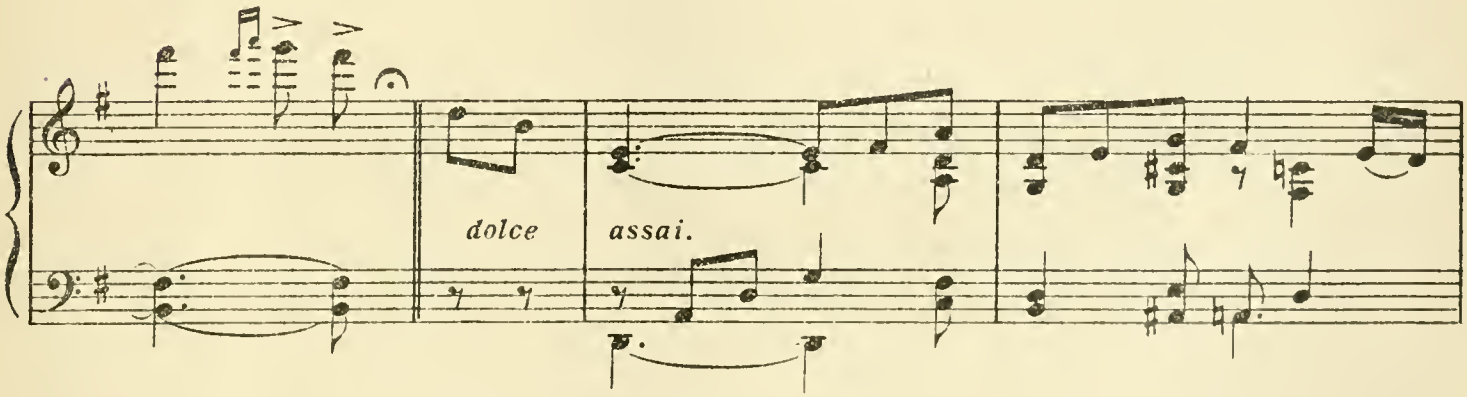
but everybody else knows.— *Greedy!*



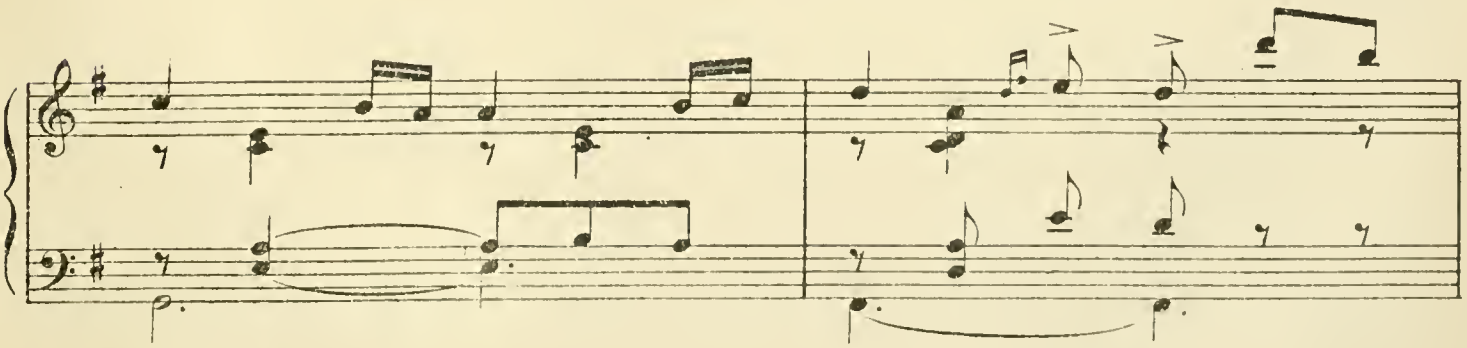
How to find Hibbertoo.

Tempo dall' Introduzione.

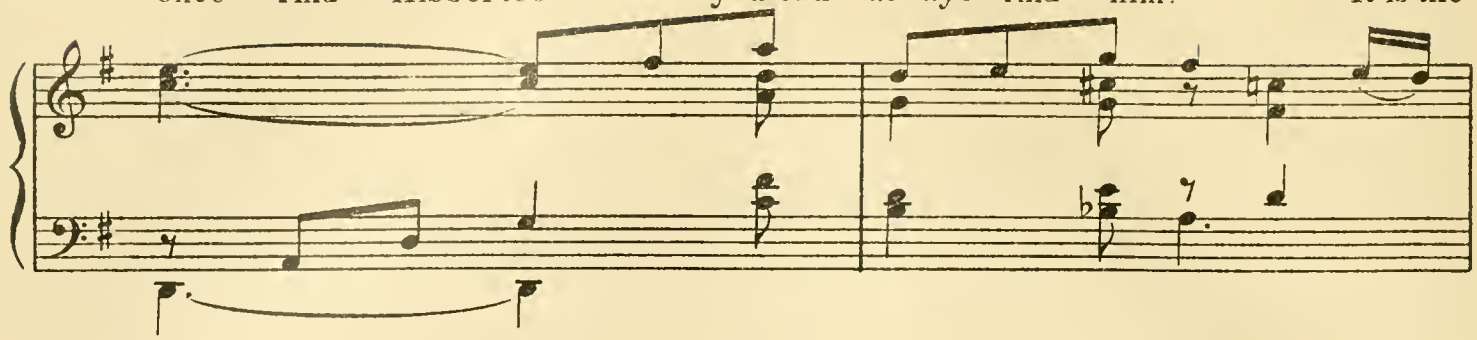




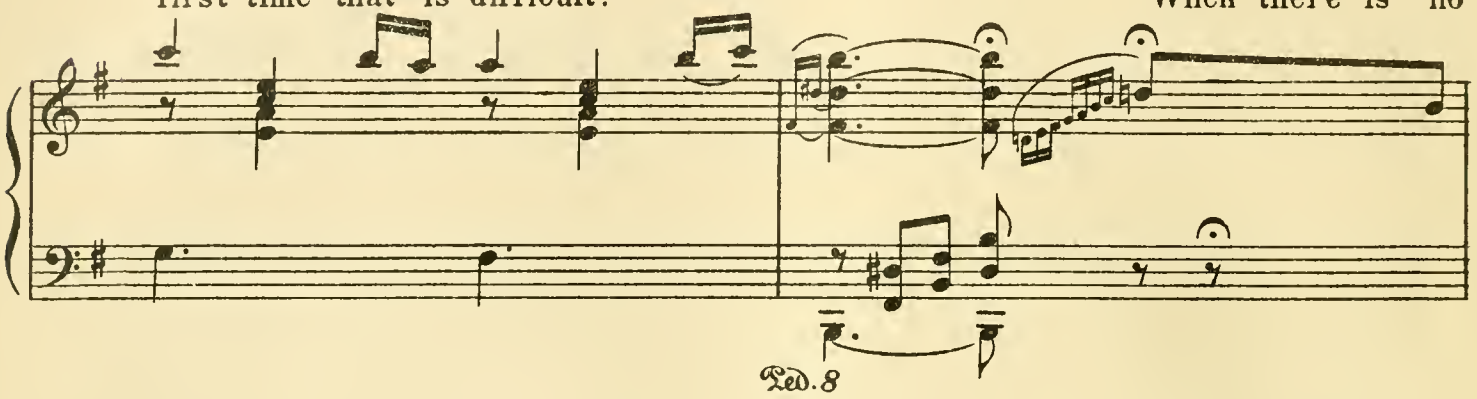
If you



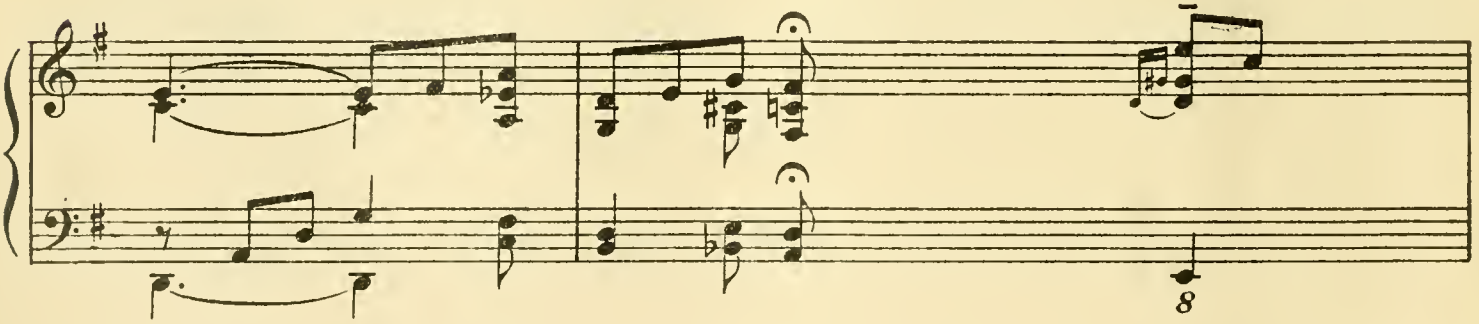
once find Hibbertoo you can always find him. It is the



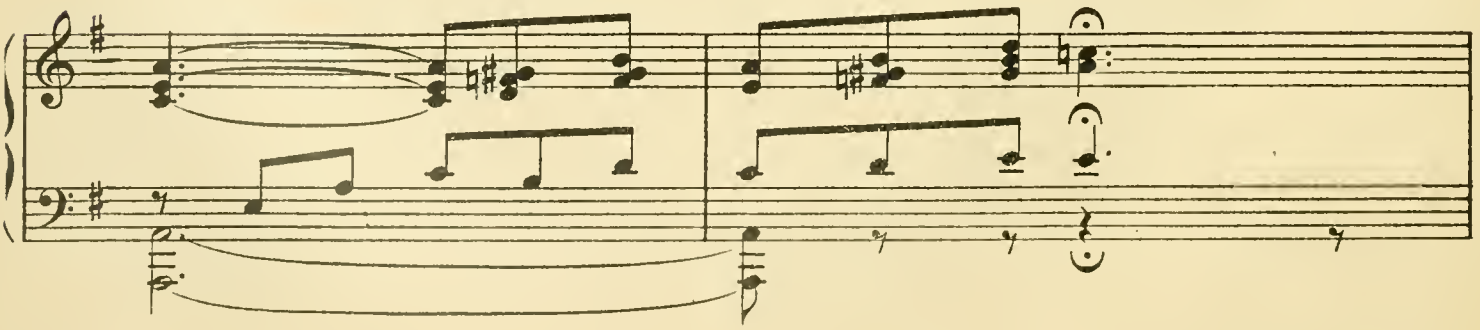
first time that is difficult. When there is no



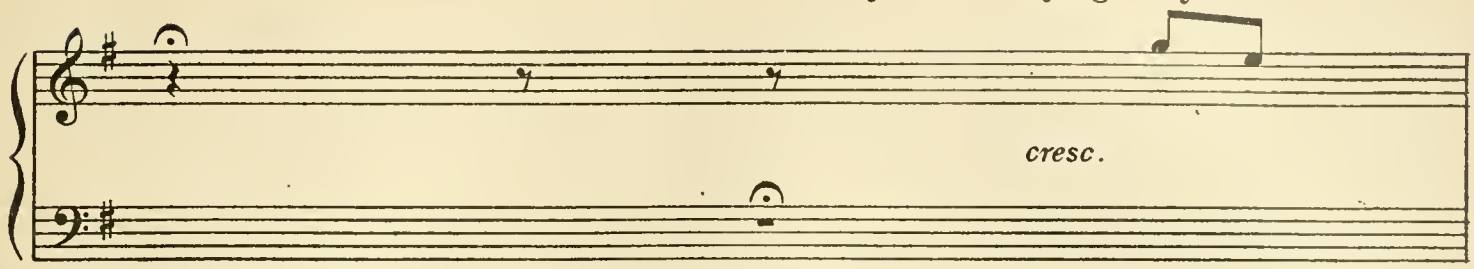
party tomorrow and it is wet,— *then* you may see him. When you wake up



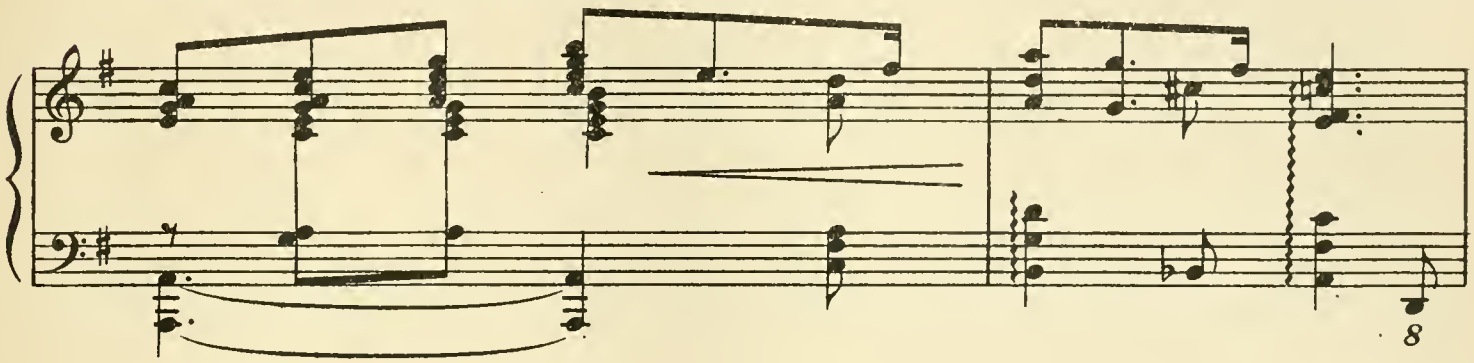
sudden, and there is no one in the nursery and you don't cry,— *then* he may come.



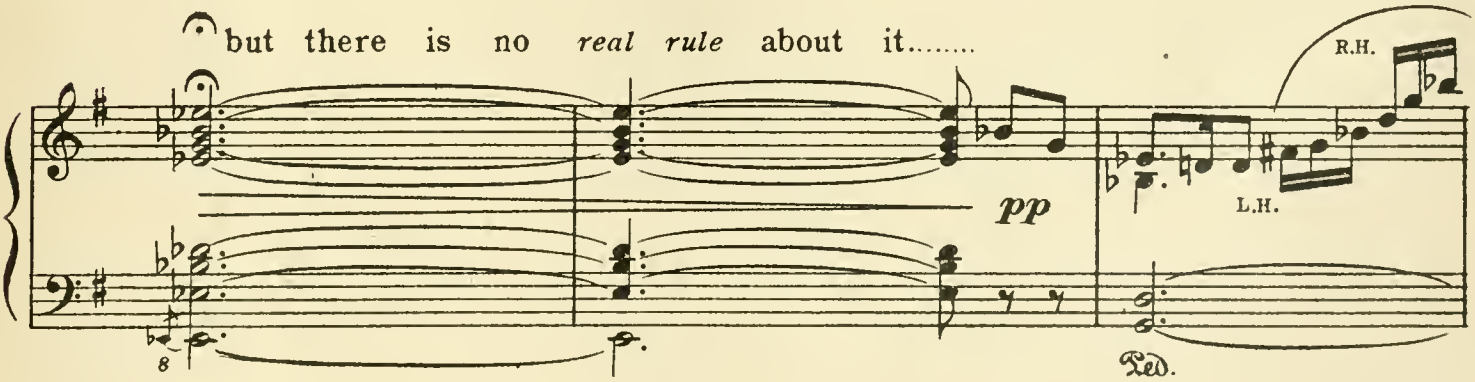
When you take medicine
without a chocolate after. When you are trying very hard to be

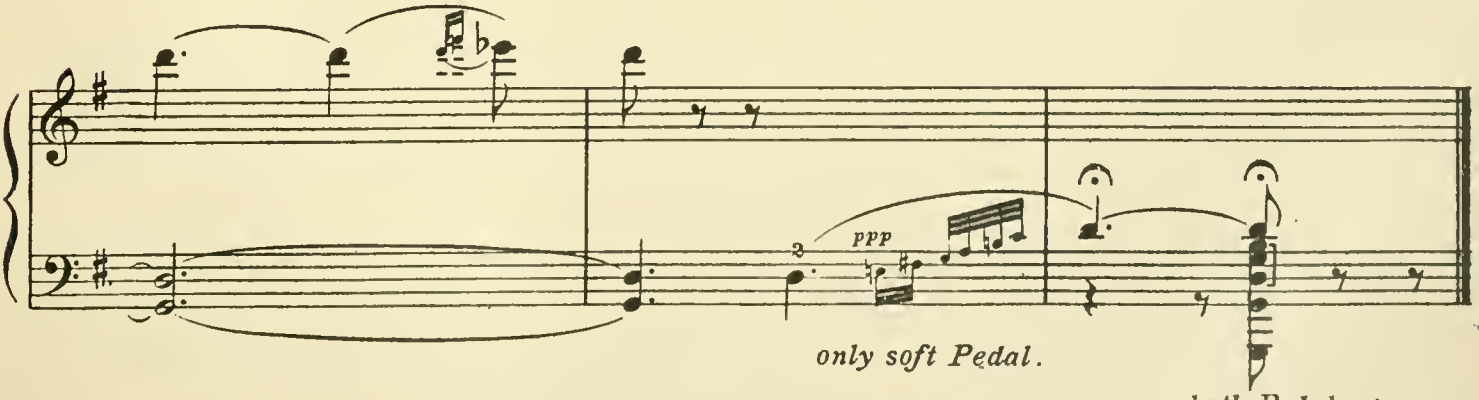


jolly, and nobody else is helping.



but there is no *real rule* about it.....





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WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN

Words by HAYNES BAILEY.

Allegretto.
enthusiastically.

Music by LIZA LEHMANN.

No.1 in F

No.2 in G

When they return there will be mirth And mu - sic in the air, And mag-ic cir-cles on the earth, And mis-chief ev-'ry

where The maids, to keep the elves aloof, Will bar the doors in vain, No key-hole will be fairy-proof, When the green leaves come a-gain, No

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IF NO ONE EVER MARRIES ME

No.1 in C

No.2 in D

Words by LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

Sung by Mme Galli-Curci

Music by LIZA LEHMANN.

Allegretto
p parlato

If no one ev-er marries me, And I don't see why they should, For nurse says I'm not pretty And I'm sel-dom ve-ry good; If no one ev-er

marries me I shan't mind ve-ry much; I shall buy a squirrel in a cage, And a lit-tle rab-bit hutch;

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THE SWING

(From "The Daisy Chain")

No.1 in C

No.2 in Eb

Words by R.L.STEVENSON.*

Music by LIZA LEHMANN

Andantino giojoso, non troppo presto
mf breezily-happily

How do you like to go up in a swing, Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing E-ver a child can

do! Up in the air, and o-ver the wall, Till I can see so wide, Riv-ers, and trees, and cattle, and all O-ver the coun-try

*From "A Child's Garden of Verses" by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

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